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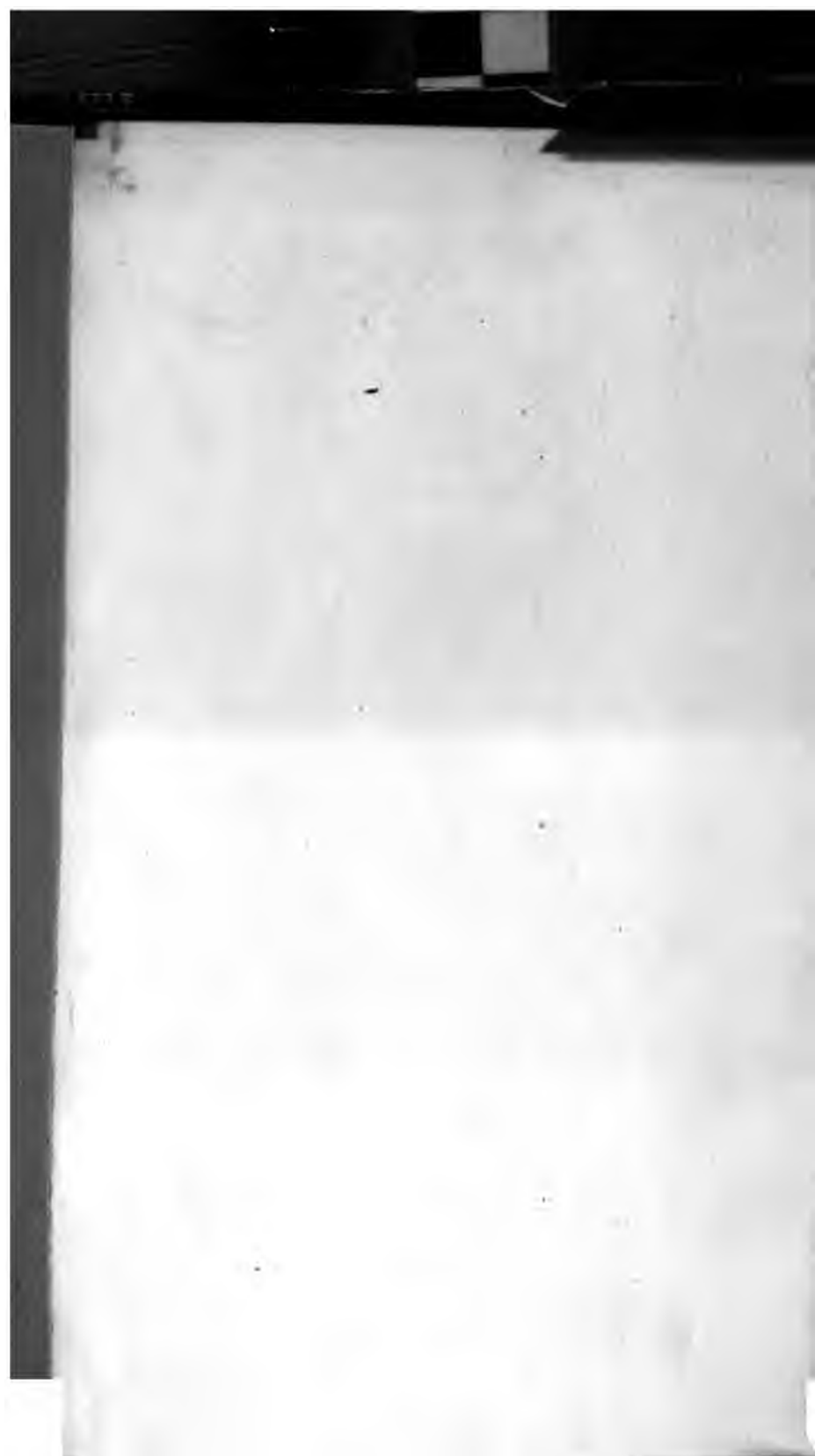
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NOTE TO THE READER

FRAGILE

THE PAPER IN THIS VOLUME IS BRITTLE
PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE







Madame de Pompadour

1755-1764

Madame de Pompadour, 1755-1764

Madame de Pompadour, 1755-1764

JOURNALS
AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
THOMAS SEDGEWICK WHALLEY, D.D.
//
OF MENDIP LODGE, SOMERSET

EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES, BY THE

REV. HILL WICKHAM, M.A.

RECTOR OF ROSSINGTON

'Tibi gratulor: mihi gaudet: te amo: tua tuncor. A te amari, et quid agas,
i que agatur, certior fieri volo'—CICERO, *Epist. ad Basilum*

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.



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MEMOIRS,
JOURNALS, AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
DR. WHALLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT BRUSSELS.

Lichfield, Sunday, December 31st, 1786.

TO INDOLENCE, whose power I have hitherto considered as the bane of human existence, I remit many of her offences committed against myself and my friends, for that her balmy mischiefs have changed their nature towards my dearest Mr. Whalley, recruiting, instead of diminishing, his vital strength. O never may we, any of us, purchase the delight of your letters, the rich redundancy of their communications, at the price of your health and ease! I have myself found it necessary to abridge the hours I passed at my writing-desk, and to address my dearest friends much less frequently than habit and inclination suggest.

I congratulate you and Mrs. Whalley on the restoration of your lovely niece to your arms; in your hearts I know her image has always dwelt. I delight to paint to myself the transports of such a reunion. My recollection is perfectly well qualified for the task, bringing back as it does those dear delicious hours in which Honora was restored

to us, after she had been recovered by Bristol waters from a dangerous consumption. All she was then, Miss Sage is now.

In the portrait you send me of your niece, you show me Honora Sneyd, in all her radiant intelligence, her kindling sensibility, her soothing tenderness, and noble-minded preference of domestic pleasures to dissipation and flattery.

My bookseller informed me, soon after the delivery of the books according to your direction, that the Milk-woman's Poems were not to be had at that period, being out of print. My opinion is in general yours upon that brilliant mischief, the Essay on Old Maids, at least in point of morality and generosity, both which I think it lamentably violates; but in ability I set it higher than you seem to do—indeed I think it has the wit and spirit of Voltaire's most brilliant compositions; and I find the pathos of Sterne in several of the beautiful little stories of the first volume. I shed rivers of tears over the history of poor Constantia, and her lacerated feelings.

Mr. Cowper is indeed an extremely fine poet, and is probably a religious and moral man; but I am much mistaken if he has either generous sensibility or real philanthropy. His imagination is fired by genius, but his feelings are evidently chilled and perverted by fanaticism: by that he was instructed to involve, with the follies and vices of the age, the generous commemoration of departed greatness in the cultivation and exertion of those talents which were the gifts of Heaven, as though they had been of little worth. His eye has the lynx's beam to the faults of his fellow-creatures; to their virtues, the mole's dim curtain—a severe satirist, and the peevish foe of generous commendation. The religion of such a man is like that of the late Dr. Johnson, the result of cowardice and selfishness. Does he not say in effect—'You fools! with your jubilee for your Shakespeare, your commemo-

ration for your Handel—what is it to you that one was a great poet, and the other a sublime musician? Can their interests, were their spirits conscious of this tribute, procure you a better place in heaven? Away with such disinterested praise!—waste not encomium on those who cannot reward it; let Deity be its exclusive object.' These are the maxims of the cold-hearted fanatic; but genuine piety and native benevolence breathe another language. Aware of the duty of cultivating the talents given to us by the Giver of all excellence, and of the favourable influence of such laudable industry upon human virtue and human happiness,—aware, also, of the inspiring effect of well-earned praise, they do not coldly pause to consider their own interest, either here or hereafter, but pay their cheerful and glowing tribute of applause to departed genius, that they may fan in others the noble flame of virtuous emulation. And who shall say that it is not virtuous to improve and carry to perfection those gifts which adorn a nature only less than angel. I hope I am not uncharitable; but, in spite of Mr. Cowper's fair appearing manners, of which Miss Sage speaks with generous pleasure,—in spite of the zeal he expresses for religion and morality, and in spite of the strong poetic fascination of his charming muse, of which I think nobody can be more susceptible than myself, yet I feel a deep internal conviction that he wants goodness of heart. Nor am I singular in this idea; it seems the universal conviction, and I own I thought you, of all other beings, my dear Edwy, would soonest have been disgusted with misanthropy so apparent.

You are very good to endeavour to arm my spirit with fortitude to repel the merciless siege laid to my time; but O how painful is it to seem cold, unkind, and haughty! Yet the evils, on the other side, are even more heavy and oppressive. I am now under the influence of considerable mortification and chagrin from a circumstance of this nature.

Some ten years since, Mr. Boothby introduced to me a Mr. Hardinge, Lord Campden's nephew. I was delighted with the brilliance of his wit, and with his manner of reading Milton, which had every grace of tone, emphasis, and modulation. He stayed about two hours, and I have never beheld him since. In the interim his fame, as a fine speaker in the House and ability at the bar, reached me from many quarters. Miss Williams told me he had become her patron, and forwarded her subscription with the most animated zeal. For this I loved him. In September last he wrote to me, entreating to be considered as an old acquaintance; inquiring after the present employment of my muse, and expressing the most flattering delight in my former publications.

Resolved as I had been to keep down the flood-gates of new correspondence, yet an agreeable recollection of Mr. H., co-operating with the fame of his talents, seduced me once more to lift them up. Full, indeed, even to overwhelming, were the torrents of wit, humour, disquisition, and criticism which poured upon me in consequence from a pen most miraculously facile. He wrote to me letters of ten or a dozen pages three times a week. Their contents often amused, yet much oftener vexed me, for I soon discovered that our spirits were too little congenial for the pleasures of perpetual intercourse. Mine could not endure without painful hectics the arrogant decisions of a fastidious wit, who fancies poetic genius extinct, and, in a tone of absolute decision, as arrogant as it is unjust, avers that Mason is as much of a horse grenadier, as a poet, and that Hayley's compositions are puerile and worth nothing, and that Johnson never wrote a single sentence that was anything better than pompous fustian. You, who know my zeal for the honour of my century, and the reputation of those whose talents are its glory, will imagine how warmly I combated these intolerable heresies. Endless controversy thus ensued: I lost my time, I lost my patience,

I lost my temper, and have at length been obliged to take refuge in declaring my resolution to break off the intercourse. He thinks me ungrateful, and will of course become my foe; but that is a less evil than the perpetual blister which his captious wit, sick of the fashionable disease of not admiring, applied to my enthusiasm. It is perhaps better we disagreed so totally, since my epistolary engagements outweighing so far my portion of leisure before he took me up, the returns I could have made to the plenitude of his communications must have been

As the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf, to his large sea,

and conscious and inevitable disparity is always a painful idea. Mr. Hardinge is extremely intimate with Mrs. Siddons.

Your discriminating praise of my Louisa is flattering, and welcome, and dear to me past expression. It is for hearts like yours and Mrs. Whalley's that it was written. I think entirely with you respecting 'Marcella'. It is as disgraceful to Mr. H.'s pen as 'Titus Andronicus' is to Shakespeare's. Your sentiments on Russell are also mine. Tragedy is not Mr. H.'s forte. The first blow my confidence in Mr. Hayley's integrity received was the disavowal of *Ramble* being meant for Johnson. It is not in possibility to believe the assertion. I love him still with perhaps inextinguishable affection; but oh! how painful to find esteem diminish while affection remains in full force!

A. SEWARD.

MRS. PIOZZI TO MRS. WHALLEY.

Antwerp, Thursday, March 1, 1787.

DEAR MADAM,

When I rose to leave Brussels, this morning, I found
That my lips could not utter one audible sound,

plant, and mixed up in equal parts with Madeira wine and the juice of Seville oranges. How ardently do I wish you would follow my example, and take a coffee-cup full the instant you rise, not eating your breakfast during an hour after, and taking a walk in the interim. It is sovereign in liver complaints. I have taken it regularly during the three spring months these seven years, and have always found indisposition of every kind recede before its influence. In a cool cellar it will keep, after it is bottled, several weeks.

You will be glad to hear that my dear father, though weaker than ever, has had no relapse since his last dreadful illness. My heart thanks you for the kind soothing which yours dictated to your pen, in the last letter with which you indulged me.

Ah! my dear Edwy, however ill I think severity to human failings becomes a human creature, yet had not my heart revolted, as it does, against the faith with which you desire to inspire me respecting Mr. Cowper's generosity and benevolence, if vice and folly had been the only objects of his indignation. Noble sentiments adorn a composition, yet they afford, alas! no indubitable proof of the author's virtue. The depraved and selfish often wear these veils of dazzling light, while all is darkness at the centre; but surely ungenerous sentiments cannot proceed from a noble heart. I cannot help my conviction that fanaticism has narrowed and sullied Mr. Cowper's. But for his illiberal protest against the generosity of encomium, and the gratitude of tribute, how great had been the delight with which I had read him; for I positively think, as a poet, he has scarcely a superior, at least among his cotemporaries, rich as we are in genius.

What you tell me of Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi gives me great pleasure. Her admirable talents, your friendship for her, and the detestable ingratitude with which, upon her marriage, Dr. Johnson repaid the boundless obligations she had lavished

upon him, combined to inspire me with a very lively solicitude for her happiness—made me long to see envy and malice disappointed by Mr. Piozzi's grateful tenderness and acknowledged virtues.

Yours,

ANNA SEWARD.*

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, AT BRUSSELS.

March 23, 11 o'clock, 1787.

MY DEAREST MR. WHALLEY,—I was sitting down to write you a good account of myself, when your charming letter arrived in Gower Street, not Dover Street; where would that you were! and yet I tremble lest this blessing should by some means be snatched from me. These, my beloved friend, these dreadful apprehensions are the delights that attend ardent affections; but God be praised even for these, since without them I could not have tasted the joys of embracing you in idea ten thousand times, even before my eyes are blessed with a sight of you. My dearest and most-honoured friends, our hearts leap forward, and our arms are extended to receive you with the warmest and truest affection, and I am quite well after an illness of ten months. It was not the malady you suspected, but a miserable nervous disorder.

I wish I could offer your dear Fanny an apartment here; you know how delighted I should be for her own sake as well as yours; but alas! I cannot. I hope no accident will prevent your being here at the time you mention, for I am an impatient creature under such circumstances. Give a thousand loves to my dear Mrs. Whalley, and remember me kindly to Miss Sage, and may God Almighty bless and restore you both in health and safety to your

S. SIDDONS.

* Miss Seward directs her letters à *Monsieur Monsieur* Whalley. Though a good classical scholar, she was not acquainted with modern languages.

Mr. S. desires innumerable good wishes to you both, and rejoices infinitely in the honour and happiness of seeing you here. Good night! good night! Now pray observe that nothing will be supportable till you arrive, if I don't hear from you very often in the tedious interval. I have tried all means to detain Mrs. Jackson, but she cannot, and sincerely laments the impossibility of her staying so long.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT WINSCOMBE COURT.

Lichfield, May 4, 1787.

WELCOME! my dear friends; thrice welcome to your native country! It was a pleasure you had not taught us to expect quite so soon. I do indeed feel my heart and spirits cheered with the idea that seas are no longer between us. They rejoice with you also in the blessing which against probable hope has been granted to you by Providence, that of finding your beloved parent alive, to clasp you once more to her bosom, never again to be separated from it so widely. Her advanced life, the inevitable laceration of her feelings in parting with you to so cruel a distance, and for a period which made your absence, in all human probability, for her eternal, must have mingled bitterness with all the pleasures of a heart which had any sense of duty and tenderness; what then must it not have cost a heart like yours!

I grieve, amidst all the joy of your return, to hear you complain of want of health; yet I hope those nervous irritations are the effect only of that overwhelming pleasure which you must feel in the contemplation of being thus restored, after long wanderings, to your parent and to your friends; that, as transport settles into satisfaction, your nerves will recover their tone, and health complete the sum of your contentment.

How happy should I be to see you and dear Mrs. W. at Lichfield this summer. You preclude my hopes upon this

subject, and I am conscious that, with connections large as yours, later friends must give way to the claims of consanguinity, and to those of elder amities.

You found the matchless Siddons surrounded with still augmented glories, without having been dazzled out of a single atom of her grateful tenderness for you and Mrs. Whalley. This circumstance only was a pleasure too much above the level line of peace to be consistent with the bodily health of a nervous being; impute not, therefore, to a heavy atmosphere, what was the effect of too rarified a mind. Remember how ill you were at Pisa, and in another, I forget which, of the Italian cities, and do not you adopt the fancies of travellers concerning a climate which, upon the whole, must surely be the most healthy in the world.

The late mild winter brought me less health on its wings than I used to find amidst its sleets and frosts. I am afraid I shall feel it necessary to hasten to Buxton, lest an habitual rheumatism should fasten upon my constitution; but in my father's present weak state, it is impossible I should know any peace of mind when absent from him. Sophia ardently presses me to go to Ludlow. It is a pleasure I have from year to year purposed, and conditionally promised both to myself and to her; yet, the fearful length of the journey, the dread that there should, in my absence, be some intermission in that constant care and attention so necessary to the preservation of an existence suspended by so slight a thread, have hitherto impeded, and still threaten to impede, my performance of this promise.

My friend and cousin, amiable and elegant little Mrs. Martha, has been with me this past fortnight. She is a great favourite with the Lichfieldians, and consequently we have been overwhelmed with engagements for every hour in the day. The demands upon my pen from many are so numerous, that if I do not some business with that

wearied implement every day, they very soon accumulate into a heavy and very dispiriting burden. This is the case at present, and this is the oppressive tax I pay whenever I deliver myself up, either from choice or necessity, to the social pleasures.

Giovanni's beloved Elizabeth is delivered from her oppressive yoke. Her worthless husband is no more. This is a blessing; but she has sad health, and I see that her nervous disorder of the throat will be the bane, more and more, of her public exertions.

Since you are in England, I do hope you will be in the Abbey at the *grand crash*. Giovanni fills his usual department there. He would be happy to know that he should have the pleasure of getting a little peep at you in town. He shares with me in the joy of your return to England, and entreats me to assure of this truth, while I transmit to you his gratefully affectionate compliments. My poor old father smiles to hear me say 'my dear Mr. and Mrs. Whalley are returned;' and he also sends you his kind benedictions.

Adieu! adieu! my dear friends.

Yours most entirely,

A. SEWARD.

LOVE VERSES

Written on the road to Ludlow, June 1787. Humbly presented to my excellent and honoured grandmamma Whalley,

By me,

Her dutiful granddaughter,

ANNA SEWARD.

CLEORA, thou art far away,
And languid creep the vacant hours;
Yet when the last mild evening chased,
With yellow light, the recent showers,

Their wonted path my slow steps find
The green and shady lanes among,
That wind around thy quiet cot,
The cot with ivy curtains hung.

Setting sunbeams gently glanc'd
O'er the young leaves a sweet farewell ;
But, ah! to these bereaved eyes
How vacant rose the sylvan cell !

Though gilded by so soft a light,
Though linnets warbled on the gale,
A lone and wintry air it wore,
And silence seem'd to shroud the dale.

Thy little faithful dog I met,
Saw him the circling lanes explore ;
Rush down the glades, and up the steps,
Spring to thy closed and cheerless door ;

With plaintive whine, and eager look,
Snuff through each chink the passing air ;
Ah ! little wretch, I fondly cried,
Thy lovely mistress is not there !

How he walk'd away, and hung
His sullen head, and nothing cared ;
How oft I courted him to stay,
And soothe the tender grief he shared.

He left me near the unsocial door ;
No longer open to thy friend,
When dark the clouds of evening roll,
And fast her falling dews descend ;

Or drizzling rains, that often weep
As hollow blasts blow loud and chill ;

The moist and early vanished sun,
In wayward April lingering still.

Now in that little hall's dear grate,
No social embers glow the while,
To us so kindly to disclose
The mutual glance, the tender smile.

Protecting walls ! asylum blest
From ev'ry influence unkind !
The rigor of inclement skies,
The rigor of the unfeeling mind.

But can that soft, that yielding soul,
Its generous warfare long maintain ;
Defy constraint, and haste to seek
The shelter of these arms again ?

Oh, yes ! while memory's power remains,
Her glowing images shall prove
The unsubdued and constant guards,
When force would disunite our love.

DR. WHALLEY TO FANNY SAGE, ST. JAMES' STREET,
LONDON.

Winscombe, June 15, 1787.

A THOUSAND thanks to you, my beloved Fanny, for your kind letter, which I received, as I must do every testimony of your affection, with the greatest pleasure. I found your dear aunt and grandmother well, and we have made a quiet trio since last Monday, when I arrived here from Bath. Tomorrow we depart for Ludlow, where we purpose staying about a fortnight, and I shall hope to find a letter from you at my return hither, telling me that you are agreeably settled

for the summer at Southampton, and that you are become as fond of bathing in the sea as any nereid. We knew nothing of your Uncle Whalley's intention to visit you at Southampton till your letter informed us of it. Did not know *salmon* was a salt-water fish. However, it often lives and thrives in the vicinity of the sea; and, doubtless, your uncle, being an experienced fisherman, knows as much. I should not be surprised if his trip into Hampshire had a double motive, and that he had a kindred-like inclination to cater for you as well as himself.* Young Horner is now at Wells, and who knows but Frank may bring him to you in his hand? I say this to prepare you in case of accidents, and that you may have time to consult your heart at leisure. God direct you for your happiness, my dear girl! If that is secured, I care not how, or by whom. We are impatient to see our loitering trunks, and the more so, as we had, with you, almost despaired of ever having that satisfaction.

Remember us in the kindest manner to your dear father; remind him often of his promise to bring you to us at Bath in the autumn; and tell him that we shall be ready to attend his summons there as soon in November as he pleases. Your aunt and grandmother unite in kindest love and wishes to you and Mr. Sage.

Continue, my darling Fanny, to answer the tender affection of your friend and uncle,

THOS. SEDGWICK WHALLEY.

I hope you have called on dear, kind Mrs. Jackson since I left town.

* The surmise thus playfully hinted at was well founded, as Col. Whalley married, in September of this year, Bridget, daughter of Thomas Salmon, Esq. of Stratton-on-the-Fosse, by Mary, daughter of James Tooker, Esq., of Norton Hall, Somerset, whose property ultimately descended to Col. Whalley's son. This marriage gave rise to some humorous epigrams at the time, one of which appeared in the *Bath Chronicle*, in January 1788.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT WINSCOMBE COURT.

Lichfield, July 27, 1787.

It soothes me to hear you say I was regretted at Ludlow. The hours we four passed together around the social board of our friend, or wandering in those beautiful environs, came back to my imagination many times in every day which has passed over us since we parted. That circumstances, which so often tyrannise over our wishes, and render them fruitless, should have allowed us to meet all together so soon after your and my sweet mamma's return from the Continent, was a singular blessing. Retrospection will always show it to me as a very white speck indeed in my fate.

How very partial has Nature been to Shropshire, in comparison of all she has bestowed upon every other English county through which I have passed. You speak to me of scenery near Bewdley that rivals Downton. Two such vales, with two such towns as Ludlow and Bridgenorth! You will at least allow Sabrina, for the same is considered by Milton as a branch of her, to rise above her waters, with a flag of triumph in her pearly hands, over all the other counties of Mercia!

My poor old father has had no illness since my return. The sight of me, and the little hourly attentions he receives from me, are certainly cordial to him. This conviction, so pleasing to me when I am with him, throws more of apprehension and regret over my mind, in the hours of absence, than I used to feel when he wanted and wished for me less. But his intellects impair yet more and more.

My relation, Captain Seward, informs me that General Elliott, or rather Lord Heathfield, is determined to take a journey to Lichfield about the end of this month, to thank me in person for a tribute to his excellence, which I wish had been more worthy so distinguishing a condescension.

I have, this afternoon, received a very kind letter from my dear, glorious bard. It has poured gladness into a heart which loves him too well to bear his neglect with philosophy, though it has never reposed with that blest security upon his amity that it does upon yours. I believe there is, in every feeling bosom, a secret consciousness of the exact degree of affection it has obtained from those it loves: a thousand involuntary circumstances, from time to time, arise to ascertain this degree, which circumstances individually have little weight, but collectively become supreme. But behold the weakness of affection: we choose, we wish to be deceived—to have this arbitrary consciousness lulled to sleep by the opiate of kind expressions. Oh, thrice blest security! it is thou that extractest all the bitterness even from the very silence of those we love, if thou nursest our idea of them in thy balmy bosom.

Your tenderly dutiful

JULIA.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, AT WINSCOMBE COURT.

August 24, probably 1787.

THOUGH I have not a moment's time just now, I cannot forbear conjuring you to believe, that I have written to you three times since the receipt of your last dear letter, and have been miserable at not hearing from you. I was posting off this very morning (had not the sight of your precious writing prevented me) to enquire for you of our dear Mrs. Jackson. I perceive that I was misled, and that my letters, written in the warmth and sincerity of affection, may at this moment be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar in some post-office in Glo'stershire, for they were addressed to you at Winscombe, Glo'stershire. I wish I could get them again, with all my heart, for I am afraid that you will by some chance recover them, and I own I am vindictive enough to withhold such a gratification from you as long as possible. Will

you never know me? Don't you remember the injustice you did me two years ago, when I had written twice in the space of six weeks from Edinburgh? For heaven's sake, impute anything to me rather than suppose that any earthly circumstance of wealth, or honour, or grandeur, or any other nonsense of the kind, can abate my esteem and love for you. I have had a thousand horrible fancies about you and my dear Mrs. Whalley, and, in short, you can no otherwise make me amends but by promising me faithfully to date your letters in future. Had you done so now, you would have saved yourself the crime of unjust suspicion, and me the torture of anxiety and the woundings of your reproaches. Here are letters and parcels for you; what shall I do with them?

Give a thousand loves to Mrs. Whalley for me, and remember me with all respect to your mother, and do not for one single moment think me other than your entirely affectionate

S. SIDDONS.

I believe I am returned for the year, and am pretty well.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY.

September 1, 1787.

It is true, my dear friend, we are born to do a great many unpleasant things, and there is not one among the multitude more unpleasant than this; the incompetency of one's own judgment, the partiality of an author for his offspring, and his first-born, too—in short, a thousand circumstances render it the most uncomfortable of all situations; but I felt it must be done in this instance, though I will solemnly forswear it for the rest of my life. Your friend, Mrs. Piozzi, may be an excellent judge of a poem possibly, but it is certain that she is not of a tragedy, if she has really an opinion of this. It certainly has some beautiful poetry, but it strikes me that the plot is very lame, and the characters

very, very ill-sustained in general, but more particularly the lady, for whom the author had me in his eye. This woman is one of those monsters (I think them) of perfection, who is an angel before her time, and is so entirely resigned to the will of heaven, that (to a very mortal like myself) she appears to be the most provoking piece of still life one ever had the misfortune to meet. Her struggles and conflicts are so weakly expressed, that we conclude they do not cost her much pain, and she is so pious that we are satisfied she looks upon her afflictions as so many convoys to heaven, and wish her there, or anywhere else but in the tragedy. I have said all this, and ten times more, to them both, with as much delicacy as I am mistress of; but Mr. G. says that it would give him no great trouble to alter it, so that he seems determined to endeavour to bring it on the stage, provided I will undertake this milksop lady. I am in a very distressed situation, for unless he makes her a totally different character, I cannot possibly have anything to do with her.

I beg that you will not, on any account, give the least hint of my having read, or had anything to do with it, for it is impossible to make you conceive the danger of it; and that you will, if you ever write to Mr. G—d,* enforce this as much as possible. Mrs. Piozzi is not to know it. Mr. Siddons, who is a much better judge of the conduct of a tragedy than myself, says it will not do at all for the stage in its present state, for the poetry seems to be all its merit; and if it is to be stripped of that—

* The name, of which the initial and final letters only are given, was Greathead, as shown by Mrs. Piozzi's letter, page 30. Mrs. Siddons was much indebted to the Greathead family (of the beautiful 'Guy's Cliff,' near Warwick), where she had resided for some time in her youth, as her biographer Mr. Campbell states, in the capacity of reader to the elder Mr. Greathead. He was known in the literary world. Horace Walpole mentions that he assisted Mrs. Piozzi in the composition of the 'Florence Miscellany,' a volume of poems published 1784-5. His son appears to have been the author of the play here condemned.

which it must be, for all the people in it forget their feelings to talk metaphor instead of passion—what is there to support it? I wish, for his own sake, poor young man, that he would publish it as it is. I pity him, because I find he has been very much flattered about it, and I can conceive that a conviction of so pleasing an error, must bring with it almost insufferable pain in so unexperienced and unpractised a man, who perhaps knows not at present what disappointment means; it is really pitiable. Adieu! my best beloved. Pray put this letter into the fire directly, lest some unlucky chance should bring it to observation; and, honoured friend, give a thousand loves from me to my dear Mrs. Whalley. Mr. Siddons sends kindest remembrances.

Your truly affectionate

S. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY.

September, 28, 1787.

THOUGH I have but a moment of my own, being just in the middle of the hurry of placing my children at a fresh school, I cannot prevail upon myself to defer giving you the pleasure of hearing that Mr. Siddons is entirely out of danger, though still so weak as to be unable to see any living soul. I have been a little feverish with watching and anxiety, but a few saline draughts have restored me. I am afraid the account of poor dear Mrs. Jackson's affliction is ill-calculated to revive your spirits. Miss Weston is in town, but Mr. Siddons' illness has deprived me of the pleasure of seeing her. It is now I think a full month since I have seen the face of any body out of my own family, and Mr. Siddons' progress is so very slow, that at present I have little prospect of living any other life. Remember us both kindly to our dear Mrs. Whalley.

God Almighty bless you, my dearest friend, for ever and

for ever, and may you live for ever, to be a blessing to all who have the honour and the happiness of knowing you. Be assured I love you more for the kindness of your heart, even than I admire you for the splendour of your genius. In the fervent hope of your being well enough to remove on Monday, I address this to Frome.

MRS. SIDDONS TO MRS. WHALLEY, AT MR. WICKHAM'S,
FROME.

Saturday, October 8, 1787.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The misfortune I alluded to respecting poor Mrs. Jackson is no less than the death of her husband, which happened on his voyage to England. I am sorry you are to be made acquainted with such a sorrowful event by one, who wishes always to communicate pleasurable tidings to those she loves so dearly. I have only time to add, that I thank you for your dear letter, to offer you the most fervent and affectionate wishes for all happiness, to tell you that my husband mends very slowly, that I, considering all things, am surprisingly well (this instant going to the theatre for Belvidera), and that I am, unalterably,

Your own

S. SIDDONS.

Under the address is written, by Dr. Whalley: 'My dearest friend's (Mrs. Siddons') letters, too many of which are mislaid or destroyed.'

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, AT BATH.

October 18, 1787.

I KNOW it will give you comfort to know that poor dear Mrs. Jackson is well enough and kind enough to suffer me to see her and endeavour to divert her, as often as the siege of my affairs will permit. She is a glorious woman. Her dignified, yet truly feeling manner of receiving me for the

first time after this dreadful misfortune, and her manner of relating the circumstances of it, have raised her above all women, except one, in my opinion. It was so little clamorous, so solemn, so simple; in short, you are the only person I know of, that, knowing me and my imperfect sketches of persons and things, will be able to conceive this affecting scene. I am going to her this evening; but could not avoid sending a few hasty lines, as I know you are so truly interested about the dear soul.

I do not think it is likely that we shall meet in Bath next spring; but do you know that I am grown to love Mr. and Mrs. Greathead very much, and perhaps not a little the more than I otherwise should, because they seem so entirely sensible of the worth of my best-beloved friends. We parted on Saturday with the most fervent wishes that we might all together meet one day at Guy's Cliffe, whither they have so kindly and earnestly invited Mr. Siddons to recover himself, that he will be at that truly charming, and to me uncommonly interesting, place next Wednesday. I think he is a great-minded man, and she, though not quite so charming in point of mind, yet equal perhaps in more essential points. God bless you, my dearest friend. I have not a moment to say (if it were possible) how much, and how affectionately,

I am yours,

S. SIDDONS.

Remember us with the warmest affection to Mrs. Whalley.

DR. WHALLEY TO FANNY SAGE, GEORGE STREET,
HANOVER SQUARE.

Cottage, May 16, 1788.

YOU may suppose, my dearest Fanny, that a cottager has abundance of time at his command. No such thing, I assure you. It has been in my head long since to answer your sweet letter; but a saw on one side and a mason's trowel on the

other, gardening here and building there, have still prevented my paying a debt due to affection and urged by inclination. You may have supposed me extending my length, which reckons for something, on the velvet turf, listening to the woodland choir, making up nosegays for pastoral nymphs, or sauntering after the windings of the brook that murmurs beneath. Such arcadian pastimes, my love, I leave to you and your favourite swain. Hammers and saws have been my music; my occupation, a deal of dirty work among masons and mortar-makers; and my pastime, running here and scouting there to look after various workmen, and direct their operations—fretting and fuming at their stupidity and idleness, and, but for my cloth, ready to curse them every hour by all their gods. But when I turn from their bungling labours to the extensive, fair, and noble works of Nature around me, my mind grows calm, delight takes place of discontent, and all is well again. When all these hurries and flurries are over, and everything looks as compact and neat about my cottage, as if dirt and rubbish and confusion had never been its harbingers, then you shall come and be as much the shepherdess as you please; and feed lambs, and sing with the birds, and lead about a lapdog in a rose-coloured ribbon, and be all over sentiment and romance. But a shepherd you must bring with you, if any such can be found in your sphere, for we have none that will answer your ideas. Country shepherds, alas! are, in these our iron days, mere clowns, with clod pates and filthy faces, unknowing of garlands and crooks and all such pretty fancies. I am glad you and Mr. — are so rational in your *têtes-à-tête*. Reason is so often banished on such occasions. But then, in the spring-tide of life, one is so apt to think absence of Reason well supplied by the presence of Love. Well, things will go as they will go; so I will fuss and perplex myself no more about them. The Gunnings leave Langford Court next month,

and we expect new tenants to take possession of it at Midsummer; but, saving their dirt, we should like our old ones better. It is whispered,* but this is *entre nous*, that Miss Gunning is engaged to the Marquis of Lorn, and that the marriage is to take place at his return from the Continent. He is handsome, clever, and amiable, exclusive of titles and riches and God knows what. Has she not provided well for herself? But I must, in justice, say that she merits, and will grace, the highest exaltation. Nothing can be more pleasing than her manners, or more equal and excellent than her temper and disposition. She is wholly uncorrupted by the gay and great, and as humble, affable, and benevolent as before she mixed in the splendours and dissipations of the great city.

Remember me very cordially to your dear father. I have received, and will one day answer, his letter. Where do you summer? Wherever it may be, or whatever be your weather, may you feel perpetual sunshine in your heart!

Addio, carissima mia nipotina, amate mi bene e risponderete presto. Ancora addio!

THOS. SEDGWICK WHALLEY.

Pray call sometimes on Miss Weston, your and my old friend, and who admires and loves you so much.

I congratulate you on the acquisition of your noble piano-forte, and long to hear it touched by your brilliant fingers. Compliments to your dear Miss Goring. Direct to me at the Cottage, Langford, Bristol. Remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sage.

Remember the two little painted and varnished tables you promised me for the cottage. All my particular friends are to contribute something of their handywork towards its furniture. Now do not forget these.

* 'Thereby hangs a tale,' particulars of which are given, p. 53.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT LANGFORD COURT.

June 19, 1788.

I HAD acknowledged your kind but short letter, my dear Edwy, but for your telling me to consider it as the harbinger of a more copious reply to my last. Vainly expecting this promised letter more than five weeks, expectation must keep me silent no longer.

That you have consecrated the laurels which shall hereafter bloom around your cottage to me, is an ideal honour that gratifies at once my pride and my affection. I shall be happy to present my tributary keepsake; but do you know that, having never paid the slightest attention to the circumstance of household furniture, never been engaged in anything of the kind, nay, having never bought a single article of the kind in my life, I have puzzled my brains in vain to fix upon something, which should at once be pretty and useful, and of which it may be probable you and mamma are not already in possession. Lichfield furnishes nothing but clumsy necessities, and out of Lichfield I now never go. Lest, after all, I should send something of which you have a duplicate, pray forgive the awkwardness of my request, that you would purchase and send me the bill for some useful little elegance, that has not been presented to you by your other friends. From Bath you will so much more readily procure it than I can do from plain uninventive Lichfield. You will consider it as my present equally, and I trust not value it less for that want of grace in the donation, which proceeds from a desire to be in somewhat useful to those I love, rather than aim to flourish with a taste not natural to me, and rusted over by absolute inexperience. You remember how clumsy, old, and worn is every thing in this large, this pleasant mansion. I have not replaced anything on account of my father's long precarious state; no

material difference has happened in that state since I wrote last.

My dear Edwy, if you have not seen the two last 'Gentleman's Magazines' for April and May, I conjure you to examine them—page 329 in the first, for a most curious manœuvre, namely, the insertion of my letter, taken from the 'Morning Post,' on the subject of 'Mont Blanc,' insinuating, in an extraordinary introduction to that letter, that the motive for the author publishing it was 'literary jealousy, that bears no brother near the throne.' For my reply, see page 437. The note over the leaf which retracts their insinuated censure in the former publication, leaves me, I think, evidently mistress of the field, even upon their own territories, where they had so oddly dragged me to the combat. Pratt has got into the good graces of 'Urban's Reviewer,' as appears by what is said of his new work in the last. When Pratt has influence, you and I know what to look for.

Are you not charmed with Mr. Warton's noble ode on the late royal anniversary? and with that of Collins, newly brought to light, on the Highland Superstitions?

I am impatient for Cowper's 'Homer,' since I think his powers responsible for a translation that shall be not less beautiful than Pope's, in a vehicle much more suited, than the brilliant rhymes of that fascinating writer, to the majestic energies of the old bard. There Mr. Cowper will have no opportunity of sullyng the charms of his numbers with that malignance which so often shrouds and deforms the splendours of the 'Task.' How cruelly unjust is he to Captain Cook in the close of that beautiful episode of Omai, in the (I think) second book!

Adieu, my dear friend! Giovanni and my father join me in affectionate compliments. Duty to dear mamma.

Yours faithfully, A. SEWARD.

I have this instant read, for the first time, the despicable, unmanly, revengeful, fool's-head letter which that Italian assassin Baretti has printed against Mrs. Piozzi. The whole literary world ought to unite in reprobating publicly such venom-mouthed railing, which the heart of a coward only could dictate.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT LANGFORD COURT.

After June, 1788.

THE beginning of your last letter, my dear Edwy, is a little too metaphysical for my comprehension, expressing a wish that the epistle of mine which it replied to had been less kind and uncomplaining, adding that 'a reproach or two would so have reconciled you to yourself.' Surely if one has been neglectful of a friend, their being pained by it, and expressing a sense of the unkindness, could not reconcile a generous mind, a mind like yours, to itself, for having inflicted that pain. That I, imputing your silence to the pressure of business and the complication of claims, had neither felt nor expressed over it any sadness of spirit, would, I should have thought, have rendered it easier to you upon reflection, than if you had found me uneasy under the circumstance. After all, believe me, my dear friend, I too well know how possible it is to love a friend extremely, and yet not write to them during weeks and months; that slide away beneath the engrossing pressure of far less interesting employment, to be suspicious of attachment upon that sole ground. When other circumstances, perhaps a series of little coldnesses, combine with such silence, it is a different thing; and this just makes the reason why I do resent Mr. Hayley's silences, and why I do not resent yours.

My dear old father, though every day weaker and more infirm, has yet remained now for months without any alarming attack. That reflection has encouraged me to purpose

indulging myself with a feast of Handelian sublimity next week. Giovanni conducting and singing the principal tenor at the Sheffield music-meeting, where Cramer leads and Mrs. Billington warbles, tempt me to venture upon this absence.

The four friends you mention,* as having recompensed you by their applause for the injustice of one despicable criticism, do credit to their own taste in that praise. The wonders of Mont Blanc are certainly lighted up with all the genuine glow of a poetic imagination.

You complain of my injustice to 'poor Pratt.' One is likely, to be sure, to be guilty of injustice in thinking it probable that a wretch, convicted in twenty instances of assassination upon the fame of those to whom he owes no common obligations, should be the source of a criticism, too unhandsome and absurd not to have been the result of private malice. Remember that Mr. Siddons traced the abuse of his charming wife to Pratt — his base revenge for her refusing to continue the practice of lending him money. Recollect the poetical rod with which you obliged him to whip himself. The style in which his stupid writings have of late years been puffed in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' proves his influence with that reviewer. Your anonymous letter might also be his fabrication; but respecting the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' critical injustice has often its source in literary envy or in want of taste, but if it descends to virulent insult, personal hatred is the instigator.

Look again at your noble Ode, my dear Edwy; it is now lying on the table by me. 'Throws his brilliance on the headlong floods,' cannot grammatically mean the sun, which has not once been mentioned as a person, in the foregoing part of that ninth stanza; his, the sign of the person singular, cannot refer to the sunbeams, which are plural. This grammatic inaccuracy strikes everybody who reads poetry with

* Mr. Anstey, Mr. Potter, Mrs. Piozzi, and Miss More.

attention, and must be corrected in a second edition. Indeed, my dear Edwy, you surprise me in imputing false pomp and glitter to the divine ode of our Laureate. I have read and re-read it to find out what could possibly strike you as such, but it comes out pure gold from the trial. I do not say that Warton has more genius than Collins, for I do not think so; but he is certainly a chaster poet, more perspicuous, less extravagant.

I wish you had written on the Druidical monuments when your enthusiasm was in its glow. I doubt not the produce would have been an ode, dear to me as Mont Blanc and the historic ode of Warton.

Adieu! my beloved friend. Giovanni desires to be affectionately remembered to you. My love and duty attend sweet mamma when you write, if you are not reunited. Oh! what a long absence.

Yours, A. SEWARD.

I wish that a reprobation of Baretti's scoundrel libels was to appear in the public papers, signed by all our literati—Hayley, Mason, and Gibbon to lead the male division, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, and Miss More the female. I think it a duty.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH.

Hanover Square, January 5, 1789.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you forgive an old friend's long silence? It should be compensated by an infinite quantity of new chat were we nearer to each other; but never was any ill luck like ours, which has separated us so oddly, and sent us up and down in the manner of buckets at a well. Miss Sage will tell you how little amusement here is stirring for the young and gay, and, I can assure you, literary subjects were never so little talked of in London, since I can recollect

the place. One thick political gloom covers us just now. Art after art goes out, and all is night. Della Crusca's fine poem, called 'Diversity,' breaks through, however, and flashes with transient lustre, gleaming across the mist from time to time; and Mrs. Siddons unites all parties in her favour twice a week. Poor dear Mr. Greathead, meantime, his play and profits all put by, what patience he must have! But his mind is like your own. May you enjoy many happy returns of this season, dear sir; and do rejoice with me that '88 is past. Those two figures have already brought confusion and temporary distress upon this island twice before; but calamity never comes from the quarter whence it is looked for, so I suppose 1789 will be a comfortable year, as the people then will be prepared to expect evil.

Miss Seward has a right to be angry, and I hope is a little with me for not writing. Make my peace in a sweet letter of yours to her, and then I will close in with the best apologies that can be found; for I want one of her long, charming, critical letters sadly, and have not deserved one at all. Procure me that unmerited pleasure—do, my kind Mr. Whalley—and believe me, with the sincerest esteem and truest attachment,

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

H. L. PIOZZI.

MISS WESTON* TO DR. WHALLEY.

Queen's Square, Westminster, May 18, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have longed to write to you, and I am sure you have wished to hear from me; but I thought

* The name of Sophia Weston continually recurs through the whole of Dr. Whalley's correspondence. Several of her letters are already given. She was esteemed one of the cleverest of the *bas bleu* of his coterie. She was related to the first Mrs. Whalley, and after her mother's death, resided some time with Mrs. Piozzi, and with Mrs. Provis, a lady who created much sensation during her day at Bath. Miss Weston married Mr. Pennington, and Dr. Whalley passed the winter of 1824-5 under their roof at Clifton.

it better to delay my communications, till I could render them more satisfactory than they could have been at any time from my return to this very now, when the distress, hurry, and confusion I have been in, begins to settle into something like tranquillity again.

As soon as my mother was out of danger, and could dispense with my constant attendance, my young charge arrived. She has been with me about nine days, and I see clearly her disposition and character. The best part of it is, that she will never do anything to disgust or offend me; and the worst, that it appears to me exactly of that sort which I can never make any manner of impression upon; consequently, cannot entertain any very sanguine hopes of assisting and improving, as, to the utmost extent of my abilities, I should wish to do. She is handsome, her appearance genteel, and her temper gentle and docile; but Prometheus has had no share in her composition;—she is inanimate, total still life, without ideas, feelings, or affections, or even those animal spirits which peculiarly belong to her vernal season—to that charming May of life, when novelty and expectation are dancing their gay rounds before us, and when every hope is budding and blooming in the mind, in unison with the creation, at this delightful period!

We have been out every day this last week. All is new to my young companion; yet she expresses no surprise, and appears to me to feel no pleasure, except in a well-dressed head and very smart gown, which we have been at no small pains to provide. She, however, seems perfectly content and pleased with her situation; and the rest we must leave to time.

My friends have all been exceedingly good to me in my late distress, and are very polite and attentive to Miss Maylin; in particular, Mrs. Adair and dear Mrs. Piozzi, whose kindness towards me, on every occasion, exceeds all expres-

sion. She enquired most cordially after you and dear Mrs. Whalley. I wish I could conjure you both into Queen's Square on Thursday evening, when I expect the Piozzis, Miss Lee, Miss Williams, Dr. More, &c.

Dear, charming Mrs. Siddons left us this day for York, where she has an engagement; when to return is most uncertain, and, I believe, not positively known at present, even to herself. On the 11th (for her own benefit) she took leave of her London audience in the character of 'Juliet,' and, I must say, a finer or more captivating performance was never seen; though, I confess, I had been in the number of the profane, who had dared to think she might have made an injudicious choice. She proved, however, that her judgment and abilities are equally infallible, and that her genius comprehends everything worthy of it, and executes also. She contrived to make her appearance light, youthful, and airy, beyond imagination, and more beautiful than anything one ever saw. Her figure, she tells me, was very well fitted by previous indisposition. She has suffered a great deal, and is still far from well. She talks of Mrs. Whalley and yourself with all her wonted affection, and reckons much upon the hope of passing some time at the darling cottage, in her way out of the west this summer. The little girls are fixed at Calais, at school with Mrs. Semple.

N.B.—I suppose you know Mrs. Siddons is engaged to play at Exeter as well as York.

This, I conclude, will kiss your hands at the cottage, where I picture you to myself, enjoying in the most rational way every moment of this delicious season. The verdure and foliage of the Park is delightful, and we regale upon no contemptible degree of rural beauty from our windows.

Think how unlucky I was respecting my old friends, the Greenlys! The morning I left Bath, while the carriages were waiting, I met them in the street, and had the mortifi-

cation of finding they had been nearly a week in the place, and within a few doors of me, mutually unconscious how near we were to each other. You, who know how much I love and respect these amiable people, may conceive how sensibly I was chagrined on the occasion. I had just a moment to introduce my favourite Eliza to Fanny, and to request dear Mrs. Whalley's attentions to them.

Has our lovely Fanny made any new conquests? and may I dare to drop a hint that I wish you would not let her run so much about Bath in a morning? Walking is certainly good for her health, and necessary; but the misfortune of Bath is, that young people cannot take the advantage of exercise without being too much exposed to observation. Fanny is too attractive not to be much sought after, but she should not be too easily or too frequently found. When you and Mrs. Whalley think she is walking in the Crescent, she is often flying all over the Parades. The dear thing is wonderfully prone to flirtation, and hunts after a new beau, who has happened to strike her fancy, with a degree of activity and interest more natural than fit. I am sorry to say that her cousin, Miss Wickham, seemed much more inclined to lead her into this sort of thing than, as she ought, to be a check upon her. Miss King is also intolerably giddy. Perhaps the indulgence of always having a young friend to run about with her, may be ultimately of the most serious disadvantage to Fanny. Be assured, though I heard many remarks upon this subject, I have not ventured to speak from the observation of others. Fanny loves me, and my time of life is not formidable to her. I had, therefore, ample means of making my own observations, such as even yourself or Mrs. Whalley could not have.

I know how delicate interference of this sort is amongst the best friends; but I also know that I am influenced only

by motives of the purest attachment to Fanny's interest, and I know moreover the candour and liberality of my dear cousin Thomas. Therefore, however ill-judged these remarks may appear, I have no fear in submitting them to your indulgence.

Have you heard from Julia (Miss Seward), and what was the fate of her sonnet? I have not written to her this age, though I love and admire her as much as ever; but the truth is, she has thrown so much cold water upon our correspondence, and rendered it so unpleasant and full of cavi, that, co-operating with my extreme dislike to writing, and the little leisure I have for it, I often want resolution to address her. Mrs. Provis is at an immense distance from us, but we have met at her own house and Sir Lyonel's very pleasantly. She looks vastly well, and appeared all grace and serenity. No odious Bremar was present on either occasion.

I returned just in time for the Procession Day and the next night's illumination—both glorious sights! * It was delightful and affecting to every one whose feelings were not blunted by party prejudice, to see our good King in perfect health, attended by so fine a family, and accompanied by his happy Queen. But, as Mrs. Piozzi says in her letters, 'the people, sure, the people were the sight!' You can conceive nothing more novel or beautiful than the appearance of the streets, with the windows all taken out and fitted with rows of ladies, seated as in a theatre—all full dressed at that early hour of the morning, and displaying every loyal insignia in their ornaments—bands of music at many houses playing 'God save the King.' Many people who chose to distinguish themselves displayed banners of purple and gold. The office

* April 23, 1789, was a day appointed for a general thanksgiving for the King's recovery. His Majesty, it will be remembered, went in state to St. Paul's, to return thanks.

where 'The World' is printed made a most beautiful appearance. The balcony was hung with purple silk, the front festooned with curtains of the same colour, lined with white, and fringed with gold, or ornamented with wreaths of roses and laurel. A fine band of music was also stationed in it.

I have seen 'Mary Queen of Scots,' the heaviest and most vapid play that ever made its appearance. And I have heard lately from dear Anna Powell, accompanied with a magnificent present of furs. She is well, and, I hope, happy. Dear creature! she is going with her brother and his family eight hundred miles up the country, to a district where he is appointed chief judge by Lord Dorchester.

Adieu, my dear friend! Remember me kindly to Mrs. Whalley and Fanny, and believe me always

Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

P. S. WESTON.

BISHOP BEADON* TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

London, June 19, 1789.

MY DEAR SIR,—I lose no time in acknowledging the favour of your letter, and requesting your acceptance of my best thanks for your kind congratulations and good wishes on my late promotion. The event, I believe, was not unexpected by many of my friends, and the cordial interest they have taken in it is highly flattering and pleasing to me. But I can say with great truth, a bishopric was never the object of my ambition, and I am not sure it will add to my happiness, unless by enabling me to be of more service to my family and friends. In this view I am, as I ought to be, thankful

* Dr. Beadon and Dr. Whalley were relatives through their mothers' side, both of whom were 'squires.' Dr. Beadon mounted the ladder of preferment by the following degrees :—In 1775, he was made Archdeacon of London ; in 1781, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge ; in 1789, Bishop of Gloucester ; and in 1802 was translated to the see of Bath and Wells, over which he presided twenty-two years, dying in 1824, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

for it; and if I can escape a jail* at present, and live a few years, I hope it will be the source of much comfort and satisfaction to me. In other respects (I have been behind the curtain, you know, and can speak from experience), the situation is not quite so enviable, as a mitre on the outside of the carriage, and lawn sleeves within, may make it appear to some people.

You are not within my diocese, but so near the borders of it, that I am not without hopes of your having some time or other a call towards Gloucester, so as to make a visit to the Palace as little inconvenient to you, as it would be highly gratifying to myself and Mrs. Beadon to pay our respects there to yourself and Mrs. Whalley. She unites with all here in best compliments to both, and Charlotte desires to add her particular acknowledgments for your kind attention to her.

I rejoice to hear so good an account of my old and excellent friend, and beg you to assure her of my love and every good wish, whenever she comes to you. Mrs. S. Whalley and Miss Sage will also do me the favour to accept the offer of my best regards, and I remain, in great haste,

Dear sir,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

R. GLOUCESTER.

Miss Seward, in a letter to Mrs. Mompessan, dated August, 1791, written from Langford Cottage, says,—
'The week after I arrived here, Mr. Whalley was so good as to take me to Bath. We were the guests of his charming friend, Mrs. Jackson, a woman of first-rate abilities and

* Alluding to the first-fruits, &c., payable on first entering a see. It is said the payments on taking the see of Canterbury amount to 25,000*l*.

virtues.' She published, in 1806, 'Dialogues on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity,' in two octavo volumes.

MRS. JACKSON TO DR. WHALLEY, AT LANGFORD COTTAGE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter last night gave me great pleasure. I proposed writing you a line to ask, if you thought I could at all incommode my beloved friend by complying with my boys' request to bring them, and return them the same night, in the postchaise that takes me? It would be great pleasure to them, and Ward allows me so to fill the carriage; and also agrees to convey them home again at the same rate as if it was empty. This is a temptation to us, but I know not if there was any risk of her being disturbed by their *little* noises. They will be out of doors all day, I conclude. I think to walk up the hill, so do not trouble yourself to send down horses; and for the sake of this scheme, should it be pleasant to you, mean to be with you as early in the morning as I can (say eleven). If you do not write, I intend to come, brats and all; but do write if they will be troublesome. I fear I was so full of my own distress as not to express the affectionate participation of Mrs. Martyn, who was greatly concerned, and bid me say so; also Miss Hervey, also Lady Colebrooke, and a long &c. of Bath people—but these three really felt as if they knew the value of my good friend, as well as appreciated the sadness of the calamity. I wish I knew Miss More and her sisters enough to add the offering of my very affectionate gratitude for the goodness they have shown: as it is, I will hope, under the shelter of your friendship, that they will admit me to some share of hearts, I trust you will persuade them, I know how to value.

Kind love to dear Mrs. Whalley, Miss Sage, and yourself.

Yours, with true affection,

G. G. JACKSON.

MRS. JACKSON TO DR. WHALLEY.

April, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If I could express to you the height of my esteem, and the strength of my affection for your excellent wife, I should be able to give you some idea of the distress your letter caused me.* I did not exactly understand the manner of the accident till I saw Mr. A. Anstey this morning. I trust in God, both by his account and yours, that the danger is over, and that she will look cheerily upon me when I have the happiness to attend her and you. I hope to do so on the 13th; but beg of you, or dear Fanny, to give me one line to tell me how my dear friend goes on. Do not let me come if I shall give you any trouble, I pity you beyond measure; for your mental distress has, I know, far exceeded that of the dear sufferer, who, I trust, will long be spared for your comfort, and as an example in a world where characters like hers are so very rare, that few have even the gift to comprehend them.

Congratulate yourself, in compensation for the anguish you have suffered, by meditating that its excess arose from the singularity of your blessedness, in being the chosen beloved object of the most guileless of human hearts; whose strength of mind is derived more from the admirable tranquillity of an unsullied spirit, than from the excellence of that very superior understanding she is endowed with. Do let me hear from you again, and believe me, with tenderest friendship and esteem,

Your attached and faithful

G. G. JACKSON.

Love to dear Mrs. Whalley and Miss Sage.

* Mrs. Whalley was upset near Mendip Lodge, and thrown into a brook, from which accident she never fully recovered. The circumstances of the accident are recapitulated by Miss Seward in one of her printed letters to Dr. Whalley, dated April 7, 1789.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Monday, January 25, 1790.

DEAR MR. WHALLEY,—In return for the best news here, that of our charming Siddons' gradual recovery, let me beg some truths from Bath; for the tales poured into our ears are such as one can say nothing about, till 'tis known whether they are true or no.

Is Rauzzini going to marry an English lady, and his scholar, with a large fortune? and is Bridgetower in prison for having had to do with sharpers? He was here last week, and calling on us, asked Mr. Piozzi to lend him 30*l.*, which was no proof of his sharpness, I think, to suppose one should throw such sums into the lap of a man one had not seen six times, and whose son never played at our house. I gave him a letter to you: did he ever deliver it? We are curious to hear how the story really stands. I am ashamed to send you a letter of mere enquiries, but if I take the *questions*, you shall have the *commands*; for nothing could make either my husband or myself happier than knowing how to oblige Mrs. Whalley and you, or Miss Sage, to whom you must kindly present our best compliments, and

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful humble servant,

H. L. PIOZZI.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, CRESCENT, BATH.

Lichfield, March 12, 1790.

THANK you, my kind and loved friend, for your precious consoling letter. I trust my dear, and for ever dear, father has a blessed change of existence; but I have suffered, and am still suffering more than I ought. This, alas! is, however, no time to descant upon feelings into which you so thoroughly enter, and have so exactly described.

The affectionate wish to have me with you is like

yourselves, my excellent friends; but if lovely Miss Sage's approaching nuptials had taken place and vacated her apartment, I could not have left Lichfield. It will be long ere I can leave it. Upon a spirit which seems totally to have lost all its energy, a load of business will shortly descend.

May the happiness of your beloved niece, so assiduously promoted by your indulgent exertions, be permanent and unclouded. Giovanni and his daughter speak of her to me, as the most charming, accomplished, and interesting young lady imaginable. They also speak of the day they passed in your delightful circle with the most lively and grateful pleasure. I am glad poor Giovanni's absence in London has exempted his feeling heart from the participation of my agonising suspense during a day and half, and the deep dejection in which it terminated.

Thank you for your kind long letter. But now, my dear Edwy, I shall eternally waive the privilege you offer me of the last descant upon that subject, which, I am afraid, we shall always continue to view in totally different lights; and O! it matters little! It gratifies me that you could endure the sonnets I sent you: you do more; you condescend to praise them. Sweet is the praise of those we love. That 'Sonnet upon seeing the lights in the Death-chamber,' was mine. I described no imaginary scene. I saw the lights; I heard the hammers. From the possibility of hearing such heart-afflicting sounds beneath this roof last night, and from the mournful, the terrible ceremonies of this morning, I fled a few miles out of town, and am but within these three hours returned to this now desolate scene.

I wonder that you, who so well know how little leisure I have of late years been able to command, should speak to me of so impossible a thing as a long work from my pen. That was out of all question; but I chose to preserve the habit of writing verses, and was vain enough to believe that, to those at least who loved me, my little compositions, meeting their



eye accidentally, would have been welcome. Many of my correspondents do express as much pleasure, as you express dislike to such interviews with my muse. Where there is genius, it will illuminate and render valuable the shortest compositions; where there is none, it is, methinks, a task that friendship should not urge, that vain attempt to make out in the *quantity* of a work what is wanting in its *quality*. Knowing, as you do, that I have no leisure for lengthened composition, to regret that I should give short ones to the world, shows that you think my imagination has lost those powers you once too partially assigned to it. Edwy is incapable of playing the Tereus to a real Philo.

Adieu! my dear friend. Say for me the kindest things to my beloved Mrs. Whalley. I hope your venerable parent still lives in peace and comfort; and may it be yet a few more years ere you experience the sad sense of deprivation which lowers upon my pillow, and dims for me the light of the morning.

Yours most faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

Mrs. Smith sits at my elbow, and will not permit me to omit her grateful compliments to yourself, Mrs. W., and Miss Sage. She and her father speak of Miss Sage's singing and playing as perfect. Elizabeth is at this moment assuring Mr. White, that if her eyes were shut she should not be able to distinguish Miss Sage's finger on the harpsichord from the exquisite Mrs. Miles. Mr. White desires best compliments.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, CRESCENT, BATH.

Hanover Square, Thursday, June 3, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been a runner after remote interest so long, that I am sure I pardon Mr. Nott and Mr. Best from my heart, and wish I could more effectually serve



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the friends of my dear Mr. Whalley; but how one of them should fancy I could promote the welfare of a language master, and how the other should dream of my influence in Exeter College,* who can guess? Cizos deserves everything, and has to me been the cause of so much pleasure in procuring me two such letters from Mr. Whalley and Miss Seward; but nothing can I do for him. Miss Weston is kind and partial to her friends, but her health is not what we all wish.

Sweet Siddons is my patient. Sir Lucas Pepys attends her at Streatham, and she is there now keeping house with dear Mrs. Lewis, while we are come up for the Abbey music, lest no places should be got when we arrive there. Adieu, and believe me most truly yours,

H. L. Piozzi.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COURT.

Lichfield, July 3, 1790.

WITHOUT being able to boast that I am recovered, my dear kind friend, I have the pleasure to assure you that Dr. Darwin's medicines seem to agree with me, and that I think myself better.

I sit in imagination beneath that seat whose kind inscription does me so much honour. I wish it was as well

* Dr. Thomas Stinton was then Rector of Exeter College, Oxford. He prided himself on his acquaintance with the 'belles lettres,' and his connection with literary people, but in his college was considered rather a pedant than a scholar. On one occasion he was entertaining Mrs. Siddons, and, as was customary, requested her in the evening to read some favourite passages, and asked her what poem she would prefer. On Milton being mentioned, one of the company went into the doctor's library to fetch a copy, but after a long absence returned, saying he could not find one. Mrs. Siddons said it was immaterial; Shakspeare would answer her purpose equally well; and a second search was made, which proved equally unsuccessful, to the confusion of the rector, but to the secret mirth of some of the fellows present. The fact stood confessed, that neither of these two great national classics was to be found in the scholar's library.

merited as it is well written. Some time surely it will be given me to range with you and dear Mrs. Whalley through the bowers you have reared.

Dr. Darwin still talks to me of sea-bathing; but I should like to get well without it; for great would be the inconvenience of leaving Lichfield this summer.

Dear Lady Gresley still remains an invalid. She often inquires after you and Mrs. Whalley.

Though I could not bear to employ an amanuensis to you, I willingly avail myself of your kind consideration for me by shortening my letter. I shall, therefore, only add Giovanni's and his daughter's ardent good wishes to my own, for every happiness to you and Mrs. Whalley.

Adieu, my ever amiable friend, and believe me always,

Faithfully yours,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Lichfield, October 24, 1790.

RETURNING health begins to dawn upon me, my dear friend, though I have been very ill indeed since I received your last kind letter. My dropsical symptoms had abated, but were succeeded by a worse malady—a difficulty of breathing, which for whole days and nights, at quick returning periods, made my existence resemble that of the dying. All pain, all debility I ever experienced, was ease to that labour of respiration. Thank God I have not been subject to any so dreadful degree of it these past five weeks. It was necessary that I should not write a line which I could avoid; and with those hopes of seeing brighter days, which never entirely forsook me, I felt reluctant to complain again to you of gloomy ones.

Though some affairs, yet unsettled, of my father's, made absence from Lichfield inconvenient, yet it was necessary

that I should try change of air ; so I accepted Mr. and Mrs. Roberts's pressing invitation to try the pure air that blows from the Wrekin upon that near valley, in which stands their spacious, lightsome, pleasant, and hospitable mansion. Giovanni and his daughter accompanied me thither, and the two Mr. Whites came to us, one of the three weeks which we passed at Priors' Lea. Giovanni left us after the first ten days, to conduct and sing the principal songs in oratorios at Shrewsbury. We were only sixteen miles from that town. Mr. Roberts, the Whites, and I rose early one morning for the pleasure of hearing our friend open the 'Messiah' with a pathos, energy, and grace that cannot be excelled, and which *I* never heard equalled. We returned home in the evening. I had previously made the same excursion to Birmingham, and heard Mara open the 'Messiah;' but the female tones, even Mara's, want majesty of expression for that solemn recitative. Poor Norris, who conducted, had been cruelly hissed the preceding evening, from a suspicion of intoxication producing his incapacity to proceed with a pathetic song in 'Jephtha.' Alas! he was extremely ill, but perfectly sober. Next morning, in the 'Messiah,' the dying swan, exerting his last powers, sang with great spirit, and absolute strength of voice ; but dropped down dead the next week at Lord Dudley's ! There was a striking pathos in that event, from the recollection of having heard and seen him so few days before, guiding with grace and energy the crowded orchestra. Perhaps you saw, in the last 'Gentleman's Magazine,' a few lines which I wrote upon the subject.

My Shropshire journey was of service to my health, which had begun to amend a few days before I ventured to Birmingham. We were a joyous party at Prior's Lea, and were often joined by the neighbouring families, who thronged to listen to Savillian songs and duets. Never had Giovanni

so much musical business in distant places as in the last spring, summer, and autumn. He has not been able to superintend his garden scarcely at all, nor been more than a week together at home these last two months—Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Leeds, and Sheffield, each place detaining him a week. I received your letter in his absence, and when he returned, I must, to my shame, confess that I forgot to deliver your message about the flowers. A spirit, not 'rightly touched' on the subject, betrayed my faithless recollection. How I started at the sight of the paragraph a few minutes since, and reproached my forgetfulness! Giovanni and his daughter sup with me to-night. I will show him your letter, and endure his chiding.

The great desideratum of this great house was the want of a sitting room below stairs, which after ten in the morning could obtain the blessing of a winter sunbeam. You remember my dear father's apartment, so convenient for an invalid, from opening, without a step, into the dining-room. It is south-west. I have removed the bed, painted the wainscoat white, stained the paper a light green, and covered it with good prints in gold frames. It is nine months in the year the very pleasantest room in the house. The sun looks on it at noon, and gilds it on through the winter's day.

Sincerely do I rejoice that Mrs. Whalley's illness had disappeared when you wrote to me; and in that glad hilarity which you tell me lights up your spirits when ranging over your beautiful mountain. I hope the delights of Mr. and Mrs. Mullins' society were unclouded. I apprehend they brought with them those soft autumnal suns which have illumined our autumn, and recompensed our sullen and stormy summer. I know you will be glad to hear that my income is 40*l.* per annum better than I expected, by the Trent Navigation paying me 10 per cent., instead of 6, for 1,000*l.* laid out in shares. The advance will just pay my house rent.

That I may leave a corner for Giovanni's message, I will only add my best love to Mrs. Whalley, and bid you an hasty adieu.

Yours affectionately,

A. SEWARD.

I should have lamented Miss Seward's forgetfulness in respect to the plants, if that had prevented my sending them; but alas! I have not been able to pay my botanical debts to my friends in the neighbourhood. I fear they must remain till the spring, when I hope to discharge them, and send some to dear Mrs. Whalley, whom, with yourself, I shall be happy to wait upon whenever I shall be enabled to reach your beautiful cottage.

GIOVANNI.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, CRESCENT, BATH.

December 26, 1790.

THERE is a word in my dear Edwy's letter for which I have half a mind to quarrel with him. It is a crying verbal sin against the true pleasure with which I read his letters. I hope it was a slip of his pen, and that, not being from his heart, he has forgotten that he ever used the word 'worry,' as applied to my sensations on hearing from him.

But you have mistaken me, precious! I never said my pulse was ardent, or impetuous; for, though it is still an hundred, such a feebleness attends its rapidity that is somewhat alarming, particularly as it is often very irregular. However, I am not so ill as I was.

You will wonder when I say that as yet I have read Mr. Burke's Tory pamphlet only in those extracts which the newspapers presented. I saw some splendid *Quixotism* about the Queen of France. He will never be able to persuade me that the tyrannous empire of France ought to have remained; and I am inclined, from Helen Williams's charming little publication, to hope that the clouds with which his

imagination has sought to shade the sun of liberty have either no real existence, or that the fervour of its rays will disperse them. I always detested hereditary honours and titles; they answer no purpose that I know of, but to quench the ardour of every noble exertion, by procuring for fools and worthless people that respect, distinction, and elevation above others, which ought only to be obtained by ability and virtue. With property it is different; but what property has France invaded that is hereditary? I know no good that results from enormous incomes in the Church. I do not pretend to say what will be the event of this new constitution in politics — I can only give it my good wishes.

Neither have I seen 'Merry's Laurel of Liberty' — not even an extract from it. All his poems that I have seen are a heap of fustian, vulgarity, and nonsense, with now and then a charming line, that makes us wonder 'how the devil it got there.'

Your letter is very satisfactory, both respecting dear Mrs. Whalley's health, and the character and disposition of one upon whose merit or demerit so considerable a share of your comfort or inquietude must depend. How many miseries, has Mr. Edgeworth's bad heart cost me! hid from my sight, as for years it was, previous to his marriage with Honora, by a splendid veil of eloquence and noble sentiments. I rejoice that your Fanny is not devoted to one of those ungenerous beings, who, from base jealousy of the sacred affections which may be continued to others, without taking any thing from them,

Would, by a thousand false and cruel arts,
Have basely made that time severe to come,
When she should look aside, and strangely pass,
And scarcely greet you with that sun, her eye.

May you never know the stings of such a moment. Alas! how often have I known them!

I heard from Sophia about a month ago. Mrs. Piozzi is her present devotion. Such a pleasant retreat as Streatham must be a great acquisition. I am truly glad of anything which increases her comforts. She has been wounded that Mrs. Mullins did not take any notice of her when that lady was last in London. I own I think so old and distinguished a friend of her uncle's and aunt's (*such* uncle and aunt), should not have been overlooked.

Your last arrived in my absence, and followed me to Colton, about ten miles from Lichfield, the lately-purchased seat of a Mr. and Mrs. Burt, from the West Indies. Last summer they had lodgings in Lichfield, till Colton could be made ready for them; and then my acquaintance commenced. They are neither of them thirty. He is quite a West Indian; gay, thoughtless, impetuous, good-natured, and of a princely spirit; but uxoriously, and with the most jealous tenacity, attached to his very beautiful wife. Mrs. Burt is, indeed, the most perfect beauty I ever beheld. Her height, her symmetry, her complexion delicate, without bloom, her lovely features, her dark hair and eyes, and the pensive dignity of her air, rather foreign than English, entirely realise Richardson's description of Clementina. The time is to come, 'if ever that time come,' when I shall see a Clarissa. This young couple live quite in style. It is more pleasant to my feelings than convenient to my circumscribed income, so much too narrow for my house, to make such connections. I go to such houses, and save little at home; and I entertain them, and three servants, for a fortnight, at no small expense. No pleasure compensates the heartache of exceeding our income.

Lady Gresley, who desires her compliments, often enquires after you and Mrs. W. with an interest truly friendly. Has she not paid a high compliment to Lichfield, by waiting, with her four daughters, a whole year in very bad lodgings, till

she could enter upon Mr. Leigh's Prebendal House, at the top of the Dean's Walk, next to Major Danniels? And this she takes at a very high rent, and with the unpleasant necessity of abdicating it two months every year, during Mr. L.'s residence, when he and his family are to occupy it. You know that poor *young* Lady Gresley is dead. Sir Nigel laments his long-despised wife with passionate sorrow. From the time her illness became dangerous his attentions were constant. With him it is affection awakened but to be deprived, when remorseful recollection brings her 'perilous stuff to weigh about the heart,' and to embitter sorrow.

I flatter myself with the hope of visiting the dear cottage next summer. How good is Mrs. Jackson to remember me! Assure her of my gratitude. Mrs. Whalley has my tender amities. Giovanni and his daughter desire their affectionate compliments. The former was at Colton part of the time and the latter all the time I was there. Adieu!

Since I finished my letter, I have read Mr. Burke, and am, however unwillingly, convinced that the boasted liberty of France is coercive anarchy, not likely to end well.

Yours affectionately,

A. S.

MR. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, CRESCENT, BATH.

London, April 6, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,—You were so good as to wish Monday last might prove a golden letter day; it did indeed, and a glorious night it was. The two preceding ones were what our most sanguine friends, or our own wishes, could desire. Crowds never surpassed, but the last never equalled upon any occasion, to the surprise of the treasurer, the proprietor, the manager, and ourselves. There were sixty pounds more in the house than ever known, or was supposed Old Drury could have contained — the sum of £412 12s.; but let me hasten to tell you what will rejoice you more. Mrs. Siddons was

very well yesterday, and last night did the honours of her house to fifty people, till near two in the morning, who all confessed they never saw her look better, only that she's grown much thinner; but *that* Sir Lucas Pepys holds as a favourable symptom. To-day, I think, she is better still, and we are going to dine with the Chevalier St. Michael, brother of the King of Poland;* you will be surprised to hear on what account. He wishes to propose to her, as I understand, a journey to Warsaw; his brother, the King, it seems, is fond of all that's English; he was a long time at Oxford for his education, has heard of Mrs. Siddons, and would give anything, could she be induced to visit his kingdom, that he might hear her read some English plays. God knows what it will come to; I think she ought to travel, and imagine it would be of service to her constitution. Whether that climate would suit or not, I know not, but it would be a very honourable circumstance to have such an offer from a crowned head, though it may require a great deal of consideration to adopt it. Italy and Switzerland I should delight in taking her to, and if, by a little stretch farther, one could pay the post-horses, would it not be pleasant. Do let me have your opinion. You are a friend, and nobody's judgment on such a business should we prefer to yours.

Mr. Piozzi, in his answer to me, said you were not well, nor Mrs. Whalley. I hope nothing serious, and by this time you are both recovered. Mrs. Jackson was with us last night, but it was in such a bustle I could hardly speak to her at all. I am going, in a few days, to put our cottage a little in order. I fancy that Mrs. Siddons will be, while at Streatham, enjoying air and quiet. Your little Hercules, as you are pleased to call him, is a fine fellow still; he is now

* Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, raised to the throne by Catharine II., in 1764, and deposed at the third and final partition of Poland in 1795. He died a pensioner of the Court of Russia, at St. Petersburg, 1798.

by me, and says he remembers you and Mrs. Whalley well, and marching to Miss Sage's music, and begs his love to you all, as does Mrs. Siddons and yours very truly,

W. SIDDONS.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, CRESCENT, BATH.

Before July, 1791.

YES, my beloved friends, I please myself with the hope of visiting your beauteous hill in the summer, but it cannot be till after the bishop's visitation, which takes place this year, —the exact time not yet fixed, but it is thought he will appoint some of the weeks in July. He has always been my guest in his own house, and my attendance is a respect right due. A few weeks ago I thought it likely I should be obliged to encounter a journey to Bristol, ere my friends had returned into that country. A dreadful cough, attended with the only inflammatory fever that ever ran high in my constitution, at least so as to be accompanied with immediately dangerous symptoms, since my infancy. I was a prisoner to my chamber a whole month. It was plain my physician apprehended the cough would settle on my lungs; but these late bright days have brought reviving health, and better hopes on their wing.

No! it was a great mistake; I have not been at Manchester these six years, but I went with Mr. and Mrs. Burt the latter end of January, to a concert at Shrewsbury, for Mrs. Smith's benefit, proposed and most warmly patronised by her generous friends in that gay and elegant society, Mrs. Marshall and Colonel Dowdeswell. I slept at Mrs. Marshall's, the Burts at an inn; but we all, they, Giovanni and his daughter, lived the three days we stayed at the plenteous and polite table of that lady, who is at the top of everything spirited and fashionable in Shrewsbury. The concert-room was very full of smart people, yet the expenses

of the room, wax lights, and large band, costing Giovanni forty guineas, it could not have answered but for the gold tickets. Mr. and Mrs. Burt gave five guineas for their tickets. After the journey expenses were paid, Mrs. Smith cleared 30*l*. Salop is famous for the beauty and personal graces of its women, yet the more beauteous Mrs. Burt outshone them all in lovely features, dignity, and symmetry of form. Her jewels were profuse, and set in the newest taste. She is out of health. Accustomed to warmer climates than England, ours seemed to chill and blight her constitution. Her enamoured husband has borne her to more tepid skies. They set out for the Continent in February, accompanied by Mrs. Smith, and mean to stay abroad two years, dividing their time in residences at the different Italian cities. Mr. Burt, who has a large fortune, purchases the comfort and satisfaction of a female friend for his wife, to whom they are both uncommonly partial, by a settlement for life of a hundred per annum upon Mrs. Smith, for the quarterly payment of which the whole of Mr. Burt's fortune is legally made responsible. My cousin, Mr. Hinchley, eminent as an attorney, made the deed. Mrs. S. writes very gratifying letters to her father of the gay and pleasant life they lead, and of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Burt. They had a new travelling coach, which holds the trio, and Mrs. B.'s maid. I gave up to them one of the best and cleverest men servants that ever I saw, who had lived with me about six weeks. They are at present at Paris, which they quit in a few weeks to pass the warm months in Switzerland. Mrs. S. is vastly delighted with going to the opera every evening, and with the fine palaces they visit in a morning. I have often thought how delighted Sophia would have been, had she been chosen by Mr. and Mrs. B. with such a lasting reward for her society during two years. To be sure, we must consider Mrs. Smith as uncommonly fortunate in this affair, consider-

ing her dependent situation should she have the misfortune to lose her father. She has left her children in his kind protection, a consciousness that must soften the pain of parting with them. Besides this generous settlement, Mr. Burt says Mrs. Smith shall share with his wife the musical instructions of the first singing masters which that land of melody can furnish.

Surely there never was so dark an enigma as the affair in General Gunning's family. I have not seen Mrs. G.'s pamphlet, but surely, if she attests by oath her innocence of the insane plan, and of the forgery, we ought to believe her, especially as the why and wherefore were totally wanting in the business, and detection inevitable. Though I have not seen the pamphlet, I have seen a declaration of Mrs. Gunning's in the papers, that seeks to remove the dark intrigue from herself and daughter, to charge it on an officer and his wife, dependent on the General for their fortunes. Now, if Mrs. G. is not innocent, she must be dreadfully vile to throw the guilt on others. But why is not the servant who took the letter to Maidstone, and turned back with the pretended one, which he carried out with him,—why is *he* not made to declare who employed him? When you write, do speak further on this subject. Nothing so unaccountable ever happened in my recollection, amongst the many strange things I have observed in human conduct.*

I am sorry for Sophia's loss in the Piozzis. You say she flattered and coaxed Piozzi. My dear Edwy, I never heard you say so severe a thing of a friend before. On many little occasions Sophia's conduct has hurt me, yet I must hope and believe her spirit too high to flatter and coax from interested views. Mrs. Piozzi had been kind to her—had promoted her consequence and her pleasures. Gratitude would surely induce every mind not wholly thankless so to speak and act,

* For some account of this affair, see note in Appendix.

consistent with sincerity, as would be most acceptable to its obliger. That wish, that sentiment, naturally dictated attention, respect, and kindness to the object, upon whose reception with her friends so much of Mrs. Piozzi's comfort and satisfaction must depend. Without obligation to that lady, I strongly felt the force of this, not surely ungenerous impulse during the few hours I passed with her. I am sure I attended to Mr. Piozzi a great deal more than I should have attended to Mr. Thrale, yet I did not feel conscious of flattery, which is always servile.

I have this moment seen in the 'General Evening' an extract from Mrs. Gunning's pamphlet. She seeks to make the General appear in a very dark view, and is either a very injured woman or a very wicked one. At any rate, what disgusting want of judgment in the expression, 'my glorious child!' Even if innocent, a person who lies under such imputation must wait for her glory, till her innocence is proved and generally acknowledged. Miss Gunning swears she did not write, or cause to be written, that same letter; why, if guiltless, did she not add, nor knew of its being written, in the name of the Duke of B.?

Poor Sir Brooke and Lady Boothby have lost their darling little girl—their only child—a prodigy at six years old, of endearing sweetness and fine sense. Gay disciple of fashion as he used to be, his passionate dotage on that child had domesticated him. She always slept with him by night, and was in his hand by day. He lived entirely in the country, and frequently said she was the charm of his life. But he often used to steal to her bed-side to listen, fearful lest her breath should exhale away in her slumbers. She was ill a month: his unwearied attention to her, his agonies between the gleams of doubtful hope and the relapses into terrors too well founded, formed a deep tragedy, as recited to me by his niece, Miss Greaves, who was with the unhappy parents

during the dreadful period. Ultimately, perhaps, Lady Boothby will be even more a sufferer by this loss.

Giovanni is well, and desires to be respectfully and affectionately remembered to yourself and Mrs. Whalley. The warm kindness with which you increase my desire of visiting you this summer glows in my heart. Adieu !

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Birmingham, Wednesday, 20th, 10 o'clock.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Here I am, on my road to you through this late turbulent town, and I wish to say that my chaise is so full, and so small, that there will not be a possibility of seating three, therefore do not think of meeting me at Bristol. Perhaps it may be Saturday evening before I reach Langford; yet if I can make it earlier in the day, I will. Alas ! my poor friend Lady Carhampton, driven, at an hour's warning, from the beloved and beauteous villa she rented of a Presbyterian gentleman, that it might be consigned to the flames by an enraged mob : a seditious vile hand-bill, the cause of all this wide devastation and mischief.*

Adieu ! Not time for another word.

* DR. PRIESTLEY'S RIOTS.—He was president of the Unitarian Society, whose aim was to effect a radical change in our religious and political system. With the object of promoting these views, and encouraging French principles, he arranged a large dinner at Birmingham, July 14, 1791 ; but the townspeople were not pleased with these ideas, and interrupted the festivities. The malcontents being joined by others who were glad to profit by an occasion for mischief, destroyed Dr. Priestley's meeting-house, sacked his private dwelling, and set the civil authorities of the city at defiance, burning and pillaging as they pleased. This state of things continued for two days, when a military force restored order. Three of that class, who, according to the Dr.'s political theory, required no laws to restrain them but the purity of their own minds, regulated by reason, were executed ; and under the power of the constitution which he wished to overthrow, not only personal protection was afforded to himself, but a pecuniary compensation of 2,500*l.* levied upon the hundred for the loss of his goods.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

September 3, 1791.

THE bright horizon, my dear friends, formed a desirable contrast to the gloom and oppression on my spirits through that day of our separation. Nothing could be more easy, speedy, and prosperous than my journey. Without the smallest alarm or interruption on the side of safety or convenience, I reached Worcester by half-past six in the evening; but the journey could not give cheerfulness. The lovely cottage, and its dear inhabitants, had my regrets; and concerning those for whom I am interested at Lichfield, the most heart-sick apprehensions continued to lower over my mind. That mind, too, received an electric shock near Worcester, from the fleeting by of a face whose known lineaments I could not mistake, even that of the specious, the false, the cruel, the murderous Edgeworth, who cankered first and then crushed to earth, the finest of all human flowers. He and his wife glided past in a phaeton close to my chaise, and startled me out of a gloomy reverie. Holland was astonished by my exclamation—‘Good God! the Edgeworths!’ In an instant followed a chaise, in which I saw Miss Charlotte Sneyd and another person whom, leaning back behind her shoulder, I could not discern. Alas! I have learned since it was that dear angel boy, now all upon earth that remains of my Honora; not long to remain, for, as Mrs. Butt informs me, they were taking him to Bristol in a deep consumption. Holland sitting next the open window, I am almost sure they knew me not, probably not even saw me; but it was one of the strange sports of accident, that they should be travelling that road on the very day that I passed it. Meeting them so near Worcester; had I set out at six, as I intended, instead of seven from the cottage, we had met at the Hop Pole Inn, and Mrs. Butt says Mr. Edgeworth told her that since he found I was in the neighbourhood of Bristol, he should make a point

of introducing his son to me. Frontless effrontery! to which he is entirely competent. So I suppose he would have addressed me, had he met me at the inn, or had I been at Kidderminster when he called there upon Mrs. Butt. I have had a great escape; for I know not how I should have stood the shock of being addressed by him, or the flood of unavailing tenderness which would have rushed over my heart and through my eyes, at the sight of the dying child of my Honora! As they must meet at the Hot Wells, I suppose he will, with his insinuating graces and captivating eloquence, redazzle his old acquaintances, Mrs. and Miss Woodhouse, and Mrs. Holdbatch, till, like Miss Powys, his enormities vanish from their recollection.

All is silence from Lichfield. Though it disappoints and grieves, it does not surprise me that I have no letter from thence. I think it likely enough that Giovanni may have been summoned to town by his daughter, who cares not what expense she puts him to. It is very like her, after having travelled over a considerable part of Europe with utter strangers, rather than fulfil her engagement, to tell her father that she cannot possibly travel from London to Lichfield without his support and escort. If this is not the reason of his silence, either illness of his own, or infatuated resentment must be the cause. Time will show to which of all these painful causes I owe it.

Making my first call in Worcester at Mr. Bird's, he would have me send for my things from the inn, and sleep at his house. Nothing could be more friendly than the reception he gave me, or the earnestness with which he pressed for my promise of returning to the music meeting, which begins on Wednesday, the 14th instant. I have agreed to go, and shall fulfil my appointment if I continue well, and do not hear something very afflicting from Lichfield. It was not till six on Tuesday evening that I quitted Worcester. It is grown a very splendid city indeed. I passed the morning in

viewing it and its celebrated warehouses, whose productions so far outdo the finest porcelain of China. In the afternoon I had quite a levee; among them the learned and interesting Mrs. Bennet, who, on the birthday of her seventieth year, being afflicted with St. Anthony's fire, wrote a brilliant reproach to the Saint, in verse, for his bad taste in intriguing with an old woman. This is five years since, and yet time has nothing blunted the edge of her intellectual energies. And there was the classical and sententious Col. Barry, who, like Major André, sighed away several of his youthful years in hopeless adoration of my resistless Honora, though now he glows with mutual passion for the pretty Miss Trefusis; the worthy, but solemn Mr. Graves, and his sister without a characteristic; her frolic cousin, Miss Lucella Graves, daughter to the spiritual Quixote, and my witty pococurante namesake, one of Johnson's eternal followers, so often mentioned in the Growler's letters, and by his most obsequious humble servant, slave, and toad-swallower, Mr. Boswell.

The Butts pocket the fancied injury of my ingenuousness, of which they had loudly complained, have visited and invited me to their house. They do well: the next thing to not having been absurd, is to cease to be so. He is no changeling, and I was always amused by his vanity. It is a high dish which one likes to taste, though it would be the deuce to feed upon.

Here is an ingenious and fondly-attached couple, surrounded by four beautiful babies; three of them, in whom intellect is dawning, produce it in wonderful clearness. An infant Jupiter (for he exactly resembles that figure by Reynolds), two years old last February, walking out with his maid over the churchyard yesterday, met the corpses of two little children on their progress to the grave. The dear infant came home deeply moved by the sight; and hanging at my knees, with eyes expressive of the most earnest woe, began to tell me what he had seen, and it was in these words: 'Two little

children, big me (pointing to his own breast), put in coffins—close! Naughty servants put these!—to go underground, deep—deep—buried!—death!’ All this with the most perfect and emphatic distinctness. The darling speaks as plain as I do. Was not the strength of the impression and the manner in which it was imparted to me pathetically interesting in a creature of two years and a half? The rosy crowing girl has not fixed her christening day. Mrs. Stokes’s sister, Mrs. Zachary, of pen prosperity, was to have been the second godmother, had not ingratitude and insolence on the part of the latter, dissolved the bonds of intercourse. A substitute is not yet provided.

I wish to be kindly remembered not only to both the dear Mrs. Whalleys, but also to every inhabitant of the Edenio mansion, from the highest to the lowest. Adieu! my ever dear friend. Accept, with your most beloved, my repeated thanks for all your late kind attentions and soothing sympathy when my heart was sore; and believe me more, if possible, than I have formerly been,

Your affectionate and obliged friend,

A. SEWARD.

Dr. and Mrs. Stokes desire me to present their compliments, and express their wishes that some kind chance may in life’s progress, give them the happiness of yours and Mrs. Whalley’s acquaintance. Mrs. Stokes knew Mrs. Jackson well when she was Miss Witter, then a tall *slender*, sprightly, generous, charming girl. They are the same age.

MR. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Great Marlborough Street, September 10, 1791.

LET me acknowledge, my dear Mr. Whalley, the receipt of your note, which came safe to hand; next let me say for Mrs.

Siddons, who hates to take a pen in hand, that she esteems your friendship as one of her first comforts, and that you and Mrs. Whalley are lodged next her heart, as warmly and as sincerely as ever. May the sea prove salutary and restore the strength and spirits of dear Mrs. W., and make her life long and happy, to bless you, and cheer her friends. So both our cottages are to be forsaken, and both for the same melancholy cause, ill health. A fresh arrangement is going to take place with Mrs. Siddons. A fortnight back, we were spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Greathead, at Guy's Cliffe, and met at dinner there a Lady Mordaunt, who had been for four or five years in the same miserable way, but had considered herself well for the last year and half, though still in the habit of taking three hundred drops of laudanum each day. She says *that* medicine, and *that* only had effected her cure, and that Dr. Warren was the person who prescribed it, upon which we thought it right to come directly to town for his advice; but it was first necessary to consult Sir Lucas Pepys, who has so long attended her, and with so much care and attention, though with so little success. He has been here this morning, and says it is impossible that medicine can ever cure her, and that Lady Mordaunt's case was probably different; but he would have a consultation with Warren about her, and in a day or two let her know the result; but he begged she would, in the meantime, so settle her affairs as to leave herself at liberty to go to Harrogate. I imagine to that place we shall be obliged to go; if for any purpose I shall bless the suggestion. But alas! my hopes give way, and my faith in medicine is tottering; and yet everything must be tried, and shall, while we have a guinea at command. Adieu! sir. Our best wishes, and believe me, with sincerity,

Yours truly,

WM. SIDDONS.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Lichfield, November 20, 1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Yes, I do indeed know that you, and those nearest and dearest to you, will be kindly solicitous to obtain better news of my health than was conveyed in my last letter. It is amended; for I have never been so very ill since, as I was preceding its date, yet I am far from well. My breath continues at intervals, almost every day, painfully oppressed; but I have less sense of distension, and less secretion of the fluids. Thank you and dear Mrs. Whalley for the receipts. I had been some time breakfasting upon broom coffee before they reached me, and I continue to do so.

I am grieved about dear Mrs. Jackson's hand; but Sophia's last letter speaks of better hopes from a changed mode of treatment. I thought how it would be with the withered leaves of the valley—that Sophia would kick them about with her mind's feet. You were so good to say in one of the letters you wrote to me since we parted, that you would make a point of seeing the last fading blossom of my Honora's youth. Did you do so? and, if you did, how does he look and seem?—and did you see his father, or hear him converse? so light of countenance, so dark of spirit!

I am sure your humanity will rejoice that your convictions about the invasion of France have not been verified. You had almost persuaded me out of mine, believing, as I did, and as it has proved, that, warned by the example of the French court, the despots would not venture to send their troops into the land of freedom, lest they should turn their swords against their masters. The King's forced acceptance, a second time, of his limited crown may be the pretended, but could not be the real cause of the forbearance of those combined powers, who you were so sure would pour their armies into France, and avenge the cause of monarchs. That

they dare not attempt it, after all their bullying, will mortify Burke to the quick. From the virulence and bitterness of his writings, I am afraid he wishes whole nations might bleed, rather than that his prophecies should not be accomplished; but it is not so in the gentle heart of my dear Mr. Whalley.

It would be a sad, sad thing, if excellent Mrs. Jackson should lose the use of her hand. I hope there is no bone broken. Sophia seems to think all will do well, now the mode of treatment is changed. When you were abroad, a strain in the side tendons of my broken knee resisted all applications during more than six months, and was at last cured by staying an hour in Buxton Bath every night during a whole month; but the strength of my constitution was, I believe, irreparably injured by that experiment, the dread of the strained sinews becoming rigid, rendered me intemperate in using the means to soften them. Soon after my return from Buxton, I had a slight attack of the disease with which I am now oppressed, and consulted Dr. Darwin about it. I believe it a nervous asthma, with a tendency to dropsy. He is disposed to believe my complaints proceed from some obstruction in the liver. I have lately taken a great deal of medicine, yet am not recovered. I flatter myself Mrs. Jackson will in time lose all vestige of an accident, the obstinate consequences of which so nearly resemble my sometime situation. That Mrs. Siddons is likely to be well gives me true pleasure; that Neptune may be propitious to the health of your beloved Amelia is my very fervent wish. You will gladly consign her poor sore little sides to the only embraces that would not wound them, without excepting even the gentle pressures of her Edwy.

I am comforted that dear good Mr. Inman recollects me so cordially. Tell him I desire to be sometimes remembered in his prayers, and in yours, my dear friend, that God will give me patience and fortitude to support whatever trials of body

or mind, he may think fit to lay upon me. My ill health has hitherto prevented my going about to search for some little present, that might be acceptable and useful to Miss Inman. When I have obtained one, I think to send it by the Bath coach, to Mrs. Jackson's care, who, I suppose, can easily transmit it to Mr. Inman's; but pray tell me the name of his village. It is not Langford, I think.

Sorry am I to learn that Miss H. More has a constitutional complaint, from which she suffers. I beg to be remembered to that lady and her sisters, with much respect and regard.

Winter has by this time desolated your vale, and stripped your mountain of its umbrage, yet they cannot have lost all their beauties, and I fancy they have lost nothing of dearness to either of you. The gleams of the hybernal morning are often gold, and beneath and around you they have yet beautiful scenes to gild.

Lovely Miss Arden came to me at noon this day; but, alas! she (as well as myself), has a disease of two years' date, producing frequent pain, though not immediate danger. She has an excellent understanding, great vivacity, a very feeling heart, and a very religious mind. She desires her compliments to you and Mrs. Whalley, assuring you both that she often recollects the pleasant hours for which she was indebted to your kind and polite attention.

Lady Gresley and her family are in Lichfield, the former not so well as I could wish, her winter cough and defluxion upon her lungs having returned. As usual, we seldom omit to talk of you and Mrs. Whalley, in those social and friendly afternoons we pass together. They all beg to be remembered to you both. The dean is going to marry his handsomest daughter to Mr. Grove's eldest son, who resigns £500 per annum to the young couple. The lady is to have £2,000 down, and another at her father's death. It is a nice equal match.

Giovanni continues tolerably well; his daughter quite as well as usual, and equally discontented. The Burts are gone towards Italy, and by a letter, Mrs. B.'s maid has sent to Mrs. Smith, we learn they have entirely exchanged the solitary and frugal life they led at Geneva, for one of much ostentation, expense and dissipation. I am more and more convinced that, tired of so gloomy a companion, they wished her to leave them, without giving her just cause of complaint, to weary her by solitude, and to terrify her with ideas that her annuity was a forlorn hope beneath the derangement of their own affairs. If this should prove so, and they really are able, without inconvenience, to make good their settlement, I think she ought to claim it, since her musical connections seem all broken and destroyed, as Mr. and Mrs. Burt were told would be the case if she went with them; but I fear she will not claim.

Revered Mrs. Whalley, sen., is very good to be concerned for me: let me be gratefully remembered to her. Little Sappho is grown fat, and become prettier than ever. I know she is not forgotten at the cottage, any more than her mistress.

Adieu! my dear friends. In health or sickness I am always affectionately

Yours,

A. S.

MISS WESTON TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Bath, November 18, 1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have been daily wishing for a renewal of the agreeable vision that presented itself about ten days ago; however, as I am afraid there is no hope of that sort, I must beg sometimes to hear where and how you ramble on the surface of this earth, which has really been nearly deluged since we saw you!

I suppose you must have fine cascades tumbling down your hills.

I have just received a very kind, a very interesting and touching letter, from the dear nurse. She is evidently much out of health and spirits, but writes calmly and reasonably, and assures me she has conducted herself entirely by your opinion and my counsel respecting Mrs. F. She comes to the palace whenever she pleases, and Julia has never made her a single reproach.

She begs me to inform you that Dr. Darwin thinks hers a liver obstruction only, and hopes and believes there is no water. She says she is certainly somewhat better, though not much, and that her difficulty of respiration is but little abated. This intelligence she charged me to give you, finding writing very injurious to her.

Mrs. Kemble and everybody writes me word that dear Mrs. Siddons is returning from Harrogate quite well; and I saw a lady yesterday, who lived in the same house and at the same table with her there, who gives a very good account of her. I wish I could do the same of dear Mrs. Jackson's hand; but, in truth, it is no better. One comfort is, her resolution of being in town the latter end of January, where she may have the first assistance. Her health is very good, and she has less pain and more sleep. I shall leave Bath the 7th of next month; perhaps pass a week at Corston, and then for town. Bath is not very full, but getting tolerably gay. Madame Genlis* now is here, and a

* Madame de Genlis, *née* Mdlle. de Saint Aubin, in Burgundy, in 1746, married, at the age of seventeen, a nephew of one of the King's ministers, and afterwards succeeded to a large inheritance, with which he purchased a fine property and residence at Sillery.

In the year 1770, she attached herself to the gay Court at the Palais Royal, as companion to the Duchess of Chartres. Here her literary reputation commenced by the plays which she wrote for the instruction and amusement of her children, afterwards published under the title 'Théâtre d'Education.' Some years later, she undertook to direct the education of the Duke of Orleans'

daughter of the Duke of Orleans—a natural daughter also, the greatest paragon of beauty and simplicity, I am told, that was ever seen, for I have not beheld her yet—her name, Pamela.* I regret my want of French exces-

family, among which Pamela was included, and was generally considered her own daughter by the Prince. The troubles of the French Revolution induced Madame de Genlis to visit England at this time (1791) with the two of her pupils above mentioned. Miss Burney, in her *Diary*, gives an account of their mode of life at Bury, which, with her usual conceit, she criticises and condemns.

In 1792, Madame de Genlis returned to France, and found that the young Prince was considered an emigrant. Determining to leave France, she urged her husband to escape from the vortex of the Revolution before it was too late; but he considered it as his duty to remain, and soon after perished on the scaffold. She found an asylum with her pupils till the year 1794, in Switzerland, where the young Duke of Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, proved the benefit he had received under the instruction of his preceptress, by nobly supporting himself under a feigned name, for fifteen months, as a mathematical tutor in a college of the Grisons.

After maintaining herself for some years in Germany by the united efforts of her literary productions and manual skill (for she painted designs for the print factories), she was allowed, in 1801, to return to France. She then fixed her abode in Paris, where she continued to reside, occupied with literature till her death, at the age of eighty-four, in 1830, admired by Napoleon, who allowed her a handsome pension, tolerated by the elder Bourbons, and at length caressed by her former pupil, as King of the French.

* This 'greatest paragon of beauty and simplicity that was ever seen,' married in France, twelve months after this encomium was passed, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, then in his thirtieth year. This misguided young nobleman had been residing in Paris with Tom Paine, and had there adopted the political creed of the daily-increasing Republican party, whilst his religious creed was not likely to be benefited by his domestic association with an infidel. Not long after his marriage, he returned to Ireland with his bride, and became a zealous opponent to the measures of the 'Castle.' In 1796, together with Emmett and others, he joined the 'United Irishmen.'

Early in 1798 some emissaries from this society were seized at Margate, when about to embark for France. Their papers compromised many others, and an informer in Dublin about the same time revealed the secrets of the conspirators in that capital, which led to many arrests. The Chancellor, Lord Clare, urged upon a near relative of Lord Edward's the necessity of his immediately leaving the country, with the offer of connivance, but in vain. A rising soon became imminent in Leinster, and as the conspirators regarded this scion of their only ducal family as leader, the Government determined to secure him. He lay concealed in Dublin, but his affection for Pamela induced him to leave his confinement, and visit her in female attire. His abode was ascertained, and on the 10th of May he was seized, after a desperate resistance, the result of which caused the death of the officers commanding the party, as well as his own. He left three children.

sively, as I should of all things like an introduction to Madame Genlis, which I could so easily obtain through Miss Williams. Poor Mr. Piozzi is laid up in a dreadful fit of the gout, and she has been excessively terrified! All danger, however, she says, is now over; but it has been upon his voice, in his throat, with every symptom that could alarm. I am writing under the hair dresser's hands, so you will excuse a vile scrawl.

Mrs. Jackson joins me in everything that is kind to yourself and our beloved Mrs. Whalley, and best regards to all your agreeable neighbours, and hers that will be. Mrs. Douglas and Miss Bulkeley desire compliments; and I am ever most faithfully and affectionately

Yours,

P. S. WESTON.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, WEYMOUTH.

January 12, 1792.

AH! my dear friend, though my health has been considerably better within these three weeks, I now take up my pen with a heavy heart, for I have lost your and my darling little dog. Our dear Sappho died suddenly this morning, without a shadow of previous illness. Mr. Green, our apothecary, thinks that the enlargement of her throat, where we have observed the artery so incessantly throbbing with uncommon violence, was an aneurism, which, suddenly bursting, produced her instantaneous death. She had eaten a good breakfast, had been frisking and bounding with her accustomed elasticity, ten minutes before. She lay asleep at my feet. I rose to search for a paper in the adjoining closet; turning back at the door to look whether she followed, I saw her gazing after me with that arch, dubious look whether she should follow or not, which she often wore when I went out of the room, and she thought it likely I should soon

return. Just as I was opening the box which contained the paper I wanted, I heard her scream with wailful cry. I rushed back, and saw her stretched out in a seeming fit. I screamed, and a maid servant, who was in the passage, instantly came in, who rubbed and chafed her in vain. Alas! the little life was irrecoverably fled. I sent for Giovanni, whose grief equalled my own, and whose tears flowed in streams over the dear lifeless animal, whose gay and grateful affection you, as well as ourselves, have witnessed. I shall miss and lament her long. She was, as you know, one of the most amiable of that generous species; and the consciousness how often she has played about the knees of my dear old father; how she loved you and Giovanni, and, at last, Mrs. Whalley and everybody dear to me; what a sweet companion she was in all my journeys;—these recollections will make her long bewailed. You and Mrs. Whalley will both lament her; so will good Mr. Amons, who was so kind to her. Giovanni, who has been far from well lately, will, I am afraid, hurt himself with grieving. I prevailed upon him to go over to Derby and consult Dr. Darwin, whose medicines he is now taking. His symptoms alarm and distress me exceedingly.

To be sure, I have taken very deeply unkind that blind partiality with which he looks upon his daughter's ungrateful behaviour to me; yet my heart and soul shrink with unabated terror at every pain that annoys, every danger which threatens him. Six weeks since she was offended at my observing that, since the fashions changed so perpetually, I wondered she should choose to purchase a new black beaver hat, the second she has bought within the last year, and a new bonnet of expense, both at the same time, on her return from the Continent. Upon my adding, 'Indeed, my dear, I should have thought myself extravagant in purchasing two such hats at once,' she rose with a countenance of scorn, saying, as she

left the room, 'I am not at all afraid of being thought extravagant for that.' From that time she has never entered my doors. Miss Arden, who was my guest when this happened, thinks her behaviour inexcusable, and entreated me not to stoop to ask her to come again; so I presume her absence will be eternal. Her father says it is best so to be, having persuaded himself that she cannot err, and that I am disposed to look with the eye of unjust prejudice upon all her conduct. God knows he is much mistaken, but he will never think so.

Well! if Heaven does but preserve his health, and life, and peace, I will compound for an infatuation so unjust to the friendship I have felt and exerted towards his daughter.

The Burts are returned to England; so, if Mrs. Smith had patiently endured the disagreeable circumstances of her journey a few months longer, she had been restored to her parents and children with a fair claim to its stipulated recompense.

How full of every intellectual beauty was your last letter! and how tenderly does my heart thank you for the animated effort you made to see the dear child of my Honora! Your description of him is most soothing to my heart, since there is reason to hope his disorder may be arrested in its progress. The countenance you delineated is the countenance of my Honora; but the features do not resemble hers. Her eyes were darker than mine, her complexion a blooming brunette, and her nose the most perfect imaginable—her figure light and elegant, while every motion had soul and grace diffused in it.

The refusal your request met was congenial to the dark, suspicious, tyrannic spirit from whence it came. Miss Ashwel, of this place, told me lately that she travelled from hence to Birmingham, in the latter end of August last, with an officer, who asked her if she knew the Sneyd family at Lichfield. On her affirmative, he said he had travelled

from Ireland with a most interesting youth of the name of Edgeworth, whose parents had the cruelty to send him over without any friend or attendant, in a state of health which demanded the most nursing care; that he had not even a great coat to defend him, in his frequent fits of chillness, from the evening damps; that he was so very ill on the road as to be obliged to stop and take to his bed at an inn two stages short of Lichfield, where they had parted. He added, that the young man expressed the deepest regret that his illness should put his father, who, he said, had a large family, to the expense of sending him to Bristol, whither he was to go after he had visited his grandfather at Lichfield. So probably the family going thither also was a sudden whim of after-thought; and it was originally meant he should go to Bristol alone, else why not cross the sea with him, and give him their protection part of the way hither at least? But only think of his not having even a great coat with him! What an unfeeling monster the father, so to send a child, and on so long a journey, whom the physicians had pronounced in a consumption! Often, when I thought of the two children my Honora left to the protection of their Nero father, have I repeated with tears—

O, that 't were mine!

The second Honora was left to perish, like her mother, no balmy springs being sought to restore her; and poor Lovel! how lately did he literally want that shield!

Most truly sorry am I for your continued apprehensions about dear Mrs. Jackson's hand, and I pray to God to restore it. It is about three weeks since I wrote to her, with a little parcel for Miss Inman, which I directed at Mrs. Jackson's, knowing she would be so good to forward it. Mrs. Jackson has not written to me, but I have had a sweet letter from Miss Inman, acknowledging the receipt of my little present.

Your Salvatorial sketch of my darling scene, sublimely

beautiful amid the wintry devastations, charms me. How severe they have lately been! I hope the keen and rugged breathings which make them so, will not counteract the salutary effects you hope from the Weymouth baths, on the frame of dear Mrs. Whalley. May this journey fulfil your fondest expectations on that head! I am glad good Mrs. Whalley, senior, was so well when you wrote last, and that she remembered me with partial regard. I am glad also that you have set your house in Bath entirely to your satisfaction.

After I had taken the prescribed medicines two months, and though better, far from being free from my disease, I began with Velno's vegetable syrup, which agreed with me so well last spring: since the third day of taking it, I have had no illness of consequence. Giovanni has just been here to say that Mrs. Smith is grieved for the loss of my little Sappho, and, if I will give her leave, will call very soon to express her concern, and is only prevented from coming this evening by the deep snow that is falling. I replied—'Never will I refuse an offered visit from a daughter of yours; it was never my wish that she should absent herself from my house.'

Poor Lady Gresley severely suffers from this cutting weather. It has brought back her asthmatic complaint, together with a dreadful cough. I passed the afternoon and evening with her yesterday, and went to her this morning to bewail my Sappho, of whom she was kindly fond. She wished me to stay the remainder of the day with her, but I observed that I must ease my full heart by obtaining from you the sympathy I know you will feel. She and Giovanni both desire to be affectionately remembered to yourself and Mrs. Whalley. He loves you both, if possible, better than ever, for the love you each bore the little creature. God bless and preserve you, my dear, dear friends, and thank you, thank you, for your kindness to my lost favourite.

Yours ever,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, WEYMOUTH.

Lichfield, February 18, 1792.

ALAS! my long dear friend, poor Saville is gone to Bath dangerously ill, attended by his daughter. His symptoms are such as fill me with the utmost terror for the event, and totally incapacitate my mind for writing, or bearing to read letters on that or any other subject.

Should the Bath waters restore him, you shall hear from me again in the course of a few weeks; and till you do hear again, do not write to me. Should the worst happen, which God in his mercy avert! I must be left to time—all attempts to soothe or console would but yet more distract me. His own hopes of recovery are far from being so faint as mine. God knows I have little expectation that any waters can avert the return of such life-endangering seizures as have lately visited him with redoubled frequency, and reduced him to an afflicting state of languor and debility.

I am glad Mrs. Whalley finds so much benefit from Weymouth. God preserve both your healths and happiness! Thank you for the offer to replace in future my dear little canine companion; but I am to have another of the same parents, which, for her loved sake, I should prefer to any other, however superior in beauty. I am not able to add more than my love to Mrs. Whalley.

Adieu! Yours ever faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

Thank you for your last kind letter. I hope the sea-air has long since lost its pernicious influence upon your nerves and rest. Lady Gresley is got tolerably well again.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

May 18, 1792.

Al! my dear Mr. Whalley, Giovanni's health began to fade again soon after his return from Bath. Though greatly

better, he was not sufficiently recruited to bear, without injury, that influx of vicarial business which had accumulated during his absence, and which the voluntary cares and solitudes of near a thousand curious plants required. Yet he ventured to engage himself to sing the principal part in two oratorios at Birmingham, which were performed there on the 15th and 16th instant; but, as he was packing up his clothes to go thither, he was taken suddenly and violently ill—a still worse attack than any which preceded his Bath journey. He has remained very ill indeed, with transient intervals of amendment all the week. I now take the opportunity of one of those intervals to make the requested transcript, and to converse with you. When he is at the worst, I am totally incapable of writing; all the faculties of my mind sink in total in exertion, reviving only to feel corroding grief and dreadful anxiety. As it seems material to you to receive my letter before you leave Chipley, I would not omit to write immediately, lest my dear friend's situation should grow more alarming. I sent for Doctor Darwin to him, who says the case is obscure and doubtful. O, my dear Edwy, pray for me, that I may not be exposed to the dreadful anguish of perceiving this disease incurable, of living to see it terminate fatally!

I have written, strongly recommending a trial of Velno's vegetable syrup upon them. It has done wonders in those cases, and Darwin declares it a perfectly safe and innocent medicine. His splendid first volume is published, involving in the poetic parts, as well as in the notes, an immense quantity of philosophical science and technical terms. To the merely common readers it will be intelligible but by passages, since few of these will take the trouble of comprehending it by studying the notes; but it is the result of yet greater efforts of genius and imagination than the first. He is a strange man. The verses I wrote in his

'Botanic Garden,' more than ten years ago, and which had the honour of suggesting the idea of this work to him, for upon reading it he exclaimed, 'Here the nymph of Botany should be introduced, and the whole sexual system of plants and flowers,'—these verses, I say, stand, as the exordium to this first volume, with some alterations, but without any acknowledgment of their having been written by another person. Nay, there is a note, which tells the reader, that description was given to introduce the Linnæan system. He could not have forgotten that no such imagination belonged to their composition, meant only as a landscape of the valley. I should not at all have minded this, if he had not sent them, with my name prefixed, to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for May, 1783, from whence they were copied into several newspapers, and into the 'Annual Register.' *

If my heart were enough at ease to think of nations and their fate, I should indeed now begin to fear for France; but Darwin yet asserts that, in spite of all their disasters, the cause of freedom will triumph, and France become, ere long, an example prosperous, as great, to the surrounding nations. Her present misfortunes are probably fortunate for England. They must act as strong repulsives to the desire of imitating her. Your epitaph on Sir Joshua is beautiful, my dear friend; the thought in the last stanza is peculiarly ingenious, and worthy of your pen.

* Dr. Darwin's 'Poetical Garden' was commenced in 1772, and the second part, oddly enough, was published first. Miss Seward, in her *Memoirs of Dr. Darwin*, states that an immense price was paid for it at the time, and the author's theory, that vegetables are direct links in the chain of sentient existence, reaching up to the human nature, has unhappily led to a further and more objectionable development in the present day.

The poem consists of two parts, each enriched by numerous philosophical notes. The first treats of the economy of vegetation, the second is entitled 'The Loves of the Plants.'

'In the notes, explanations are found of every personified plant, its generic history, its local situation, and the nature of the soil and climate to which it is indigenous; its botanic and its common name.'

So far was written by snatches, yesterday and the day before. I am afraid dear Saville is alarmingly worse this morn. O, my dear Edwy, perhaps this is the last letter of length that I may ever find myself able to write! God bless and preserve you from affliction heavy as that I now feel.

The poor sick one desires his affectionate remembrances.

Adieu! Continue to pray for the restored health of my too-much beloved Giovanni.

A. S.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

June 14, 1792.

I WILL not repeat to you, my dear Mr. Whalley, the sad story of my anxious sorrows through the past five weeks; of the sick suspense and bitter heartaches with which I awake generally by the first dawn of the now early day, and in which I remain through the ensuing slow hours till six o'clock, when I send to his house for intelligence of his sitter-up. If it is favourable, I drop asleep till nine or ten. Conscious of the inevitable injury of his breathing the close air of his own very small house many hours in the day, I have, with great difficulty, persuaded him to alight at mine when he returns at two o'clock from his airing, and to stay in my large and airy apartments till he goes out again at six in the evening. Wholly unable, as he is, to bear the sound of mixed voices, I avoid all company, that my house may give him that silence and quiet which are so necessary to him; and I have never drank tea from home, except once with Lady Gresley, since he was seized. Alas! my kind friend, it is wholly in vain to inculcate, or to hope for me, the exertions of fortitude, or the dignity of calmness. I am—I ever was, a creature of impulse, to whom all the discipline of self-government has been utterly unattainable. My whole sum of peace, and comfort, and earthly hope, long desperately set on one precarious die, often and often, but

always vainly, have I struggled in the indissoluble toils of my affection.

So Darwin's splendid poem at last appears complete; the first part still more magnificently ingenious than the second, which in publication so oddly took the lead. However, involving, as it does, so much a larger portion of the abstruse parts of philosophic science, and with the language so much more Latinised, the first part is certainly with much more difficulty comprehended, than was the second. Its admirers, therefore, will be fewer in number; but those who do really taste it, who either bring to the perusal a warm poetic taste, united with much general scientific knowledge; or who, like myself, possessing only the former, are content to be indebted to an attentive study of the notes, and to a frequent application to the dictionary, for the power of comprehending it clearly, will feel that, far from falling below its predecessor in poetic excellence, its claims are yet higher.

Poor Giovanni is languid and unwell again this morning, yet the cordial to my spirits from yesterday's amendment has enabled me to write a letter of this length, though my thoughts are in too anxious a state to have allowed any precision of language — any clearness of idea. He desires his affectionate and grateful regards. Mine to dear Mrs. Whalley; nor let me be forgotten to Lady Langham, if my epistle reaches you during her visit. Adieu! adieu! Continue to pray for the restored health of my too-much beloved Giovanni.

A. S.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, November 25, 1792.

OF the exterior promises of intelligent sweetness, Mr. Pennington is a much better judge than Mr. Grove. I have seen the dear, dear youth, of whose countenance the former was, at your kind request, induced to take such discriminating

notice. On a gloomy afternoon, the 19th of September, as I sat alone in the drawing-room, and 'ruminating sweet and bitter thoughts,' a young stranger entered the room with such an interesting though pensive smile, as made him seem

Divineness, no elder than a boy.

After desiring him to be seated, I asked if I had ever before had the pleasure of seeing him. He answered, hesitatingly, 'Yes.' 'Then my recollection strangely fails me; your name, sir?' 'Lovel Edgeworth!' Ah, dear Mr. Whalley, what a rapid, what a never till then felt sensation took possession of my soul! fervent instantaneous affection rushing upon my heart for a being whom, the preceding moment, I had considered as a stranger! Involuntarily I seized his hand and burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Do I then indeed behold the only child of dear lost Honora?' When I had become more composed, I looked eagerly for the wished resemblance. I found, or fancied I found, some, but it was in countenance only, not at all in features, and did not amount to decided likeness. I then walked with him through the apartments of that mansion, which had been the home, the acknowledged happy home, of his amiable, his lovely mother, of her blooming infancy and consummate youth — apartments that yet seemed to breathe of her, that yet retained the vestiges of her enchanting influence; her name inscribed on the windows, her profile on the walls! To these I directed his attention; and, above all, to the beautiful print of Romney's *Serena*, which is exactly what she was at sixteen.

I am sure his spirit and heart are all his mother's. His voice has the most touching sweetness, and there seemed the glow of sensibility in every little word, in every gentle exclamation; but he did not look in health, and if 'the

silken primrose must fade timelessly,' I shall wish I had never beheld its graces. Ill does that mild spirit seem calculated to sustain the tyrannous caprices of an unfeeling father. He stayed only half an hour. When he took leave, it seemed as if my soul went with him. My eye pursued him to the gate, and, when he vanished, I returned sighing to a solitude which seemed solitude indeed. A. S.

MRS. PIOZZI TO MRS. PENNINGTON, AT DR. WHALLEY'S,
CRESCENT, BATH.

Streatham Park, December 27, 1792.

MY charming friend (for such, I trust, you will ever be, let names go how they may) was very unjust in supposing she could be forgotten anywhere, least of all at Streatham Park, where she will long be missed and mourned. Mrs. Greathead and our dear Lees have spent two days with us this Christmas, no more—and of those days one had no comfort, as politics engrossed the whole conversation, and that in a way I understand nothing at all of, because it was entirely whether this lord or t'other lord, this minister or t'other minister deserves or does not deserve confidence from the King and people. I am therefore left, after long discussions never comprehended, and, to say truth, very little interesting to me, somewhat more confounded, much more stunned, and not a whit better informed than I was last week. What I know best is that you are married and happy, and have made your husband and his friends so. Your own truest well-wishers are all delighted at the change in your circumstances, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Chappelow drank your health yesterday, with kind goodwill indeed. My master has taken your dear letter to study in the carriage as he goes to London; the girls wear the favours with fondness, and everybody is thinking how sweet it is of you to remember us all so. Harriet says you look very well, and I say so does she. Mrs. Siddons

was never equally charming, I am told; but the boxes are very empty when she acts. Horace is dying. Our Italians seem less in fear than they were of the French going to Rome, yet my heart tells me they will go, and I see not how they can do better than pay with plunder an army set on foot by professed regicides, with intent to trample on everything sacred;—

low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre;
Peasants trod upon the necks of nobles, &c.

I find these sentiments were applauded by the people at 'Jane Shore,' the other day, almost to uproar, and when Kemble said, in reply to the Duke, who asks why should we not new mould the state? 'Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!'—a thunder of approbation showed that the general sentiments of Britons now run parallel to those of Mr. Rowe in other times, when party ran pretty high too. But I will detain you no longer. Farewell! and continue to love me, who really have for your amiable husband a most sincere esteem: make him never forget her who is so much yours as

H. L. P.

With regard to coming to Bath, my dear soul, it must be very late indeed, if we do come, seeing, fair lady, that we have not a shilling of money, and that is a sad hindrance to a frisky spirit.

PRINCESS PAULINE D'ARENBERG TO MRS. MULLINS,
née FANNY SAGE.*

Cologne, March 31, 1793.

I AM really very much to blame, my dearest friend, for having thus deferred to acquaint you with my destiny, but

* Mr. and Mrs. Whalley and his niece, Miss Sage, during their residence in Brussels, in 1787-8, became acquainted with the Duke d'Arenberg and

the posts were so often interrupted between England and Germany, that I postponed from week to week the pleasure of remembering myself to you. I will now do my utmost endeavours to atone for my long silence in letting you know all that happened to me, since I answered your last dear letter.

As soon as we learned the fatal overthrow of the Austrians near Mons, we determined to leave the Low Countries; but my father insisted upon remaining alone at Brussels, to hinder his goods from being confiscated. I, indeed, was of opinion to set out immediately for Holland, and from thence sail to England; but my father more judiciously desired mamma to go upon his estate in Germany, or in one of the towns near it. Therefore, on the 10th of November, we left Heverlez, and arrived at Juliers — my mother, my three little brothers, and myself. There we remained a fortnight, not being decided whether we should settle at Cologne or

family, whose palace and fine collection of paintings are so well known to the visitors of that capital. In the summer they visited the Duke at his country residence. He was totally blind, having lost both his eyes at a shooting party, by a discharge from the gun of the English Minister, but was able to enjoy riding, and often accompanied Miss Sage in a gallop across his park, a servant directing the horse with a loose bridle. Several letters are extant, written by the young Pauline, Princess d'Arenberg, to Miss Sage, after her return to England. This amiable Princess married one of the Schwarzenberg family, and met her death, it will be remembered, at a ball, given by her brother-in-law, July 6th, 1810, then Ambassador at Paris from the Court of Vienna. The Emperor and Empress, and all the Court, were assembled in a temporary saloon, erected for the purpose, when one of the gauze curtains took fire, and immediately communicating to the other hangings, the whole apartment was speedily in flames. The Emperor, with great coolness, sought the Empress, and led her out. The Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg escaped likewise with her child; but being separated from her in the confusion, and fearing she might be still behind, the Princess rushed back into the saloon, and was burnt to death. Alison (ch. lix.) makes the following comment on the event:—

‘This frightful incident excited a deep sensation in Paris, chiefly from its being regarded as a prognostic connected with the marriage of the Empress; but history must assign it a nobler destiny, and record the fate of the Princess Schwarzenberg as perhaps the noblest instance of maternal heroism recorded in the annals of the world.’

Dusseldorff for the winter. To the former of these places we at last arrived, but three weeks after news arrived that the French had passed the Meuse, and that our army was to take her winter quarters behind the Rhine. My mother immediately determined that we should settle into a neutral country ; and, accordingly, the 17th of December, we reached Dusseldorff. There I found a great many French, who had passed the last winter at Brussels ; but my constant society during the three months of my stay in that town was the family of Mrs. Waller, an Irishwoman, with whose daughters I was particularly acquainted since four years. They intend to set off this spring for Dublin. I am sorry they leave the Continent, but I do not entirely give up the hope of seeing them in their and your country.

We have left Dusseldorff a few days, to put an end to a particular business which mamma had *entermée* here, and which succeeded to our wishes, which was to obtain a *prebende* at the grand *chapitre* for one of my brothers. This does not bind them to anything, and they can resign it to another of their family, who by chance should have a stronger vocation than he who was received. We intend, however, to go back once more to Dusseldorff before leaving these parts, to take leave of our friends, and bring with us my little brothers, who are still there. During the four months and twelve days that Brussels was in the hands of the French patriots, my father was so happy as to avoid their particular attention. He was advised, notwithstanding his non-signification, to hide himself in the remote part of the town the last fortnight of their stay, and came back to his own house but the day of entrance of our victorious army : his farm was to be taken as *ostage* till the sums required by Dumourier were paid. The behaviour of this general was, however, very different from what had been feared, for to his firmness and the strict discipline he exacted from his troops,

we owe the good order with which he executed his retreat, and the escape of our properties. The only aim of my father in remaining in the Netherlands was to hinder them from being seized by those voracious enemies of mankind: he succeeded, by his constant attention not to interfere in the public business. I am, indeed, very desirous of seeing him. I hope that he will soon reach us. The Brabançons showed the greatest demonstrations of joy at the entry of the Archduke Charles, who is declared governor-general of the Belgians, and a proclamation issued, declaring the Emperor's intention to give the people back all their privileges. Three hundred soldiers only are remained at Brussels, all the army proceeding to Bruges and Ostend. Here, my dear friend, is a faithful account of what has happened to myself and my family since six months. I hope that you will have a friendly indulgence for the length and tediousness of this letter. I beg you would answer it soon, and direct at Brussels, as I hope to be there very soon. My mother desires me to remember her to you, and to speak of us all to Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, as I suppose you correspond with them. I had lately some news of Matilda Lockhart, that was. She is quite grown a good mother of family, and doats upon a little girl, whom she nurses herself. But I have already taken up too much of your time, and must, however unwillingly, break off, and remain now, as I ever will, your truest and most attached friend,

PAULINE D'ARENBERG.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Soon after May 11, 1793. [Proved by printed letters.]

WITHOUT waiting for your reply to my last, I cannot help addressing you, my dear Mr. Whalley, on the loss of our mutual friend, excellent Lady Gresley. She became so ill about a fortnight ago, that, all hope disappearing, it was thought

right to keep her as quiet as possible, and therefore I discontinued those daily visits which she, dear soul, was desirous still to have permitted; but on Friday last she earnestly requested to see me. Though Miss Gresley, with floods of tears, had endeavoured to prepare me for the sad change those few days had made, yet was I extremely shocked and affected to perceive how great that change—her sweet face shrunk and diminished, her expressive eyes dim with the darkening mists of near-approaching dissolution; her voice, which till then had not lost its harmonious distinctness, thick, broken, inward, and scarcely articulate. Yet did she stretch out her chilled hand to me, with a mournful smile of unutterable kindness, saying, with frequent pauses, from the difficulty she found to speak, that she was desirous of seeing me once more, to thank me for all my kind attentions to her, assuring me that my society had rendered this place much pleasanter to her than it could have been without me; adding, ‘ever welcome to me was the sight and conversation of dear Miss Seward.’ She then took a solemn and very tender leave of me, expressing her kind hopes that I might live long and happily, and that we might at length meet in heaven. She observed that she should have been thankful if God had thought fit to spare her longer to her dutiful daughters and friends; but, since He did not, she was resigned; had no uneasy reflections, and was full of hope in His mercy for her future happiness. She then shrank back in her sofa, so exhausted with the kind effort she had made to express her friendship for me and to comfort me for her loss, that I should not have been surprised had she died before I left the room. With anguish of heart I left it in the consciousness of a last interview, and with the sympathy I felt for dear Miss Gresley’s sufferings, which have been extreme. The unremitting intenseness of her attentions, never quitting her by day, and sitting up with her alternately through

the nights during the last three weeks, must have proved a severe trial upon her health. She continued till nine o'clock on Monday morning. Her dear remains will be removed to-morrow morning to repose at Bath by those of the husband she tenderly loved. Her housekeeper will convey this letter to your house in the Crescent. Probably you are at the cottage, but doubtless it will be forwarded to you there.

I enclose a pathetic little monody, written by my ingenious and classical neighbour, Mr. Grove. Though printed, it is not published. The sweet girl it commemorates was daughter to one of our canons. If I am not partial, it has merit that will enable you to bestow upon it ingenuous praise. If so, do not omit to give that pleasing tribute in your next, that I may gratify the author with the approbation of a man of genius.

Next week I purpose going to Buxton, in hopes it may be of service to my much-weakened constitution. Should it agree with me, perhaps I may, after a month's residence there, go on to the north coast, unless Darwin should think that the constant oppression I feel on my breath renders sea-bathing a hazardous experiment.

Adieu, my dear friend : yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

Giovanni joins me in affectionate compliments to Mrs. Whalley and yourself.

THE PRINCESS D'ARENBERG TO MRS. MULLINS.

Brussels, December 13, 1793.

I WISH I could persuade my dear Mrs. Mullins that it is neither neglect nor indifference which hindered my writing to her, but the uncertainty of our departure from Cologne and Germany, and a thousand reasons; the principal, however, is, that I would not write to my friend an insignificant letter whilst I was upon the point of taking the

most important resolution of my life. In a few months, I shall change my name and country. But let me entreat you to indulge me still with your friendship and correspondence. Something should be wanting to my happiness if you did not grant me this so just request. I will settle at Vienna; but the country and family mansion of the Prince of Schwarzenberg lies upon the banks of the Lake of Constance, in Suabia. My mother promises me to accompany me to Vienna in the spring. I am at Brussels but some three weeks, in all the hurry and bustle which generally ensues so long an absence from home; my brothers preceded us here of two months, and we found them in perfect health.

I believe, my dearest friend, you have not received the last letter I wrote you in answer of yours of the 19th of May; we have since spent our time partly at Cologne, Arenberg, and a watering-place near Bonn, named Godesberg.

I think we must give up all hopes of future successes for the armies in these parts for this campaign; but the progress of the royalists in Brittany and Normandy must decide of that fate of France. The republicans have turned all their forces against them, but the succours which your fleet brought them must undoubtedly turn the scale on the right side.

You have certainly heard that the sister of the Princess Liechnowsky has married one of your countrymen, Lord Guilford, I mean; they intend coming over next February to Ireland. She is one of the cleverest women I ever saw, and is much regretted in Vienna. If Mr. Mullins crosses the sea for the sake of military glory, you should, for his sake, come nearer the centre of the military operations; and why would you not stay some time at Brussels, where you have left many friends, and certainly you would hear more frequently news of your husband? Let me entreat you to weigh these considerations, and then direct me to find out lodgings, and whatever you would think could render your stay here in the least agreeable, and I promise you to

be as punctual as Zebé. My father and mother offer their best compliments. Be pleased to talk of us to Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, and tell your little angel how desirous I am to be acquainted with her. Be pleased, my dear Mrs. Mullins, to direct at Brussels as usual, and allow me to sign myself your most affectionate friend, and humble servant,

P. D'ARENBERG.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT LANGFORD.

Lichfield, May 28, 1794.

AND now let me try to get out of this engrossing egotism,* and thank you for the charming contents of your last. Nothing was ever more brilliant and forcible than your observations on Boswell's ungrateful impertinence. The zeal of your friendship sharpens the arrows of your wit, and heightens the glow of that eloquence whose powers are so seldom equalled.

A few words upon the momentous situation of Europe, though God knows the public is little to a mind so terrified as mine with dread of personal affliction, that may be too heavy for my patience. You know I was from the first hopeless that France would ever be reclaimed or rescued from anarchy by foreign powers; and now, amidst all the fluctuation of conquest and defeat, I despair of it more than ever, and think it was Mr. Pitt's duty to this nation to have recalled our armies and fleets from the scenes of unavailing carnage and ruinous expense when the king of Prussia retreated. That event gave him an opportunity of pleading its unexpected occurrence as a just reason for renouncing a war, which, however just, is not permitted to be successful; but to subsidise him, what madness! God knows, it is too likely that we may want the full strength of our armies and navies to repel and subdue invasion on our coasts, and sedition in the interior parts of our islands. Oh! let us

* She fears symptoms of cancer.

leave that horrible nation, by numbers rendered unconquerable, to waste itself in those civil wars which are sure to take place on the instant she loses that bond of compact which foreign invasion naturally forms. It is in vain to say, 'She must not have Holland,' for if the conquest of France alone can bar her progress, it must at length be hers. Never, never will the allied powers complete that conquest, my heart forebodes, nor do I find now anyone so infatuated as to assert the probability. O! why, then, continue this dire effusion of English blood and treasure? Once more, adieu! May it please God to suffer me to resume my pen to you some time hence, in hours of happier influence for myself and for my country.

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

MR. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, AT LANGFORD.

August 20, 1794.

DEAR SIR,—I received the deeds safely. Have been to the office, and they have paid me 1,133*l.* 6*s.*, deducting as discount 6*l.* 14*s.*, which makes 1,140*l.* I signed my name, and left the instruments in the office. The account of interest, &c., betwixt you and me stands as underneath:—

August 19th,	£	s.	d.
Now past four years and a half, at 23 <i>l.</i> . .	103	10	0
*Two numbers of Shakespeare sent . . .	10	10	0
Binding letter-proof of two numbers . .	0	4	0
Two packing-cases	0	10	0
One Shakespeare now going	5	5	0
Binding letter-proof	0	2	0
Portfolio	0	10	6
	120	11	6
Had from you, by two notes . .	30	0	0
Remain	£90	11	6

* Boydell's 'Shakespeare.'

	£	s.	d.
Take from	1,133	6	0
	90	11	6
Remain.	£1,042	14	6

To-morrow I will, as you request, send the halves of two five hundred bank notes, and the other halves the day following; likewise the last day I will send my banker's draft for the 42*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* remaining. This I hope you will find all clear and right. You will give me a line when you have received all safely. So much for nasty accounts; and now I have the pleasure to tell you your little god-daughter (for such she is, myself being your proxy a few days back) is very well, and as fine a girl, as if her father was not more than one-and-twenty. She is named after Mrs. Piozzi's youngest daughter, Cecilia; her sponsors are yourself and Mr. Greathead, Mrs. Piozzi and Lady Percival (*ci-devant* Miss Bedini Wynn); and, what is better, the mother is well too, and is just going to the theatre to perform 'Mrs. Beverley' for the benefit of her brother's wife, Mrs. Stephen Kemble. She and my daughter all send their love to you and Mrs. Whalley, who, we all hope, is well.

Believe me, yours truly,

WM. SIDDONS.

I open this letter again to say I will not send the last parts of the notes till Monday next, because then, if an accident should happen to the first, you will have time to advertise me of it, and I can stop the other.

SIR W. J. JAMES TO DR. WHALLEY, AT LANGFORD.

August, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,- 'T is long since I have heard from my friends at the Cottage, and request, therefore, the pleasure of

knowing how you, Mrs. Whalley, and all your fireside have been. I should not contentedly have rested in ignorance of you thus long from neglect of intercourse, but that we have been in Berkshire for a fortnight, and in London for the same time, from which place we returned only last Thursday.

From London I brought no news that could give pleasure, nor could I discover anything there but dismay and terror. Every method was being tried in theory to obtain a peace, and every exertion made for carrying on the war: contrariety of impulses occasioned by the confusion of events must account for the variety of determinations. The French principles will perhaps flourish, unless the people are conquered; they now seem, I am shocked to say, invincible, and wickedness prospers in open defiance of God and man. Nature seems tired with system, and has given us a chaos to employ three generations of time in the exertion of reducing it again to some sort of method.

Lord Fitzwilliam was much desired to go Viceroy to Ireland, but has proposed terms so arbitrary and selfish, that when I left London the Ministry had agreed to refuse. Unless the matter be well accommodated, it will end unpleasantly, as the sanction of the respectable part of opposition now going with administration may withdraw, and these are not times for cabals about private interests. He has insisted on naming to all and every part of the patronage, contrary to custom, and what hitherto has been deemed too great a power to be suffered uncontrolled, and the matter has in general been compromised by halving the good things. I was not a little surprised to find Lord Camden fixed on to go, in case of Lord Fitzwilliam's refusal, but the fact is so. Lord Camden was intended for this office before, but had waived it to accommodate the jarring discords of different people.*

* Earl Fitzwilliam was appointed, finally, to the government of Ireland in October 1794, much to the detriment of Mr. Pitt's administration. His pre-

We go to London at Christmas, but before that time, and when I know it will be perfectly convenient and agreeable to you and Mrs. Whalley, I mean to make one at her whist-table for one evening. The evenings are too short to return home, but I can sleep at the inn, and think nothing of the walk to it at any hour, should you not find it convenient to accommodate me with a room. We all join in every good wish to you and yours; and I beg you will believe me, your affectionate servant and assured friend,

W. J. JAMES.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, CRESCENT, BATH.

Liverpool, October 20.

MY DEAR AND TRULY-VALUED FRIEND,—What shall I say in excuse for my long silence? In truth, I must rely on your wonted goodness to excuse me. I am grown to hate writing letters so much, that even you have scarce the power to wring one from my tardy hand; but, believe me, my heart is not slow to rejoice in your felicity, or sympathise in your distresses; and, from the bottom of it, I lament poor Mrs. Mullins' unhappy situation. If she is with you, pray remember me kindly to her. I often reflect on the pleasure she, with such willing sweetness, has given me, with a melancholy tenderness. Oh! let us hope those beautiful hands may be restored again! I am restored beyond all hope, and live to bless the merciful Being who has given me once more to rejoice in an existence which continued misery had rendered almost insupportable.

I pray most sincerely that your dear Fanny will rejoice

capitate conduct during the brief period of his office tended to defer the Catholic Emancipation Act for many years. The establishment of the College of Maynooth, which yearly gives rise to long debates in Parliament, was his scheme, and was carried into execution by his successor, who was Lord Camden, brother-in-law to Sir Walter James.

your kind hearts soon, very soon, by her recovery. I play here a few nights, and then cross the water for Dublin, and shall not return to London till the new theatre is opened, which, it is rumoured, will not be before March, but which I hope will be in January. I have taken my two girls to my dear sister in Norfolk, with her to remain till I return. I would that were to-morrow! for I have no great devotion for a voyage. I am afraid that you and dear Mrs. Whalley will grow too fond of this darling cottage; all your friends begin to grow jealous of it, but our dear Mrs. Jackson has found a way to divert her jealousy, you tell me. I wish with all my heart that her expectations may be fulfilled. If she is at Bath, pray remember us to her very affectionately. My husband unites with me in love to you and dearest Mrs. Whalley, and in respects to your venerable mother.

Adieu, my dear, dear friend. I am, with unalterable affection,

Your faithful

S. SIDDONS.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, May 17, 1795.

By this time my friends are on their beauteous mountain, and returned to it, I hope, with renovated health and spirits, and with less frequent intrusion of corrosive remembrances.

Depending upon your promise, that I should early receive the satisfaction of knowing that you were safe beneath the roof of the friend, the Lycidas* of your youth, I grew uneasy at a silence so disappointing, and rejoiced to find that neither accident nor indisposition had produced it.

* Mr. Warrington.

Thank you for the description of that lovely scene, to whose April suns reunited friendship gave fresh beauty. From no pen does landscape, never seen by the actual eye, rise to that of the imagination more distinctly than from yours. Distinct, appropriate description had always, for me, an infinite charm. Beattie and Akenside possessed this excellence in common with yourself; and it was this vivid fidelity that enabled the old bard of Caledonia to vary the few grand and simple appearances of wild and savage nature, so as to ensure their being always so thrillingly interesting to those who are accustomed to mark, with contemplative pleasure, the scenic and seasonic varieties. I recollect a few stanzas in an ode of Akenside's, which are remarkable for the excellence of appropriate description. Speaking of a moonlight walk, taken for the purpose of listening to the nightingale—

And hark ! I hear her melting tone !
 Now, Hesper, guide my feet
 Down the red marl, with moss o'ergrown,
 Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
 Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
 That leads to her retreat.

See the green space ; on either hand,
 Enlarged, it spreads around ;
 See ! in the midst she takes her stand,
 Where one old oak, his awful shade
 Extends o'er half the level mead,
 Enclos'd in woods profound.

In enumerating the visits you purposed paying on your return from Mr. Warrington's, I started at the mention of Sir Foster Cunliffe's. Yes, because I did not know you were acquainted with Lady F. Cunliffe, whose fascinating attractions, aided by a striking resemblance to my lost Honora, had so warmly impressed my affections, in the year 1784, at Buxton. She was on a larger scale than Honora, but very like her. Lady F. C. met my dispositions to love her with

a very flattering, or I should rather say gratifying, return of kindness. How often, in the years that have intervened, did I wish that chance had been propitious to my desire of seeing her again!—of renewing the animated conversations we used to hold together! I should have felt great delight in talking with you about her, had I been conscious of your being known to each other.

I am just returned from hearing Giovanni sing a tenor solo anthem, in our choir, to a full congregation, with wonderful power of voice, quite equal to the exertions of his younger days. I hope it is a good prognostic of internal strength. He and his daughter desire to be affectionately remembered to you and Mrs. Whalley.

Lister's clerical cousin, Mr. Muckleston, of our cathedral, was in Yorkshire when you were here, wooing a silver lily of those plains. She is now transplanted to our soil, and our little city has been busied in visiting and making parties for her—a fine marble statue, almost colourless, but of Medicean features and form. There is much youth, and not much vivacity, but an elegance in her quietness that breathes of having moved in polished life. A pretty sister accompanies her, some say handsomer than the bride, but that is surely a decision either of caprice or of sly envy. Miss Preston is not a fixture here; Mrs. Muckleston is. I wish them happy. Muckleston's good humour, generous spirit, and charitable disposition entitle him to the good wishes of everybody, in spite of a dash of the clerical coxcomb which may be found in his look and address. That mad-cap, Louisa Gresley, calls him Chloe Muckleston. Her sisters, Eliza and Fanny, are returned home, much regretting that Lady Heathcote's want of health occasioned their absence from Lichfield when I was so happy to have you for my guests. They commission me to tell you so, and to present their compliments.

Dear little Sophy continues, I hope, to delight you with

her affection, sensibility, and gaiety of spirit. Often do smile to myself, recollecting the first interview between Mrs. M—m, Sophy, and Sophy's uncle and aunt. The start, the finger rammed into the ear, and the features whose lines did not very well bear the additional strength imparted by disconcertion. Had you never met after that first day, you would have probably separated with something approaching mutual contempt for each other; for which I, knowing your mutual worth, should have been most disappointingly sorry. Little M—m's heart will be always good; but she is by no means the woman she was, even four years ago, as to spirit and powers of entertainment. It is early, at sixty-six, when the bodily strength has suffered so little diminution, to see the lights of intellect begin perceivably to pale. She left me on the Saturday after your departure, and has written to me once in the interim, enquiring with much esteem and interest after you both.

Adieu, my long-loved friends! present my kind compliments to good Mrs. W., senior.

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

I desire to be remembered to Mrs. Brown and Mr. Almonds.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY.

Thursday Night.

MY DEAR DR. WHALLEY,—I have been ill enough to have kept my room for these six weeks past, from the effect of the charcoal, of which I believe I told you when I had the happiness of seeing you here, to which has been added the terrible influenza, which I hope will pass by you; and this is the first hour I have been able to leave my bed for these

three days. My dear Cecilia is more gratified by the honour you kindly intend her than you can imagine; nor can I express the satisfaction which your approbation of my darling gives to a heart so many years accustomed to regard you with the highest esteem and the sincerest affection. I am very truly sorry that it will not be in my power to wait upon you till after my return from Scotland. It was my intention to have commenced my journey on the 1st of next month, but I am afraid I shall not be sufficiently recovered to set out so soon by a week. I intend, if it please God, to be at home again for Passion week. I leave my sweet girl behind me, not daring to take her so far north this inclement season, and could well wish that the interests of the best of sons and most amiable of men did not so imperiously call me out of this softer climate just now. But I shall pack myself up as warmly as I can, trusting that while I run a little risk I shall do a great deal of good to my dear Harry, who tells me all my friends are more eager to see me than ever.

It is not impossible that I may stop a night or two here before I go, which, as I have long been engaged to act this season, after Easter, and cannot in honour or honesty be off, I think will not be impolitic, lest my enemies, if their malignity be worth a thought, may think their impotent attempts have frightened me away. They have done all their malignant treachery could devise, and have they robbed me of one friend? No, God be praised! but, on the contrary, have knit them all closer to me. It is not, however, yet in my power to say whether I shall play or not before I go, as it must depend upon my recovery in proper time to fulfil my engagement with Harry, and I shall be obliged to you not to mention that it is in agitation. Glad enough should I be never to appear again; but while the interests of those so dear and near as those of son and brother are concerned, one must not let selfish considerations stand in the way of

Christian and natural duties and affections. I am sorry that my dear girl must give up the pleasure and advantage of visiting our friend, as she will have no means of conveyance when I am gone, and very few opportunities of attending on my return, as the carriage will, I fear, be wholly occupied by my indispensable business of the theatre. I fear her plan does not succeed as it ought, and as I sincerely wished it would.

I shall be heartily grieved if you should leave town before my return, for there are very few things that can give me so much pleasure as doing anything you wish; therefore, I will still hope for the honour of reading some passages to you from 'Paradise Lost.' I can hardly hope to see you here such bitter weather, therefore, till we meet again, and evermore, God bless you! and believe me, my dear and truly honoured friend,

Your most truly affectionate and grateful

S. SIDDON.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Lichfield, August 6, 1795.

MY spirits lately underwent a severe shock. My valued friend and nearest relation, Mr. Martin of Nottingham, was with his wife upon a visit to me a month ago. Business called him home for a few days, but he promised to return to his wife and myself. Naturally cheerful, he was even jocund at breakfast the morning he left us, Saturday! Alas! on the ensuing Tuesday morn, at 7 o'clock, a messenger arrived,—and I had to break to her his hopeless seizure by apoplexy:

A sudden rush from life's meridian joys,
A wrench from all he loved, from all he was.

He was generous and gay, energetic and warmly benevolent. Fortunately for his wife she is not a woman of strong sensibility; yet on the first shock she was, as she could not but be, agonised.

There are two families of the Sneyds in Staffordshire, distantly related, and not much associating together, and each forming different connections. The Sneyds of Bishton, originally, though now removed from that seat, and the Sneyds of Keel. To the Bishton family my dear Honora belonged, and with them all our friendships were formed. Till very recently I had not the slightest acquaintance with the Keel Sneyds, and have now only a slight one. I know only the person of the young man who has written to your friend, nor did I ever hear that he possessed any remarkable talent. However, since I received your last, I have enquired of those who know more of the family; and Miss Gresleys and Miss Greaves tell me that his drawings, particularly his caricatures, have been much admired. My new friends, the Wingfields, are related to him. From them, perhaps, I may learn more on the subject; yet their account, from consanguinity, will probably be partial.

On Friday I have fixed to set out on my journey into Wales, and shall stay a few days with Mrs. Wingfield on my road through Shrewsbury; from thence to my friends the Roberts', whose house stands on a mountain that overhangs the romantic Vale of Llangollen. There, if I do not find travelling increase that cruel bosom pain, which has lately been worse than ever, I shall determine, which yet I have not done, to which of the Welsh shores I shall bend my way. I am excessively low and dejected at the thoughts of leaving home; afraid that travelling should injure, hopeless that it should serve me. I am so far from well that home comforts are material, and I feel that I shall both miss and want them. You will say, why then

renounce them? Ah! why indeed?—but my physician says I ought—and I have talked of this journey, and engaged to make visits on my way, so I must now attempt it; but, if I should be at all worse, I will return home without proceeding to the coast. Alas! can the sea air, or its water swallowed—for I must not bathe—dissolve this terrific induration, and banish its threatening pains? Then the times, the alarming times! Famine in prospect, and this war, the real cause of it, by the devastations of agriculture which it has made on the Continent, still pursued, though the dire events, foreseen by every dispassionate and thinking mind, warn us of its mischiefs, trumpet-tongued, in vain. Our rulers are pulling the ruin of this mansion on their own heads, and upon us all. Surely we had enough of invading France last year!

Your matchless friend has been performing most of her celebrated characters at Birmingham. The dejecting nature of my bodily sensations counteracted the longings of my spirit after those sublime representations of high-strung feelings and conflicting passions, till I saw Mrs. Siddons announced for Hermione, and Catherine the Shrew. I could then resist no longer, much as I feared the exertion. She was, if possible, greater than ever, and I was very glad to observe her plumpness and healthier looks since I saw her in Lady Macbeth this time three years. She sent me a thrice kind billet after the first act: a more welcome one I have seldom received, for I love, as well as admire her infinitely. I called at her door next morn, but it was the day of her leaving Birmingham, which made it impossible she should have leisure to see any person: so I left my billet of acknowledgment for her gratifying notice. On leaving the stage, after her general curtsy, she made one to me with a smile of benignity, which is engraved on my heart. O, Mr. Whalley, what an enchanting Beatrice she is!

I was in sad pain all night at Birmingham, and on the road home; so I am to-day — the exquisite sickness and burning heat under my arm are not less annoying than the pain in my breast: my whole left arm is pained to my fingers' ends.

Care shall be taken not to let the Wingfields perceive why I inquire after Mr. J. Sneyd's talents with the pencil.

So Spain makes peace with France. Good God! why are we the last to sheath that sword which wisdom has so long demanded should be sheathed, that the continent may be sown with corn instead of blood, and famine cease to scowl upon the surrounding nations!

I wish to know how Mrs. Whalley does, and if there is any foundation for the good news Mrs. Stokes imparted. Writing within a fortnight, a letter will find me directed at Rev. Edward Roberts, Dinbren, near Oswestry, Shropshire. Giovanni, much as usual in health, desires affectionate compliments and ardent wishes for Mrs. Whalley's re-established health.

Remember me kindly to both the Whalleys. I have not taken any hemlock, but if the pains continue, I shall be disposed to. I am afraid to try it. Alas! my nerves are already shaken in the extreme.

Yours faithfully,

A. S.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE,
NEAR BRISTOL.

Putney Heath: August 14, 1795.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—When I reflect on the calamity by which you have been visited, I fear the report of your and dear Mrs. Whalley's illness is but too probable an event. What comfort can I give you? What can I say to you, that your own pious minds have not already suggested to

you? Far be it from me to outrage your feelings by common-place condolence, which is neither from nor to the heart. You will believe that I participate your affliction with all my heart, and commend you to the Wise and Good Being whose mercy will bind up the wounds which his chastisement has made.

I am but just returned out of the North. I have been travelling (for the first time by myself) near nine hundred miles this summer; have worked harder, I believe, than anybody ever did before; but I am very well, thank God! and have got a good deal of money. Mr. Siddons is a victim to the rheumatism, and I am persuading him to go to Bath. I think he will follow my advice, and he will probably have the pleasure of seeing you and dear Mrs. Whalley. It is most likely that I must stay at home and mind my business, which will be unlucky for Sally and Maria, whom I should like to send with their father, if I knew any lady who would now and then *chaperone* them, in case of my being obliged to give up the pleasure of going with them. I should like to have them go very much. Mr. Siddons desires his kindest wishes, and the dear girls are more concerned and interested about you than you can imagine. We are now at our quiet little nutshell upon Putney Heath—a nice little snug, comfortable place it is. I wish we had ye both here: what would we not do to comfort and console ye? I beg to hear from you as soon as possible. I had the pleasure of seeing and of hearing from Miss Seward, a little while ago; for I had not a moment's time to speak to her. She told me you were both very unwell. No one sees you suffer without partaking your distress, and none more deeply than

Your faithful and affectionate,

S. SIDDONS.

MR. G. WARRINGTON TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Pentre Pont, December 9th, 1796.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I ought long ago to have written to you; but the long silence that has taken place between us cannot be attributed altogether, on your part, to the dislike of writing. It gave me much pleasure to hear so good an account of yours and Mrs. Whalley's health. May it long continue! It is now in my power, I believe, to say that George's anxieties and sufferings are nearly at an end. Though, indeed, there have been so many alterations and new proposals made, that I shall not be sure he is married till he announces it to me under his own hand. The writings, properly called the trammels of the law, were sent off to him yesterday, so that I conclude in a few days he will be happy. The repeated vexations I have experienced for the last nine months make me rejoice that it will so soon be completed. Between ourselves,—the unreasonable conduct of the lady's friends, and their inflexibility in conducting the business in their own mode, can never be forgotten by me. Particular circumstances cannot be communicated by letter; but when we meet, you will have the same opinion as myself. I have yet seven boys and girls, most of whom may probably in my lifetime devote themselves to matrimony; but in all united I am confident I shall not meet with half the anxiety and uneasiness I have experienced in this affair.

I hope all your relations and friends in Somersetshire are well and happy; and I beg my particular respects and kind wishes to your good mother. We are all in good health here at present. About two months ago William had a severe and dangerous illness, and of rather a singular nature. It began with a contraction in his jaw, which after some time swelled, and the swelling extended to his throat, and was very near producing suffocation. After a long and painful im-

posthume, an uncommon discharge of matter relieved him, and the opening of his jaw has gradually improved ever since. Whether this proceeded from a fall he had last spring in hunting, or from some morbid matter in his constitution, we cannot say; but I think his general state of health is better than before. He was not able to go up to Oxford for the last term, but is obliged to be there the first week in January. Stanmer is yet upon the Continent, but I am informed he is to be expected with the last brigade about Christmas. You may be sure I am happy in the expectation of seeing him soon after. He is not in the last of those I love.

Mary and Anne are preparing to copy an excellent picture of Mr. Barker's, which he lately sent them from Bath, and was kind enough to lend it them for five months.

You stay and linger, I suppose, with the last leaf at the cottage. Scarcely one is left on our woods, though the weather now is very mild and pleasant.

Make my kind regards and good wishes acceptable to Mrs. Whalley, in which all my family join, and believe me very sincerely,

Your affectionate,

G. WARRINGTON.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH.

Sunday Morn, April 10, 1796.

WITH my whole heart do I congratulate my beloved friends on the large acquisition to their income. Oh! very long may they live to enjoy it! The pleasure I received from this intelligence had been greater could I have known that it was for your joint lives. Mr. Clarke's feelings could not be quite of the right sort, or he would have considered those of her whom he chose to bequeath so largely, by giving her the power of leaving part of so considerable an income to you, for your life, should you prove the survivor.

A long valued friend of mine and his, Mr. Rawson, of Nottingham, arrived last night, and sets out for Bath in an hour or two. He will take charge of one of the copies of my late publications, which, observe, I send at your request. For my pride revolts from the idea of forcing my compositions on the attention of even those I dearly love, if I have reason to think they will consider their perusal as an irksome task, or that they will not trouble themselves to read them at all. The presents of this little work which I find it necessary, in respect and gratitude, to make, amount to 128.

After a silence of Mr. Hayley's, long enough to make me think myself by him all in all forgotten, he has written to me upon this little miscellaneous collection of mine, with such a degree of glowing and discriminating praise over its contents, and of general kindness towards myself, as could not but be very acceptable to the ambition I feel that my writings should please the distinguished few, and to that affection for him which no neglect on his part can extinguish.

The gentleman who takes the charge of this parcel is a most respectable character. He was a Nottingham merchant, but, after realising a very handsome fortune, has left off business. He has not the graces, but he has real worth: he has not a vivid imagination, but he has very strong natural good sense. He has read a great deal, but not many works of fancy. He has your ardour, and your opinions upon political subjects. I mention him thus particularly, because I request, as a kindness to myself, that you will take some notice of him; and have told him that I should request it. Music has been the darling taste of his life, and he understands it sufficiently to sing in glees, though with but little voice.

My health has been somewhat better than it was last winter and spring, my local pains less frequent and less severe; but still they are often very annoying, and I fear I am more indebted for this comparative ease to atmospheric

mildness than to abated disease. Giovanni remains in a nervous and, alas! very precarious state of health. We are both, I think, confirmed invalids, to whom the pleasure of visiting their distant friends must be always uncertain. Winter journeys are out of the question with me, and in the summers it is become necessary for me to reside some weeks at medical places. From thence I can make a few visits to friends who live in any tolerable nearness to those residences, or to the road which leads to them. I am advised to go to Harrogate this summer, from which, alas! the dear cottage is at an hopeless distance; so that my designs of revisiting its lovely mountain this year are extinct. The despotism of impaired health is very relentless.

Your letter now before me, dear friend, is silent on the subject of your and Mrs. Whalley's health; but I hope you were mutually advantaged in that respect by the peculiar smiles of the late winter. Never did old Hyems make such a complete bear of himself since the year '79. Staying till after Christmas at the cottage, you must be pleased to see him walking over your high mountain with a soft step, speaking in a gentle voice, and placing a garland of rose-leaves and violets upon his 'chill and icy crown'—another Lord Oglevie making love to Miss Ver, the Sun's eldest daughter.

You have doubtless heard of the late great litigation at Stafford, of which the whole kingdom rang. You conversed with the unfortunate defendant at my house, who has ruined himself by unjustifiably accepting the offers of the late aged Peter Garrick's dotage. Attending upon him these past three years in a medical capacity, he must know him to be incompetent, from want of soundness of mind and memory, to the bequest he made of his whole fortune for ever to Stephen Panting, an utter stranger to him but a few years before.

Alas! poor Panting! brilliant in his wit and imagination, libertine in his pleasures, profuse in his expenses, amiable in his charities, and desperate in his circumstances, he has pursued a golden *ignis fatuus* through paths of dishonour into a whirlpool of ruin and obloquy, whose overwhelming waves are risen fearfully around him, while the misleading fire vanishes from his sight for ever. His family are pecuniarily involved in his fate. My heart aches for them all; nor will it by you be construed, as it has here been construed, into anything like vindication of Stephen Panting's conduct, that long regard for him, and his pleasing brothers, has produced a painful degree of mortified pity in my feelings, over the fatal plan of conduct he has pursued; or rather for the cureless woes it has brought upon himself and his brothers, his mother and his sister.

Accustomed to scribble to you in much haste, this letter has been hurried in the extreme. You will hardly be able to read it.

Giovanni and his daughter join me in congratulations and good wishes to yourself and dear Mrs. Whalley.

Ever yours,

ANNA SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

June 7, 1799.

[After complaining, in very feeling language, through two pages of Dr. Whalley's long silence, Miss Seward says:—]

Enfeebled in my body, and depressed in spirit from private disappointment and public alarm,* my dislike to

* The alarming Mutiny of the Fleet at the Nore, England's greatest peril, when the three per cents, fell to their minimum of 48, was now filling all minds with consternation. With 24 sail of the line, the mutineers blockaded the mouth of the Thames. On the 7th of this month (June 1797), effigies of Pitt and Dundas were exhibited at the foreyard arm of several of the ships, as

quit my beloved home increases every day; so that the hope of averting increase of corporal suffering by medical waters imperiously determines the course of my journeys, and seems the only stimulus of sufficient power to take me far from Lichfield. Giovanni is not well. As sea air has so frequently proved salutary to him, I hope he will go to some of our coasts this summer. He desires his most affectionate respects to yourself and Mrs. Whalley. Adieu! adieu! I am hurt—I am mortified—but I do not cease to love the long beloved inhabitants of the cottage.

A. SEWARD.

P.S.— Why would not Miss H. More rescue the marble of her Garrick from the disgrace of being inscribed by the flimsy muse of Pratt? He was not announced as the author of that miserable epitaph. When I first read it in the papers, unconscious of its source, I exclaimed, 'This cannot be Miss More's!' And an epitaph on Garrick ought to have been hers; it would then have been worthy of his talents and of his friendship for herself.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE,
NEAR BRISTOL.

Lichfield, Saturday, July 9, 1797.

AH! my long dear friend, your kind and affecting letter has restored all my former confidence in your regard for me. I will not say I repent having expressed the painful doubts—perhaps more than doubts—which I had felt; since

targets to be fired at. Before the date of this letter, the ships had returned to their duty, and the ringleaders of the mutiny were arrested. Richard Parker, the chief instigator, was hanged at the yardarm of the 'Sandwich,' on the 30th of this month. During the mutiny, Burke was at Bath, lying on his sofa, almost in a dying state. Wyndham and Wilberforce went there to consult him on the extreme peril of the nation, and the latter says of this visit, 'It was as if one went to enquire the oracle of the Lord.'

repressing, I must have rendered them immovable. Your healing letter came during an illness which seized me on Thursday fortnight—the most troublesome, the most replete with immediate danger, of any I ever yet sustained, and from which I am now slowly and feebly recovering. An artery burst in my nose, and very high in my left nostril. Torrents of blood rushed out from each nostril, &c.

I long to see your tragedy. I believe the law itself is not more prone to heart-sickening delays than the conduct of theatrical managers about the reception of plays, and that their merit is no sure passport to their admittance, even at last. Dear Mrs. Jackson has had some mortifying experience of this sort. Yesterday brought me a short but most comfortable letter from her, announcing the termination of all her pecuniary embarrassments, and a certainty of future income competent to her unostentatious desires, with an ample provision for her children. The love and esteem I feel for her ‘plants of your hand,’ render the information cordial to my spirit.

The glory of the theatre is shining out at Birmingham; but my present state of health, and propensity to dangerous hæmorrhage, render quiet too necessary for me to indulge the hope of basking in its rays. I am glad to hear you speak of Mrs. Siddons with appellations which prove that you think her sweetly amiable.

Mr. Rawson is a reserved man, and probably your interviews with him were either not long or frequent enough, or sufficiently free from the claims of numbers upon your attention, to enable you to perceive the very strong powers of his mind. To poetic excellence, of much higher pretensions than mine, I do not think him awakened. If that taste is not early cultivated it is never attained. But he is perfectly versed in history and politics, and speaks on those subjects with oratoric strength and perspicuity. I never heard the

fatal systems of belligerent coercion, which have cost England so dear, more ably defended than lately by Mr. Rawson against Sir Brooke Boothby, in a three hours' conversation. The opponents were the Pitt and Fox of the contest. Acquirements so rare, in a man whose life was destined to mercantile attentions, double their value in my estimation, since they are united with the clearest and most allowed integrity of principle and spirit. Amidst those exertions which enabled him, some years past, to retire from business upon an affluent independence, he told me that he always set apart two hours of the early day to the study of literature and the *belles lettres*. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me, with all the trust of former years in your amity, faithfully yours,

A. SEWARD.

MR. SIDDONS TO DR WHALLEY, ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH.

London, December 15, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR,—The 'Castle Spectre' has at length appeared, and I write directly to give you my opinion of the incident mentioned in my last, which might be something like yours. The piece itself is very wild and fanciful, like the celebrated novel of its author. The plot and plan you will read in all the newspapers; the appearance of the Ghost at the end of the fourth and fifth acts had as great an effect upon the audience as anything I ever saw, producing a tumult of applause. I could have wished for your sake it had not appeared, for this season at least; for the main incidents, I fear, will be thought similar. Here is an old man confined in the dungeon of a castle by a villanous brother for sixteen years, and is discovered there at last by a daughter, almost expiring. Here to be sure, is all the likeness; and this I would rather should not have been.

With respect to bargain, I believe there is now but one

established method ; that is, for the author of a tragedy or comedy to receive 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for the first nine nights, with this further agreement : if the play fails of bringing 200*l.* a night, the proprietors have a right to withdraw it. This, I am told at Drury Lane, is a fixed practice, which I fancy you may learn from Miss Lee. But, my dear sir, I have more disagreeable information for you—to you, I think, particularly distressing ; for the worst of all situations is that of uncertainty. Such, I am sorry to say, is yours with respect to Mrs. Siddons, who at this very time is withdrawn from the theatre again on account of the failure of ‘Tereus,’ solemnly proposed before she began. They may patch it up again, and the next fortnight it shall be the same ; in short, it is so disagreeable that I would to heaven she had done with them altogether.

I think there is no doubt of their intention to keep their promise by bringing out your play ; but as this is likely to take a long run, should imagine February would be the soonest it could be expected ; which is in truth the prime part of the season. Whenever I have further information, I will tell you ; and when Mrs. Siddons is again restored, will do all I can to hasten the matter. We are all pretty well but Sally, who has had the worst fit I ever knew, and is still very ill.

Yours, &c. &c.,

W. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE,
NEAR BRISTOL.

London, January 15, 1798.

MY DEAR MR. WHALLEY,—It gave us all the greatest concern to hear of your illness ; and I thank you for the comfortable news of your recovery. I am sorry to say I have little chance of seeing you and dear Mrs. Whalley at the

sweet cottage this summer ; for Dr. Pearson is decidedly of opinion that the Bristol waters are not proper for Maria at this time ; and as any other air will be equally good in the present state of her complaint, and as going thither would be attended with great expense and inconvenience, we have given up that plan. That the Clifton water was not necessary has of course relieved me of a dreadful fear ; and by being justified in taking her with me, I shall have the comfort of watching her. The dreaded disorder, he says, has not taken place, but her lungs are in a state of susceptibility for receiving it that requires unremitting attention for a great length of time. Pray remember me in the very kindest manner to Mrs. Pennington, and tell her I am deeply impressed with the sense of her kindness and ready friendship with respect to receiving my dear Maria. I can never forget it : pray tell her so. Our dear George will be with you about the 4th of July ; do not spoil him, my dear friend. I hope you will find him at least as entertaining as troublesome ; but I have my fears that he will be too boisterous for dear Mrs. Whalley. Boys are noisy creatures compared to girls. Do you wish to have the bust sent to the cottage ? Write to Mr. Siddons about it. Remember us with love and gratitude to Mrs. Whalley ; and believe me,

My dear friend (in much haste),

Your ever affectionate

S. SIDDONS.

I rejoice to hear your dear and venerable mother is so well.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, WEYMOUTH.

INDEED, my dear friend, I am glad to find that our beloved Mrs. Whalley is going to try the warm sea bath, as I am persuaded she will have reason to rejoice in its effects. Harrogate has made me so much better, that I have no doubt I

should have returned quite well had I been fortunately sent there two months sooner. As it is, I still suffer more than I make any show of; for what good does complaining do? I fear I shall not see your servant, as I am to play very soon, and am obliged to go out about my dress, &c.

The carriage is waiting, and I am forced to take an abrupt leave of you. You will nevertheless believe that I am unalterably

Your truly affectionate

S. SIDDONS.

Kindest love and warmest good wishes from all here to you and dear Mrs. Whalley.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT SIR WALTER JAMES',
BART., MAIZE HILL, GREENWICH, KENT.

Lichfield, January 16, 1799.

YES, my dear friend, this letter of yours is, I mean as to length, one of former days; and never yet did I think one of yours too long, while the shortness of some have cost me sighs. A heavy siege laid to the leisure of the present period will not allow me anything I can call a reply to contents so interesting. Hopeless now that I shall live to see a close to this wretched contest with a power growing mightier on the Continent by every improbable effort we have made, and are yet making, to decrease it, I have resigned my resolution to withhold my sonnets till the more auspicious hours of blessed peace; and am now employed in their final revision, which, I perceive, will take more time than I imagined; or can perhaps command within the period in which I have promised that my bookseller shall receive them. I intend my twenty-seven paraphrases of the flower of Horace's Odes shall be in their rear, several of which have already met the public eye in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' But, to the exclusion of farther

less important egotism, my heart presses forward to congratulate you on the relieved state of yours, and to thank you for the very kind and active attention you have shewn to increase my comforts by relieving the maladies of my frame.

All you so cordially speak on the subject of the disingenuous, proud, and sure I may add ungrateful, Andrés, is most welcome to my heart, while it makes me ashamed of my jealous petulance that taught me to fear I had lost your sympathy. I wonder how they durst risk an assertion so very liable to be publicly confuted, that my fortunes were so low as to make the trivial profits of a short poem the leading motive of its composition, and a temptation to romance and invent on a subject rendered sacred by the martyrdom of a beloved friend. They knew, and it was almost inevitable that the world would know, that I was 'born to write, converse, and live in the ease of pecuniary independence.' I thank you very fervently for all the care you have taken of my reputation in a point more important far than my poetic fame.

I long to read your play, and ardently wish for it the most applausive reception. The age is certainly an Egyptian taskmaster to the tragic dramatist. It calls for Shakesperian viands, yet will not allow the materials to be used which composed them, viz. disdain of the frigid encumbering unities, a *dramatis personæ* plenteously peopled, and a style rich in metaphor, yet avoiding declamation.

What a sweet landscape have you drawn of Mrs. E. Warrington's cottage! It places me again in the lovely scene—perhaps the most perfect in appropriate beauties of any mansion that bears that name, yet more desirable as a transient residence than as a home. The gravelly bank on which stands the fairy palace of Llangollen Vale, and the sublime mountain on which you have built your enchanting cyrie, are much dearer to Hygeia.

You will be kindly glad to hear that Giovanni has breasted the late bitter blasts more cheerily, than he met the milder breath of the two last winters. One of my old inflammatory coughs imprisoned me in the first hour of those iron skies that froze us by our fires ; and still, though they soften, it has but little abated.

Your portraits of your friends, Sir Walter and Lady Jane James, Mr. Addington and Mr. Woodford, are very interesting ; and I thank you for them. I love to be ideally placed in your circle. That your health and Mrs. Whalley's are capable of winter journeys, I rejoice. Me they would totally cripple, if not kill.

Giovanni joins me in affectionate compliments to you both. Some few comments I must make on the deplored political infatuation which has infected the health of your judgment, in common with that of the majority of the nation ; which has steeped the milk of your human kindness in vinegar ; upon which your wit, oratory, and reasoning powers operate like the beam of Heaven on that fluid, making it but more sour and corrosive. The political arguments of the letter before me go to eternal war ; the religious ones are those which sought to justify the Crusades of olden time, and the intolerant persecutions of the first Queen Mary. We ought never to promote bloodshed in the cause of religion, while we believe that God is potent to punish the guilt of nations as of individuals. Has he not palsied, does he not continue to palsy, all the nerves of resistance that are made on the Continent against those who are accomplishing his prophecy and denunciation against Antichrist ? As to the prophecies of mere human foresight, accomplishment has hitherto, to its last letter, been with the few who opposed, and not with the few who fomented, this dire war. To its helpless rage the French are solely indebted for the subjugation of the Continent. Would to God it had been otherwise ! Since that

was not to be, would to God we might take warning; and so God bless you, my dear friend. Yours,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, HAMPTON COURT.

Lichfield, March 7, 1799.

THE demon of electioneering contest has most suddenly and unexpectedly popped up his fierce phiz in our little city, which has been a passive slave to the Marquis of Stafford, accepting whoever he chose to appoint, these thirty-seven years. Insolent security, with all its contumelious neglect, has brought upon that proud family the present expensive resistance, even if it proves fruitless, and I conclude it will so prove. Since the opposing candidates are both hotly ministerial, one might have hoped no bitterness would have mingled with the right of choice; but each party is growing personally scurrilous, and black blood is brewing fast amongst us. Sir John Wrottesley is the lord-led, Sir Nigel Gresley the independent candidate. He is supported by what was the Tory interest; but if he was, as Sir John is, a perfect stranger to me, I should wish him success, from those whig principles in which I was born, was bred, and shall never relinquish, and which tell me that the peers have no right to interfere in the choice of a member for the House of Commons. Individually I have known Sir Nigel from a boy, his mother was my dear and intimate friend, and I am on kind terms with all his family; but if Sir Nigel had opposed Mr. Anson, our other member, I could not have wished him success, because Mr. Anson's politics are mine, and those which, I think, had they been suffered to operate, would have preserved Europe from the evils she has met, and us from all the dangers which now threaten this country, and from the depredations on property which are already the bitter fruits of our belligerent obstinacy.

The loveliest young woman we boasted, whom you, when you were last here, transiently saw, and returned out of the town to me protesting you had beheld a divinity,—the bright Helen B—k—e,—after a few weeks' dejection of spirits, which she imputed to bodily indisposition, on the 16th of last November perished, self-devoted, by the rope. With her sister Honora, one year older, she had lived and grown up, inseparable associates and tender friends. Their father is weak, whimsical, violent, indiscreet alike in his indulgence and restraints; their mother died in their infancy; and thus they had lived unprotected, unadmonished, yet giving no darker cause for the censure they incurred than a style of dress somewhat too showy and elegant for their portionless prospect. The envious are always the many; and Helen's beauty, so eclipsing, was crime enough in their eyes. The night preceding this dire rashness she slept (as Honora tells me, who was her bedfellow, and who was kept awake by slight sickness) with a long unusual soundness and serenity. An elder married sister was their guest. Helen joined them at nine o'clock breakfast, in a clean white muslin gown, new white satin ribbon round an elegant close cap; her countenance serene and even cheerful. The sisters observed to each other that they had never seen her look so lovely. After eating a better breakfast than of late she had done, conversing with some degree of sprightliness, and confessing that she thought she should now soon be well, in reply to the hopes expressed on that subject, she rose, saying, 'The sun shines; I shall walk in the garden.' The other sisters remained in the parlour. In half an hour Honora said, 'Helen will stay out till she catches cold. I'll fetch her in.' Not in the garden; not in their own department! Honora's search soon became anxious; yet more from wonder than from terror. The maid said, 'I saw her yesterday come down the stairs of the out-building.' It was customary to

deposit in that rafted lumber-room, garden-utensils, flower-pots, &c. 'See if she is there,' said Honora. The maid went up, looks in, shrieks, and falls headlong down stairs. Honora and her father ran up, and beheld their Helen suspended, ghastly, with open mouth and starting eye-balls; Honora sprang to the body, screaming with agony, and held it up in her arms to prevent the pressure of the fatal cord. The heart-smote father cut it, and fell speechless with horror on the floor, where instantly sunk Honora with her breathless burden. The shrieks brought in the neighbours; every means to restore animation was tried in vain. There was a giant sorrow. The cause of the desperation is utterly unknown. She left posthumous letters to her father, sister, and two friends. That to Honora was dated November 9th, the other three the preceding day; all hinted at the terrible resolution, but not at its source. That to Honora was tender and pathetic; it says: 'Do not regret me, my dearest sister. My sufferings have been deep and cureless: fortunately you know not, and will never know, how severe. One pang and all is over.' She left another paper in her desk, which contained these words:—'He that stilleth the raging of the sea can assuage the conflicts of a troubled mind, and raise up the innocent flower beaten down by the storm. I have bent my knee to Him; He has heard my prayer and answered me.' Poor Honora has wept herself to a shadow, and time but little abates her anguish. The father was distracted for a period, but he recovers his spirits. This sad story has hardly left room for an adieu. Yours affectionately,

A. SEWARD.

As your play is so near its birth, I think it probable you are still in London, and that, directing as before, if you are not at Sir Walter's he will forward my letter to you. Giovanni desires to join me in affectionate compliments to yourself and Mrs. Whalley.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, HAMPTON.

Lichfield, March 24, 1799.

A LICHFIELD lady has just informed me that she sets out for town to-morrow ; and therefore, though I have a guest in the house who arrived only last night, I will endeavour to avail myself of this opportunity to send you, post free, my dear friend, a warm acknowledgment of your kind attention to my sentiments and to my comforts. I received the tractors safe, and thank you much on their account, though I fear they are a sort of kindred attempt to that of animal magnetism. I have worn them constantly in my pockets since they came, and rubbed the parts affected with them till they felt sore. No abatement of pain has, as yet, ensued. They have no magnetic property, no perceivable electric influence ; so that if they operate, they must operate by a sort of occult charm, in which, I am afraid, reason can have little faith. I cannot think of your being at the expense of them, as I have heard they are expensive. Had they cost a trifle I would gladly have received them as your gift, but being more than a trifle, have the goodness to specify their cost, that I may inclose a bill to the amount.

When I observed that I thought an highly ornamented diction desirable in tragedy, I did not mean studied and elaborate ornament, but that glowing metaphoric language which is naturally and freely produced by the union of a strong warm creative imagination and an impassioned heart, awakening and kindling in the progress of composition. I knew that such would be the language of a mind like yours, if you gave it full scope. You acknowledge that you have not, that you have restrained and kept down the style. I am sorry for it. It was not by such restraint that Shakespeare obtained his empire over the human mind. What a paradox, that we should all admit the infinite superiority of

his drama, yet shun to make it our model. Hence, doubtless, the coldness and tameness of modern tragedy. But perhaps you have taken the German drama for yours; if so, Fashion will be on your side, and I trust give it all the *éclat* she has assigned to compositions the intrinsic merit of which I feel assured your tragedy will far transcend.

I am extremely gratified by your opinion of my sonnets. An entire reliance on your poetic taste and judgment, and a boundless confidence in your sincerity, make me consider your encomium as a precious earnest for their future reputation. Their present claims will probably be sunk and repressed by the arrogant impertinence and grovelling ignorance of review-criticism; besides the tribe know my contempt for them, and will doubtless avenge it. I have expressed it at full in my poem on the distinguished inhabitants of Lichfield since Johnson and Garrick's time, which poem I gave our Staffordshire historian, Mr. Shaw, for his immense work, from whence it has been extracted *in toto* by the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and other periodical works. It is entitled, as it was really addressed to him, 'Epistle to Nathaniel Lister, Esq,' the father of the Lister you saw here and liked so much. Mr. Lister senior died soon after the composition of the poem.

My prophecies on this war, never credited by the ministerial idolators by whom I am surrounded, yet individually, successively, and invariably accomplished, naturally presented the idea of Cassandra and her predictions rashly and fatally despised. In your letter of September the 10th, 1798, you say: 'The prophecies are fast accomplishing; the Pope is fallen:' yet in this last letter you give as a mark of dissimilarity between this dire war and the Crusades of former times, that the Crusades were undertaken to rescue the ruins of a temple which God had foretold should never be rebuilt. By the confession of your faith in the belief gone forth that

the overthrow of the Romish altars was predestined by the Almighty, are we not equally opposing, however vainly, the decree of our Maker by resisting the arms he has used to accomplish his purpose?

This nation is not within the letter of the prophecy—on that, and on our insular situation, and naval preeminence, and on the protection of our God, it had been wisdom to have relied, and to have obeyed the great command of the New Testament to be peace-makers instead of incendiaries amidst the European powers; instead of combating opinions by the cannon and the sword.

Adieu, my dear friend! present my affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Whalley, in which Giovanni desires to join, as well as to yourself. Be assured I shall be very happy to see the dear cottage again if my increasing maladies will permit so long a journey, or rather if their demands do not force me on a different and far less interesting course in the only period of the year in which I dare venture to travel. Yours faithfully and ever while life is mine.

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

April 18, 1799.

WITH time only for a very short letter, my dear friend, yet I cannot omit to inform you that on the receipt of your last I wrote directly to my literary correspondents in town, to request they would countenance, interest, and support your tragedy on the first and fateful night of its appearance. I made that request to Mr. Courtenay, member for Appleby; to Mr. Wigley, member for Worcester; to the poetic Mr. Jerningham; to the highly ingenious and excellent Mr. Parke, who honours my sonnets with the encomiastic one which you see prefixed; and to Mr. Christopher Smythe, of

Lincoln's Inn, barrister, and sometime preceptor to the young Lord Webbe Seymour, and the intimate friend of his brother the Duke of Somerset. Through him, I have requested the same favour of both these amiable young noblemen. The Duke has visited me at my own house, and Lord Webbe I met at Lady E. Butler's. I also wrote to my bookseller, Sael, to do all in his power on this occasion. It was unlucky that you had not empowered me to tell them the name of this tragedy. But I observed to them, that a new play at Drury Lane, through whose scenes Mrs. Siddons is pledged to exert her powers and her graces, must be yours. I said also that they would be all exerted to their utmost (*con amore*), from the long existing friendship between herself and its author.

I never had a literary longing of so much impatience as to see your play. If it has the touching sweetness, and pathos, and interest, of that beloved and admired composition, 'Edwy and Edilda,' I shall love it, even if you have put it into the strictest fetters of the anti-Shakspearian unities, as to time and place. I must at last, then, not only have to thank you for the attention and affectionate care to which I am indebted for the power of making an experiment which has been of attested use to many, but also for the cost of the tractors. I am sure that is no trifle — well I am the more obliged. Pray accept my warm thanks; though the pains that Buxton springs could not abate refuse to yield to the mysterious influence of talismans.

I shall examine the newspapers with agitated anxiety to learn the reception your tragedy meets. I shall pay no regard, as to credence, to the absurd strictures they will probably contain on its subject.

I have just this moment received a letter from Mr. Jer-ningham, to say that my letter would have caused his attendance on your play, if Lady Harcourt had not previously

engaged him in her party and box at Drury Lane the night on which it is first performed. I am much out of health; the vernal season has long been unpropitious to me; and yet, God knows, there is little mark of its approach, except in the increasing pressure of my maladies.

Your ever obliged,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, HAMPTON.

June 7, 1799.

MY heart's congratulations, dear friend, on the success of your tragedy have long preceded those of my pen, over the reluctant silence of which I have murmured in vain. I minded not the newspaper criticisms; they, like those of the reviews, are generally a compound of ignorance, arrogance, and literary jealousy. Several of my friends and acquaintance who have seen it speak of it to me with much pleasure. I die to peruse; and hope, ere long, it will be given to the world. I trust it is in blank verse, not prose; for I do not think I could like a tragedy in prose. I am afraid, from the quotations in the newspapers, Sheridan's is of that degenerate class.

[The remainder of this letter is amongst Miss Seward's published correspondence.]

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, OLDHAM, HANTS.

Lichfield, July 8, 1799.

I THANK you, dear friend, for your interesting play and accompanying letter. They reached me not till last Thursday, though the date on your epistle is May 25. If you did not mean to write June, your bookseller delayed the commission.

Your play seems to me the shortest I ever read. It takes

strong hold on the feelings; and I perceive that the nominal preservation of the time and place unities impedes no interest of the story. But seldom is it that the plot of a play, its spirit and characteristic determination, are not tamed into flatness by their ever-necessary observance. Yet even your play, with that of many other authors who seem to think they preserve them, violates unity as to time, taking in many more hours than the period of representation; and Johnson well observes that, exceed it one day or night, an elapse must be supposed, and it is easy to imagine the elapse of one or more years as of a day or night. You will think I dwell much on this point; but, accustomed to reflect with regret on the lamentable decline of excellence in dramatic composition, at a period when every other species of poetry glows with undiminished fire, the result of my investigation on the subject is a conviction that the resuming those trammels which Shakespeare, Otway, Rowe, and Young renounced, is the chief source of the degeneracy. Vestris could not bound if his legs were tied together; and let it be remembered that when Aristotle pronounced the unities necessary to the perfection of the tragedies from which he drew his rules, the performance of them in masques and stilts was held necessary.

If Aristotle had read Shakespeare's plays, he would have condemned the unities as miserable incumbrances, because he would have perceived that an infinite portion of Shakespeare's superiority resulted from placing his characters in different situations, in different places, and under the influence of various circumstances. You have managed the two last acts, which involve the eventful night, very finely. Even with but tolerably good acting, they would excite very animated attention; and with the advantage of Siddonian powers they must be seen and listened to with breathless expectation, and with every interest of the heart awakened.

I must still regret the effect upon the general style produced by the avowed, but to me utterly unaccountable, restraint you put upon your imagination, and that glowing elegance of language which is natural to you. I cannot like the phrases of common life conversation put into blank verse — and as to an unmetred tragedy, it is my aversion. Measure and elevation of style are to me indispensable to the perfection of tragedy. I like the language with which your play opens very much. It is quite sufficiently refined for the rank of the speakers.

What was the scene you mentioned as having been advised to alter or omit, and which, retained, gained so much applause? I do not perceive any situation in which there was the least hazard of revolting the feelings of the audience. I repeat, that the stage effect in the two last acts must be supremely fine. I wish you would write more plays, renouncing the odd fancy of writing beneath yourself, as to language. I have written freely and at large to you on the subject, because I think indiscriminate praise or blame is not all that friendship has a right to expect.

My poor bookseller is recently dead — at least, as the newspapers announce. From him I met that solicitous attention to the interests of my works, the most dishonourable reverse of which I found in Jackson of this town, in Robinson of London, and in Cadell. Inevitable disadvantage to my last work must result from this decease. After all the care I took in correcting its proof sheets myself, a strange circumstance produced the total omission of a very material word in the 'Ode to Liguria.' It is *feed* in the following line:— 'And shall no more thy heart's proud triumph *feed*. The letters that composed the word *feed* must have sunk in the press after the proof was struck off. Will you have the goodness to insert it with a pen in your copy?

I have passed a fortnight, since I wrote to you last, at Mr.

Sneyd's, of Belmont. He sent his coach and four to convey Mrs. Smith and her daughter Honora, Mr. Saville, myself and maid, and a young warbler of our choir, to his fine seat. It has grand and various scenery, of mountains, rocks, and vales, that vie with the most romantic boast of Derbyshire. Music, books, and loitering in those noble woods and climbing their Alpine heights, divided the day and evening very pleasantly. The house was full of other company besides our party. While I was there, cousin White read a critique upon my sonnets in the 'New Analytic Review' for May, which pleased him so much that he took the kind pains to copy and send it to me, that I might not wait for a sight of it in the 'Review' itself. It is, indeed, very unlike the style of review criticism, in which ignorance and arrogance generally unite when poetry is the theme. Whether it has spoken partially or not, is not for me to decide; but I am sure the author, whoever he may be, is master of the poetic constituents, and writes in a luminous and impressive style. Perhaps some lettered friend of mine has written, and sent it to that work — perhaps yourself. If it is so, I hope I shall be informed to whose generous zeal I am indebted for so high an obligation. I am going to seek health on the coast on the 21st of this month. My direction, 'At Brotherton's Hotel, High Lake, near Neston, Cheshire.' I purpose staying five weeks. Miss Lister goes with me; and my friend Mrs. Price will meet me there. O that you and Mrs. Whalley would join our party! I shall return through Wales, to visit, for a few days, the Rosalind and Celia of Llangollen. Giovanni unites with me in most affectionate regards to Mrs. Whalley and yourself. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

I wish to know your opinion of Mrs. Ratcliffe's two tragedies, and if it is congenial to mine.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Plymouth Dock, Wednesday.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—An instance of your kindness to me, long past, but utterly unknown till now, has compelled me to steal a few moments from other affairs, to thank you more for the remembrance of one who never will forget your goodness to her, than for the present you intended her, valuable as I am told it was. The other day, a Miss Partridge called on me; I did not see her, but afterwards received a very handsome letter from her, to enquire if a muff and trimming, which Mr. Whalley had sent by her from Leghorn, and which she had left to the care of some respectable person in London to deliver to me, had ever been received. You may imagine my surprise, my disappointment, and, most of all, mortification at the idea you must have received of my ingratitude; yet this last was surely a groundless fear; for could my dear Mr. Whalley ever for a moment think that my pride, any less than my affections, would be gratified by the least of his attentions? No, no! The present is lost, I fear, for ever; but the remembrance of it will ever remain in my heart.

Pray present my almost adoring veneration to your beloved mother. I shall never forget her last sacred benediction on me and mine.

Give my kindest love and thanks to dear Mrs. Whalley (in all this we all unite), and believe me, my beloved friend,
Your grateful and affectionate

S. SIDDONS.

What dreadful weather! I have scarcely been well one day since I left the sweet cottage. Remember me very very kindly to Mrs. Pennington. Next Sunday we leave this place for London. Not a word yet from Mr. Sheridan. Your little pet is quite well, and talks often of her grandfather.

MRS. HORNECK * TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

St. James's Square, Bath, September 19, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I received the favour of your letter, I was just meditating writing to you, to tell you how sorry I was that an accident (which I may feel sometime longer) prevented any hopes at this time of my having the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. Whalley and you; but we will hope it is only postponed, and in the spring, I shall be happy to find dear Mrs. Whalley perfectly restored by sea air. I am, indeed, very much concerned to hear the bad effects of the hot summer upon her, but trust she will find great benefit from Weymouth; though I don't think any of us invalids will be quite well till we get on the Continent, which is not quite so practicable while those French monsters are skirmishing about Flanders.

I am in a constant agitation on the subject of politics, as truly this is the most interesting crisis ever known. I wish our dear brave Duke of York would divide the ardour of his valour with Lord Howe, and then he would not admire the snug situation of Torbay so much. By this time you have had the confirmation of the good news from Toulon, and I am sure admire the wisdom and good conduct of Lord Hood.

At present everything seems to go on favourably, and we are recovering our panic of being routed at Dunkirk. A private letter says we have recovered our 32 pieces of cannon, and that our enemy had not had either time or sense to spike them. I am very much obliged by the kind interest you are so good as to take in my anxiety on my dear husband's account. I had a very comfortable letter last week by the fleet, which was a great relief to me, as there are now two packets due from Jamaica.

I propose going to the Hot Wells for three or four months

* This was the lady he afterwards married. See Vol. I. p. 33.

the beginning of October, as I think that a quiet and healthful place. I have the pleasure of just seeing in the Gazette that my husband has got his rank of full Colonel, which will be particularly advantageous to him in his present situation. Mrs. Gould is just returned from a country excursion. She begs to join me in compliments to Mrs. Whalley and Mrs. Mullins; and you will always believe me,

My dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

F. HORNECK.

Our good humoured fat friend Miss Hotham has got a great acquisition of two beautiful houses (one the far-famed Marble Hall, on the banks of the Thames), by the death of her uncle, Lord Buckingham.

[Mr. Hiley Addington was at this time renting Langford Court of Mr. Whalley, who, preferring the higher situation of Mendip Lodge, eventually sold the former place to that gentleman. He was connected with the Government of the country before his brother was made Premier, and continued in office after his retirement. Canning's satirical lines on him, when he was Paymaster to the Forces, during his brother's administration, are quoted by Lord Stanhope in his 'Life of Pitt.' We give one verse:—

When the faltering periods lag,
Or the House receives them drily,
Cheer, oh, cheer him, brother Bragge,
Cheer, oh, cheer him, brother Hiley!

It has been the fashion to apply the term weakness to Mr. Addington's administrations, and, compared with the decision and energy displayed by Pitt, both before and after, such a qualification is obviously just; but to have been thought worthy to direct the councils of the nation at such a critical

period of our history, and among such athletes in debate as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c., confers of itself no small honour.

His first acceptance of office was eminently useful, as extricating the nation from a dilemma, when Pitt, upon the King's refusing to entertain the Roman Catholic Emancipation question, resigned the premiership, which he had held for seventeen years. Addington stepped in at the earnest wish of Pitt. His words to the former were—'I see nothing but ruin, Addington, if you hesitate.' *]

J. H. ADDINGTON, ESQ., TO DR. WHALLEY.

Ipswich Barracks, October 25, 1799.

DEAR SIR,—I have this morning been favoured with your letter. I enclose a draft for 75*l.*, which you will be so good merely to acknowledge the safe arrival of. Mrs. H. Addington has repeatedly desired me to ask your consent to taking down two or three more of those elm trees in the rookery, which are nearest the house, this winter. We feel strongly the want of an increased circulation of air at Langford Court, and of more western sun, even in the height of summer, being almost surrounded by high timber trees in every direction.

I am always happy to know your opinions on public affairs, which have never failed to coincide with my own. To all the observations contained in your letter of this morning I cordially assent, with the exception only of those which apply to the expedition to Holland.† I am confident that I could

* Stanhope's Life of Pitt.

† Disastrous as the events of the expedition to Holland in the autumn of 1799 were regarded at the time, one important advantage was gained, the value of which was not known till some years later. The Dutch fleet, consisting of eight ships of the line, and six frigates, surrendered to the English; 'a circumstance,' as Alison remarks, 'of no small moment in after times, when England had to contend single-handed with the combined maritime forces of all Europe.' (Ch. xxviii.) The immediate effect of the expedition was very disheartening. The

prove to you that the disposition of the inhabitants not only must have been, but actually was, highly favourable to it; and that nothing but incessant hurricanes after the armament sailed, and incessant deluges ever since the troops landed, would have prevented us from being in possession of Amsterdam six months ago. You are too wise a man to form your judgment from events; but there are too many who do. The reverses in Switzerland are still reparable, if Government will cease to be treacherous, and generals to be jealous.

Pray give my best compliments to Mrs. Whalley, and believe me to be always, dear sir,

Your faithful friend and servant,

J. H. ADDINGTON.

MR SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Plymouth.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think I gave you a promise that I would write to you before I left this part of the world, which I thought would be as to-morrow; but the people have persuaded Mrs. Siddons to give them another week of her performance—so to-morrow se'nnight we set off, not for Brighton, but London, for the season will be too far gone to think of the first place, to the grief only of poor Maria,—for Sally would rather go home than not; so Maria must submit, for she is in a minority. Had Mrs. Siddons been well (but

greatest armament which had hitherto sailed from our shores during the war, returned without effecting its object, having sacrificed the lives of many excellent officers and brave men, and shattered the constitution of the survivors from the insalubrity of its destination. Neither the boisterous weather which delayed the landing fourteen days, nor the subsequent rains, will account for the failure. The Dutch did not, as was supposed, welcome the English as deliverers; the co-operation of the Russians was tardy, and not successful when it arrived; and thus British valour was thrown away, and all that it could obtain was permission for the troops, after restoring 8,000 prisoners, to quit, unmolested, the shores which had been invaded with high hopes only two months before.

alas! she is far from it), all would have been pleasant enough, for there has been quite an original mania as to the theatres. We have made some very pleasant visits, too; to the Government-house, Lord George and Lady Lennox's, and met so many generals, colonels, and admirals, that Maria thought, had the French arrived, she must have been safe amongst them; but a far pleasanter party to her was to a most beautiful seat of a very handsome young Lord (Borrington) of four-and-twenty: his place is called Saltram, and a very fine house it is, with a very choice and expensive collection of pictures, chiefly bought by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the old lord employing him to go to any price, provided a bad picture did not come into the house. We dined there with a large party on Thursday last.

But let me tell you what I am sure will interest you more than these details of our visits. On Wednesday, I had the pleasure of having your relation, Captain Davy, to dine with us. He told me that he thought he might soon be ordered on board Lord Bridport's fleet. The next morning I saw him in his barracks, when lo! the order was come, and yesterday he set off with his party for Torbay, to take his fortune on board the 'Royal George.' He is a very pleasing good-natured young soldier. His sisters, I find, are with you; and he desired me, understanding I was going to write to you, to give his love to all at Langford Cottage. Never, sure, was anything so bad as the weather has been here for these ten days past. I fear it has been too general, and that the poor will feel it.

All here send their love, down to little god-daughter, who is prattling now so loud I can hardly write. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Whalley and your mother, and believe me,

Truly yours, &c.,

W. SIDDONS.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, SOUTHAMPTON.

December 8, 1799.

O THAT your prognostic of a general peace, which shall be advantageous for this too sanguinary country, may be fulfilled! but alas! how contrary a spirit do all the ministerial newspapers breathe! As if alarmed by the Gallic Oliver's pacific avowals, they labour to incense him afresh again, by every taunting insult over his nation; and, for himself, by every term of opprobrium—and, of all others, *usurper*. To deserve that name, the lawfulness and utility of the former dissolved government must be presupposed. The veering unsettled state of unhappy France, and the striking resemblance of character and conduct in Buonaparte to Cromwell, would strongly augur the return of monarchical government there, but for this stupid blood-lavish war; whose continuance is sure to frustrate, like all other hot-headed violence, the very end at which it aims. Every experienced officer pronounced the impossibility of success to the Holland expedition before it commenced; but our ministers listen to none but those who flatter their Quixotism. Within this hour, a gentleman of this neighbourhood, who was, till the Holland business, the most violent possible Pittite, declared that if he was a senator, he would now go over to the Opposition, convinced that Pitt and his coadjutors, who were so ignorant, rash, and unfeeling to their country, to plan and cause to be executed such a scheme, on the verge of winter, are not fit to preside at the national helm.

Alas! there were preceding circumstances in plenty that ought to have opened every one's eyes; witness Dunkirk, and Quiberon, and the crusades in Germany: all trumpet-tongued concerning deficient ability and information at the helm. Oratory and financiering, and directing the difficult plans of a complicated and dangerous war, are very different things. Even the wild enthusiastic political

incendiary, Burke, tells us the war has been wretchedly ill conducted. Why then lean we on such broken spears? And yet,—with a contradiction worthy his insanity,—he applauds the sources of those errors, the head and heart of our despotic minister.

Lister has conversed often with Mrs. Pennington lately, and admires her graceful eloquence. He often enquires after you. He is become a rich man by the death of his grandfather. Shortly he commences Benedict, captivated by a Miss Harriet Seal, of Yorkshire. Nobody here knows her, but she is a sweet little creature, if his description may be trusted. If they increase and multiply it will be a fairy race. They are to live in town, and he means to study the civil law.

Adieu! May this paper be opened by steady hands, and perused by an eye relumined by returning health. Giovanni unites with me in every affectionate and solicitous wish for the welfare of Mrs. Whalley and yourself.

Faithfully yours,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, SOUTHAMPTON.

Lichfield, January 2, 1800—a solemn change of figures!

WELL, my dear friend, I will only say, that if there is any thing more rational in the pleas you make for the sanguinary stimulations of this country (which first lighted, and has since fed, the flames of this war, bloody and miserable in its effects beyond those of any period during many centuries), than the crusading jargon, upon whose fallacy reason and history have pronounced; if the war was necessary to preserve our religion, our freedom, our very existence as an independent nation, that war ought not to cease so long as France remains a republic; and with that ideal necessity of licensed murder, is involved a tacit confession of the superiority of a republic to a kingly form of government, if extent of territory and

power makes a nation great. None can doubt that it was equally the wish of France under all her monarchs to subjugate England. Since the Norman conquest such attempts have been vain ; but if we had not interfered, at this horrid price, with her change of a government which we had abused and derided for its despotism and exacting slavery, you say our power to repel her arts and her arms had been lost. How does that supposition degrade England ! how aggrandise that veering, wretched republic, which nothing but the absurd attempts of foreign powers to coerce, could have saved from becoming the victim of its own intestine struggles ! My paper, the *Evening Mail*, asserts that the next campaign must be decisive against France, since it is resolved that her frontiers are to be again assailed by the combined powers. Those who hold the reins of that government in their hands wish nothing better for the maintenance of their power, and will laugh at the devoted legions, thus danced like puppets upon their wires, thus perishing like flies in their envenomed webs.

You say our exertions have saved Europe. It appears to me, as it appears to all the disinterested people of my acquaintance, except yourself, who think on the subject, that our sanguinary stimulations created all our dangers, and have lost that balance of power, the restoration of which is at this moment so doubtful. I am, however, as willing as yourself to put this dread argument to sleep, hard as I find it to suppress my indignation at the sinful, the Providence-doubting rashness, which incurred the certain descent of such a mass of human misery, in the coward dread of imaginary evils, grounded on the apprehended irresistibility of the French republic, left to itself.

Adieu ! dear friend. Say kindest things for me to dear Mrs. Whalley, and believe me, ever affectionately yours,

A. SEWARD.

DEAN LAYARD TO DR. WHALLEY, SOUTHAMPTON.

Castle Street, January 7, 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though you have always very much overvalued my professional pretensions, and your kind congratulations are marked with this partiality, I receive them, as I ought to do, in the light of testimonies of your uniform friendship. My preferment at Bristol reminds me of the many obligations conferred on me when I was first preferred in Somersetshire; and I look forward with hope to acknowledge at the Deanery, many kindnesses experienced by the vicar of Chewstoke and Worle. Mrs. Layard and my daughters consider the kind invitation of yourself and Mrs. Whalley as a great addition to the satisfaction they derive from my preferment, and look forward with great expectation to the time when they shall be able to avail themselves of your kindness.

I owe my elevation to a very gracious acceptance of the recommendation of several persons, who owe no obligations to me, who have made me few promises or professions, but have done me essential services.

On Friday I dined with our most venerable friend the Bishop of Gloucester, at Mr. George Villiers'. He is, thank God, perfectly well, and was kind enough to regret that Gloucester, which was designed for me, did not ultimately fall to my lot; but I recollect that if I had not been disappointed of a Prebend of Canterbury, I never should have known my most amiable wife, whom Providence kindly gave me to restore me to a taste for life. And indeed I have already heard some things of Bristol which encourage me to hope that everything has fallen out for the best.

Our kindest regards attend Mrs. Whalley and also Mr. and Mrs. Beadon, if you see them before you leave Southampton.

Believe me to be, my dear sir, your affectionate and obliged friend,

C. P. LAYARD.

J. HILEY ADDINGTON, ESQ., TO DR. WHALLEY,
SOUTHAMPTON.

Langford Court, January 12, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—We were truly concerned to hear from Mr. Wylde to-day that you had been seriously, indeed dangerously, ill. It was, however, at the same time, a satisfaction to hear that your feverish symptoms had much abated, and that, though you were very much reduced, you seemed to consider yourself in a convalescent state. Heartily do we hope that the pure air of your cottage, which you purpose so soon to breathe, may speedily and completely restore you.

As I do not imagine that any important question will come on immediately after Parliament meets again, I am not without hopes, before I set out for London, of having the pleasure of talking over with you the wonderful events that have taken place at Paris since I last heard from you.* It gratifies me much to find that you so entirely approve of the answer given to Buonaparte,† and that our sentiments so completely coincide respecting him and his

* The new form of Government, with Buonaparte as first Consul, Cambacérés as second, and Le Brun third. Decreed December 13, 1799.

† Buonaparte, on assuming the direction of French affairs, as First Consul, addressed letters to George III. and the Emperor of Austria in the first person, without the usual forms of diplomatic etiquette. The letters were dated Dec. 26, 1799. They deprecated the continuance of the war, and professed a desire for a general peace. The letter to George III. was answered by Lord Granville, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the 2nd of Jan. 1800, by a somewhat lengthy document, which set forth generally the reasons for which England had gone to war, expressing the determination of the Government to continue hostilities until they should receive from France a surer guarantee than fair speeches for her pacific intentions. An allusion to the recall of the Bourbons does not appear well timed, and afforded the astute Talleyrand an opportunity, in his reply, to remind Lord Granville that the title by which his Sovereign sat on his throne was the right of nations, and that a revolution in England had deposed the family who had occupied it as a birthright. The reply to the First Consul's letter was strongly condemned in the House of Commons by Fox and Erskine, and defended by Pitt, who concluded one of his most powerful speeches with these words:—'Cur igitur pacem nolo?—quia infida est, quia periculosa, quia esse non potest!'

letter. Indeed, it has been fully my intention to have written to you on this subject, as it was, when at Ipswich, to have thanked you for your last letter, notwithstanding your kind permission to be silent; but incessant bustle and hurry, from my tiresome military occupation, have prevented both the one and the other. I beg you to be assured, my dear sir, that there is nothing on which I set a higher value than the unreserved communications of a reflecting, well-informed, and independent mind, on the great events which are passing in the world at this momentous crisis. It has been my good fortune cordially to agree with you, as I hope it will continue to be on every point of real importance.

Mrs. H. Addington desires to join in best compliments, sending good wishes to Mrs. Whalley and to yourself with,

Dear sir,

Your very faithful and most obedient servant,

J. HILEY ADDINGTON.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,—It is not in words to express my sense of your goodness to me. I was sitting down to address a few hasty lines to you, the instant I read your last invaluable letter. You have no conception of the good it does me to hear from you, or how grateful I am for your kind solicitude. Believe me, my dear sir, it is not want of inclination, but opportunity, that prevents my more frequent acknowledgments; but need I tell you this? No; you generously judge of my heart by your own. I fear I must have appeared very insensible, and, therefore, unworthy the honour Miss Seward has done me; but the perpetual round of business in which I am engaged is incredible. Shall I trespass on your goodness to say that I feel as I ought on that occasion? I believe I told you that the Queen had gra-

ciously put my son down on her list for the Charter House; and she has done me the honour to stamp my reputation by her honoured approbation. They have seen me in all my characters but 'Isabella,' which they had commanded for Monday next; but having seen me in 'Jane Shore' last night, and judging very humanely that too quick repetitions of such exertions may injure my health, the King himself most graciously sent to the managers, and said he must deny himself the pleasure of seeing 'Isabella' till Tuesday. This is the second time he has distinguished me in this manner. You see a vast deal of me in the papers, of my appointment at court, and the like. All groundless: but I have the pleasure to inform you that my success has exceeded even my hopes. My sister is engaged, and is successful; God be praised for all his mercies! You will think me an egotist, I fear. I shall certainly be at Bath in the Passion Week, if I am alive; I count the hours till then. I pray most fervently for the success of our friend's comedy; it does not come out till Wednesday. I never wished more for a splendid fortune than I do on his account. Remember me very kindly to all my friends, and tell my dear Mrs. Whalley she is in 'my heart's core, yea, in my heart of hearts.'

I am ever

Your grateful and affectionate

S. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY.

Leicester Square, January 24th.

THE pleasure and honour you confer by requesting *that* picture is greatly damped by hearing Mr. Siddons say he shall part with it very reluctantly, even to you, whom, next to himself, he would wish to be in possession of it. Would not a very good miniature do as well? If not, it is yours.

Your account of Mr. Inman and his noble son has several times filled my eyes with tears. God grant you success on his behalf.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Buxton, June 15, 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Oh, no! no! It was indeed not the answer which Lady E. Butler and her friend ought to have sent. I am sorry, I am ashamed for them, in a much greater degree than I am surprised. I am sure, however, that neither Miss Ponsonby's will nor heart were in that message; but Lady E., who, when pleased, is one of the most gracious of God's creatures, under a contrary impression is extremely haughty and imperious. Her sweet, amiable friend, who, when she has time, can bend and soften that impetuous temper, knows she cannot, and therefore does not attempt to, assuage its *extempore* sallies.

On occasions, in some degree similar, I have seen Miss Ponsonby sigh, shrug her shoulders and acquiesce. On those occasions Lady E. always involves her by the words *we* and *us*. Accustomed to incessant homage and compliance, a broken promise, and not even apologised for, would, I know, be a sin in the eyes of both, which scarcely any acknowledged repentance could atone. That sin was your brother's; but I think Miss Ponsonby would not have sought to avenge it by unjust rudeness to you. They were, you know, unconscious of the family misfortunes and mental gloom which had produced his breach of promise, and apparent cold neglect of them. Lady Eleanor repents, as she often does on other occasions, her rude injustice to you, and unites with Miss Ponsonby in unavailing wishes for an opportunity of repairing it. Could they obtain that opportunity, I know their reparation would be as ample as it might be in their power to make it; and I

am sure, should you ever again travel through their vale, and receive an invitation from them, which I am sure they would send you, you are the man of all others to say, 'Repentance, which is enough for Heaven, is enough for me.' Adieu!

A. S.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, July 29, 1800.

THAT cause is indeed lost, which you term glorious, and which, considering it as a most unjust attempt to coerce France respecting the form of her government, I have long ceased to believe would meet the favour of Heaven. Repeated have been the opportunities it has mercifully extended to the rulers of this land to retreat with safety from their cruel, unavailing, desperate, and unchristian plans of spreading blood, anguish, and desolation over the wretched Continent.

The last opportunity was the most signal. Truth pleaded in vain to our deaf, hard-hearted senate, to meet the offered reconciliation, when it was probable that all which the doubtful sword could, if successful to us, have obtained, might have been ours by treaty; ours and our allies. Our proud, our bloody rejection meets its but too much deserved punishment; and in the mean time thousands and tens of thousands have bled in consequence of our criminal inflexibility. Buonaparte has restored that subordination to France, the absence of which was one of the pleas for continuing this vile war. No signs, however, have yet appeared of the despotism of which you accuse him. Hitherto it has been his business to temper the severities of the republic; and, in the contemplation of his lenity, internal conflict has sheathed the sword. His country panted for peace; in that how much wiser than England! and the folly of his foes gave stability to his power, gave him the confidence of his nation, by proving to it that it was not its leader's fault that

the conflict was not closed. He could then tell France, with truth indisputable, that they must fight their assailants for their independence, their existence as a people, potent to choose their own form of government. The ardour with which they have maintained the inevitable conflict, has met the success that might be expected, and they are again masters of the Continent.

It has been justly observed that experience is a mistress, against which none can offend with impunity. Our senate have again and again, in countless repetition, disdained her admonitions, her warnings written in blood. Nor yet will it read, nor yet will it listen; but, ruthless of every principle of humanity, of every real danger to this Constitution, which must result from the further depredation upon the comforts of the people, they are going on bribing our defeated allies with your lavish millions to continue the struggle, to the imminent danger of their annihilation. Our bribes will be taken, and when obtained, separate peace will be made; but there will be no olive for us. The madmen who rule us would reject it if again offered. Nothing can give it us but a change of men and measures in the Cabinet, and when a period comes, which I think I shall not live to see, in which we shall be forced into peace on terms far more disadvantageous than might have been obtained at several junctures of this absurd war; when, then, it shall appear through ensuing years that neither our shores are invaded, our monarchy destroyed, nor our altars overturned, how will their safety reproach us for the lives and the national treasure which have been squandered upon the unworthy distrust, the ridiculous chimera, which held out their preservation as an excuse for keeping unchained 'that homicidal maniac, war,' as Mr. Hayley finely terms it, in his recent poetical work on Sculpture!

As to the invincible general and great statesman, Buona-

parte, were he to fall the victim of his country's caprice, or in battle, or by disease, would our senate be any better satisfied with his successor, or successors, of the Republic, whoever they might be? Certainly not. 'How stupid, therefore, are their ravings against his usurpation, as they ridiculously term it! Usurpation of the place of whom? Verily of Lepeaux, Rewbell, and Barras; over whom vilification had exhausted all her epithets in our senate, till not one unworn term of reproach was left for Buonaparte.

You prophesy that he will tyrannise (too probably he may), though yet he has not abused his power; but the temptations to abuse power are many, into whosoever's hands it falls. If he should abstain, it will probably be more owing to his wisdom than to his virtue. Adieu!

A. S.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO MISS E. WICKHAM,* FROME.

Cowslip Green, September 19 [probably A.D. 1800].

DEAR MADAM,—It would give me real pleasure if I had it in my power to suggest any hints that might be useful in such an institution as you describe, more especially one in which you yourself propose to take an active part; for I do no more than justice to my feelings in saying, that the very little I had the pleasure of seeing of you made me regret that I could not see more.

Any poor lights I have on the subject in question would be so much better communicated in conversation than writing, that I feel at a loss how to make my letter at all useful to you. I wish we had discussed these points when you were at the Cottage. Should I be alive next year, I shall invite you to take what we call the 'Cheddar Round,' as I think you would be better able to see what was right

* Niece of Dr. Whalley.

or wrong in our plans by personal inspection than by any written documents.

My grand principle is, to infuse into the minds of the young people as much Scriptural knowledge as possible. Setting them to get by heart such portions of the Bible as shall take in the general scheme of doctrine and practice, then bringing that knowledge out by easy, simple, and intelligible conversation, and then grafting it into their minds as a principle of action, and making all they learn practical and of personal application, seems the best method. I am extremely limited in my ideas of instructing the poor. I would confine it entirely to the Bible, Liturgy, and Catechism, which, indeed, include the whole of my notion of instruction. To teach them to read, without giving them principles, seems dangerous; and I do not teach them to write, even in my weekly schools. Almost all I do is done by conversation, by a simple exposition of texts, which I endeavour to make as lively and interesting as I can; often illustrating what is difficult by instances drawn from common life.

To those who attend four Sundays without intermission, I give a penny, provided they are at school by prayer-time; this promotes regularity of attendance more than anything. Tarts and gingerbread occasionally are a pleasant reward. Clothing I cannot afford to such multitudes as my different schools consist of, but at Whitsuntide I give them all some one article of dress. If there is a large family of boys, for instance, I give to one a jacket, to another a shirt, to a third shoes, to a fourth a hat, according to their respective wants; to the girls, a white calico apron, and muslin cap, if grown up; to the little ones, a calico cap and tippet, of which I will send you one for a pattern if you wish it.

Were Frome nearer, and my health better, or my leisure greater, I would offer my services, such as they are, at your setting out; though I am convinced that your own zeal and

ability will render it unnecessary, especially under the sanction of a clergyman who is hearty in the cause. It is difficult to get a sensible active teacher, pleasant in manner, and pious without enthusiasm.

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. S. Whalley on Saturday, who is pretty well; and about ten days ago I had the great gratification of a long visit from Mr. Richard Whalley, who interested me exceedingly.

I am, dear madam,

Your obliged and obedient

H. MORE.

THE BLAGDON CONTROVERSY.

THE following letters relating to the Blagdon Controversy, alluded to in the Memoir, are placed together. Many of them were without date, but this may be guessed at from the allusions contained in them. The dates of the chief facts connected with the dispute are as follows:—

Meetings of Clergy and others at Blagdon, Nov. 1800;
School closed, 16th Nov., 1800; School reopened, 25th Jan., 1801, after the Curate had been dismissed (Jan. 17th);
Curate reinstated, Sept. 1801. Immediately after this event, Mrs. H. More finally closed the School.

The following is the list of the persons chiefly concerned in the controversy:—

- aRev. Thomas Bere, Curate of Blagdon.
- Mrs. Hannah More, promoter of the School.
- Dr. Crossman, Rector of Blagdon and West Monckton.
- Mr. Young, the Schoolmaster of Blagdon.
- Dr. Moss, Bishop of Bath and Wells (died 1802).
- Dr. Charles Moss, his son, Chancellor of Wells (became Bishop of Oxford in 1807, and died 1811).
- Mrs. Parsons, wife of a yeoman of Blagdon, farming his own estate.
- Dr. Maclain, the celebrated Divine, and translator of Mosheim.
- aRev. John Boak, Rector of Brockley.
- aRev. Thomas Drewitt, Curate of Cheddar.
- aRev. Sir Abraham Elton, Bart., Clevedon Court.
- The Rev. John Inman.
- Mr. Hiley Addington, brother to Lord Sidmouth, Dr. Whalley's at Langford Court.
- Mr. (Col.) Whalley, Winscombe Court.
- aRev. Thomas Whalley, Mendip Lodge.
- Rev. Richard Whalley, Vicar of Chelwood.
- aRev. William Eyre, Curate of Wedmore.

Rev. Mr. Bevan, Curate of Congresbury.

Rev. Mr. Jones, Rector of Shipham.

Dr. Randolph, Minister of a Chapel in Bath attended by Mrs. More when in that city.

aRev. William Shaw, Rector of Chelvey, friend of Mr. Bere, and joint author of his pamphlets, and writer of *Life of Hannah More*.

*Dr. Blomberg, Vicar of Banwell and Shepton Mallet.

*Rev. Mr. Leever, Rector of Wrington.

*Rev. Mr. Hawes, Vicar of Yatton.

*Rev. Mr. Barter, Rector of Timsbury.

*Rev. Mr. Wylde, Vicar of Burrington.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, Curate of Axbridge.

Rev. L. Hart, Vicar of Nailsea.

aJohn Burland, Esq.

aRev. Edward Crosse.

aEdward Spencer, Surgeon of Wells.

aMr. Wilberforce, author of '*Candid Observations on Mrs. More's Schools*.'

Thomas Simmons, Esq., Wrington.

James Simmons, Esq., Wrington.

MRS. HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

C. Green, Friday, November 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not yet thanked you for your very obliging letter to me, and your concise but very strong reply to the Chancellor. I despatched both to our friend at Clevedon, who expressed himself warmly on having so able a coadjutor. Bere is triumphant! It is said he has received a letter from Wells, thanking him for his zeal in defence of the Church, and ordering Young to be dismissed. I might have been spared this indignity. I do not, however, complain of the contempt shown to my representations, and the entire credit given to Bere's; but I do complain that the representations of my most honourable friends are treated with as little respect as my own. I ought in justice to say that there appear to be too many Clerks (the name of one of the oath-

* These five clergymen attended the meeting at the George Inn, Blagdon, convened by Mr. Bere, and presided over by Col. Whalley.

a Prefixed to a name signifies authorship in the Controversy.

takers), and we do not yet know whether the person in question is the insane one; but as the other is notorious as a drunkard and liar, it does not much alter the question. I hope Sir A. Elton and you, my dear sir, will have a meeting previous to the steps he is resolved to take. He spares Bere at present, out of tenderness, because he has the gout. In his sick bed, I hear, he vomits out every injurious charge against us. Mrs. Bere, it is said, has written to the Bishop, that my sister Patty, after reading a sermon, flourished it over the people's heads, crying out—'Here's a sermon! No Church of England clergyman could write like this!' I am ashamed to repeat such low trash. I am persuaded it is all a mask for his own democracy and heretical doctrines. If there is any integrity (and I hope there is much) in our neighbourhood, it will come forward, I should suppose, on this subject.

Should you pass this way any day (but on no account come on purpose), I should be happy to have a quarter of an hour's talk with you, previous to my finally giving up the school. I wish to do all in the most temperate manner, and to guard against resentment. I heartily hope you are better, and your amiable lady not worse.

Believe me ever, my dear sir,

Your faithful

H. MORE.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Cowslip, Saturday night, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—Relying on your warm friendship, I am going to disturb you the instant you return, to request the favour of seeing you Monday morning, by ten o'clock at the latest. This is very unreasonable, but such horrid reports are abroad, that some strong measures must be taken, and that immediately. The emissaries of Satan are spreading

strange things in London; even the Bishop writes in great agitation and alarm, as if dreadful things had reached his ears. We have sent for Sir A. Elton to meet you, it being of great importance it should be before the Langford meeting. My sister Hannah is again ill, we are alarmed about her. This affair, I fear, will destroy her.

In much haste, I remain,

Dear sir, your sincere

MARTHA MORE.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Cowslip, Tuesday, November 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—I really feel so deeply and so seriously my very great obligations to your generous and Christian friendship, that I really feel at a loss to give you anything like an adequate idea of the impression it has made on my heart. Fortunately, Sir A. Elton was here, and we read, and commented, and commended, and admired together. One or two slight matters in which was a trivial mistake I erased as neatly as I could. Sir A. was so much struck at the righteous boldness of your manner, that he has been watching the whole morning for a tolerable hour, to come and thank you for me and for himself, but having a sore throat, and the day not mending, he was unwillingly constrained to depart for Clevedon instead of the Cottage.

My poor sister Betty has been ill in bed above a week, but the others are copying away, and we hope at least to secure all the prominent parts and striking passages, though we shall not be able, for want of time, to transcribe all the brilliant and more ornamental passages. This letter, this volume rather, is indeed a labour of love. What infinite fatigue the mere mechanical part, the writing, must have been for your weak nerves, too, and feeble health! How even your rapid mind and hand could get through such a

quantity in such a very short space of time, with all your long letters intermediately to me and to Mr. Lewes, I cannot guess.

I have heard nothing of Mr. L—'s epistle to the Chancellor. If he has not communicated it to you, I shall still suspect its frigidity, and that he has not acted, that is, written up, to the convictions which you appeared to have wrought on his mind.

I own I felt for you (and I felt it with painful gratitude), for what your views of truth and justice led you to say of your elder brother.

After all, my dear sir, I hope your honest courage will not bring you into any disagreeable circumstances, if you should be called on for proofs. There is, however, not much ground for fear on that head. Their impenetrableness will not be roused, even by your suggestions to enquiry. It is less trouble not to seem to be convinced, though conviction stares one in the face.

I find Bere and his emissaries have conveyed their reports to my episcopal friends, chiefly to those most attached to me. One report says that I have been tried and found guilty of sedition, another that I have actually been taken up. These things the bishops themselves write me with the strongest expressions of affection to me, and of contempt and abhorrence of the author of these calumnies. The calumnies, however, are of too dreadful a nature to be borne, except from the full conviction that it is the will of God, who is pleased thus to exercise me for my purification. I have been so very poorly, having had little sleep last night, or, indeed, any night, that I have not been able to write before, and I could not trust to any pen but my own the assurance of the perfect esteem with which I am yours and dear Mrs. Whalley's

Ever-grateful,

H. MORE.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

[Supposed date, November 1800.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I really cannot express the comfort your support affords me, not merely on account of your generous zeal, but because you so fully understand and so accurately conceive where the stress of the business lies, and what kind of conduct is necessary to make zeal effectual.

Flattering and commending me will be of little use (and it is what I neither want nor deserve), if the Blagdon conclave do not give some insight into the real character of my enemy. Nothing short of unmasking him will open the judicially-blinded eyes of those with whom we have to do. From them, however, I do not expect this; but if you open this score, others, I think, will be more likely to follow.

I have not a word but of approbation and applause to say to the whole of your scheme. It is wise, manly, and Christian, and well digested.

I never thought, my dear sir, of you or your brother, much less of any other clergyman, signing this recantation of the *partie quarrée*; but, besides their statement to the Chancellor and your letter, I had an idea of a third plan, not to open the eyes of Moss—he could see well enough if he did not find blindness more convenient; but for the public, particularly such men as Daubeney, who having already attacked me, and being the intimate friend of Barter, I have little doubt they will get me into some reviews or papers.

My third thought, therefore, is this. As I believe all the clergy of the vicinage, with very few exceptions, are friendly to me, I was thinking that they should join in subscribing a paper, not to flatter me, but to say, as I had been so atrociously treated by a neighbouring curate, as to compel me to give up my school (though earnestly requested to continue it by the rector, even after this mock trial), they

were afraid that such conduct from those persons, to whom I ought to look for countenance and support, might drive me to relinquish my other schools; then saying, as far as truth would allow, if these schools had been of benefit to the morals, if they had helped to fill the churches—if it were found to be so,—then saying, they felt they ought to make it a common cause with one, who was so thoroughly attached both to the discipline and doctrine of the Church, and who had been so injuriously defamed, &c. &c. I should wish you to draw up this paper.

I have just sent to Leeves the most correct statement I could make of the nocturnal meeting. Three persons, of the best credit in Blagdon, have offered to swear that two of Bere's witnesses have repeatedly declared they were sent for. They offered to swear it, but oaths have been so dreadfully multiplied, that I discouraged it. With every grateful sentiment,

I am, yours faithfully,

H. M.

Another most kind letter from the Bishop of London, in which he tells me, though with deep abhorrence of the author, that sedition is the cry against me in London.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

After November 12, 1800—(Friday Night).

MY DEAR SIR, AND ALL OUR KIND FRIENDS, — You are alive, you are awake—broad awake, warm, lively, animated. You keep us all alive, too. Hannah is lying on the sofa, but roused by your warmth and friendship. Oh! that I could be present to see the oyster at Wington made broad awake, struggling to get out of his shell, and driven back again by its native frigidity. Did you hear us

laugh and scream at reading your more than incomparable letter? We are as much astonished at the rapidity of your genius as the warmth of it. Snail was here the whole morning, and went away as impenetrable as he came, though whetted by my sister all that time. We find by him that the four are terribly frightened for themselves only, not for religion or virtue, but that a report is gone forth, and now prevails all over Bristol, that these four valiant defenders of the faith appeared at this celebrated court of judicature, to put down Hannah More and her schools.

After all, when you have (if it can be) infused a little spirit into the clerical *partie quarrée*, perhaps it may not be amiss to let them do something. We must keep the copy of your letter to show and enjoy it with our anti-oyster baronet. Be it further known, that a report prevails in Bristol that the orthodox clergy should be led and directed by two Socinians. Above all things, have you seen Bere's letter of invitation to the four constellations, which appears to us strongly to implicate the Chancellor? Enclosed are the objections Hannah gave Leeves to the manifesto of the animated four. Am I intelligible? I write to save Hannah, and in a hurry, not to detain your servant.

All unite in most affectionate regards to you and Mrs. W., and believe me, ever your grateful,

P. M.

(Patty, or Martha More.)

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Cowslip Green, Tuesday, December 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot refuse myself the gratification of writing a hasty line to say how exceedingly our friend Sir Abraham Elton was delighted with your letter to Wells. I could repeat to any other rather than to yourself the warm

and high commendation with which he read it, and, lest Dyer should not be in time, he took so warm an interest in it as to despatch his own servant with it to the post this morning. I am grieved to have to tell you of the sinister practices of our enemies. They have actually taken the affidavit of a lunatic pauper, whom I have assisted with money for some years in her weak and miserable state. May it please God to forgive them and to turn their hearts!

Sir Abraham Elton, who has been breakfasting here, looks forward to the pleasure of meeting you on Thursday at Mr. Addington's.

Heartily wishing you improved health to enjoy your terrestrial paradise, I remain, with every kind regard to the ladies,

My dear sir,

Your ever-obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, AT THE COTTAGE.

December 1800.

DR. MOSS thinks well of me in his heart. I do not want myself to be praised, but Bere exposed. Suppose you were to say that, as Bere has coupled my name with that of sedition, I am advised to bring an action against him, but that both my temper and declining health prevent me. Should not his democratic speeches at Simmons' Club, two years ago, be glanced at? But you know best. I think Tom Simmons must come forward on the other heresy business. Pray keep a copy of your letter for an important purpose.

The poor people at Blagdon meet together to deprecate the cruelty which has robbed them of so many blessings, especially the clothing and school of industry; but they say

they dare not speak out, lest the Justice should send them to Shepton.

Yours ever,

H. M.

You will not omit the important distinction between 'preach' and 'teach,' or 'read' or 'instruct,' in Mrs. Parsons's letter.

THE REV. J. T. WYLDE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Thursday morn, end of year 1800.

DEAR SIR,—The weather prevented my attending you this morning, and I am now kept at home by two gentlemen who are arrived from Bristol. Messrs. Lewes, Blomberg, Hawes, and myself, had a long conversation on the subject of Mrs. Parsons's and Mr. Drewitt's letters. I think Mr. Drewitt goes a little too far when he accuses us of prejudice. I can answer for myself, and I think I can for the other gentlemen, that I entered the inn at Blagdon as free from prejudice as ever Mr. Drewitt was in his life, and that I will not yield to him or any man in the respect I owe to Mrs. H. More, and in the reverence I conceive for her exalted character. I have sent you an explanation of conduct signed by the four clergymen who were present at this unfortunate meeting, but who do not conceive themselves as having been members of a self-constituted court.

We hope and trust it will fully acquit us of any hostile intention, and assure our excellent and suffering friend that she has not in the circle of her acquaintance four names who regard and esteem her more than those subjoined to the annexed explanation.—With truest respect for you and Mrs. Whalley,

I remain, dear sir,

Your faithful servant,

J. T. WYLDE.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

December, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yet another word. I feel shocked and degraded to the last degree at a note just received from Mr. Leeves, in which he tells me his paper, which has received the signature of the four clergy, was to be offered to the other persons who attended at the ‘George’!!

Did you ever hear anything so horrible? I, to be white-washed in my reputation by John Inman and Warren! I have written a very strong note back to beg that no such step may be taken, for that I had rather bear all the load of infamy brought on me by Bere, than owe my exculpation to such persons. I have added, ‘that I incline to think the whole had better be let alone, as they have had the delicacy to let it get abroad, which will only afford a fresh triumph to this base man.’

My dear sir, if it only flatters me, without censuring Bere, I beg you will not let it go. I shall not consent to it. . . .

Yours, very faithfully,

H. MORE.

THOMAS SIMMONS, ESQ., TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bristol, December 18, 1800.

DEAR SIR,—In consequence of a conversation I had with Mrs. H. More to-day, in her way to Bath, she thinks it absolutely necessary that you should be in possession of a narrative Mr. Bere gave to Dr. Crossman, respecting the infamous Blagdon affair. If Dr. Crossman’s account of it to me, when I was at Taunton, be true (which I do not in the least doubt), Mr. Bere must have been guilty of the most palpable falsehoods, on that extraordinary day at Blagdon, that could possibly be uttered. The whole transaction is

certainly the most iniquitous I was ever a witness to. Mrs. Simmons joins me with best respects to Mrs. Whalley, and I am,

Dear sir,

Most truly and sincerely yours, &c.,

THOMAS SIMMONS.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, December 26 (alias Christmas Eve), 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—My poor sister Hannah being in bed with one of her bad headaches, has commissioned me (being unwilling to delay it a post) to thank you for your kind and interesting packet, received last night. I cannot express how much we were pleased with it. How fully you have accomplished all the objects! No point seems to have escaped your penetration; and you have given great perspicuity to the whole. But, if they will shut their eyes and harden their hearts, who can help it? We saw Descury yesterday. He showed us a letter he was going to send to Dr. Crossman, truly admirable and affecting. Pray get a sight of it; it might not be amiss if you asked for a copy; you might send it, with effect, to a few particular people, perhaps. By a repetition of that good fortune which has always attended the arrival of your interesting packets, Sir A. Elton called in here, on his way to Timsbury, and heard and enjoyed the whole. I really cannot say how much he was delighted with it, and we agreed that you have really wound up the business in a masterly manner.

We all write in kindest and most affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Whalley and yourself, and believe me,

My dear sir,

Your very sincere and obliged,

MARTHA MORE.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Wednesday morning, December 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you are my sheet anchor, you must expect to be well hauled. The clerical judges, I learn, are to dine to-day at James Simmons's. I own I tremble at trusting the composition into the well-meaning but tame hand to whose lot I fear it will fall; nor shall I consent to its being sent, unless you are allowed to infuse some of your spirit into it. Why I write now, is to suggest to you whether they should not be put in immediate possession of Mrs. Parson's affidavit, her letter, Patty's letter to Crossman, and Drewitt's letter, only you will be so good as to erase from Drewitt's the last paragraph beginning with, 'it is the glory of Young,' &c., as, though very true, it may give offence to those judges who could determine on such evidence.

Will it be too much to ask you to desire them to compare the consistency of those several papers, and whether the explanation which Mrs. Parsons made to Drewitt does not do away that most offensive word 'preach' in her affidavit, which I do not wonder gave so much disgust? Another explanation on my part is necessary, to do away the most malignant insinuation respecting me. I always say, when I open a school (Mr. Bere and Wylde must have heard me), that I will take no children under six years old, that the mothers shall not send their infants out of their way, and keep at home their big children, for that I do not keep a nursery, but a school. Do you see what a horrid implication is given to this?

Another thing to notice is, that Mr. Bere declared all his deponents were volunteers. Now, on the very face of it, it appears all these assertions had been wormed out of Mrs. Parsons gradually, and then she was surprised into an oath.

Observe also that, to a Socinian, every orthodox Christian must be an enthusiast. Mrs. Parsons would reckon you such. Mrs. Parsons declared to Patty her regret at having gone with Mrs. Bere to disturb the quiet of those few poor people, who met on a Monday evening for religious conversation; she declared she saw not the least harm in it, though she did not know it could do much good.

The horrid expression which the Chancellor adopts from Bere, of nocturnal meetings, must be done away. I wish, my dear sir, that you, and, if they are willing, the four clergymen, would see some of the best farmers of Blagdon. James Simmons tells me Farmer Young is a most respectable man; see him, pray, and his son; they attended these meetings, at least I know the father did, and both father and son can tell some things which they ought to hear before they write to the Chancellor.

Woollen, the shopkeeper, also has been told by Mary Clerk, one of the witnesses against Young, that she was sent for; so say several others; but Woollen is so poor, I should not like to expose him to Bere's revenge; I dare say he would own it to you. Indeed, their dread of him, as a justice, makes all, except such independent men as Farmer Young, afraid to speak out. I would on no account show the four clericals Dr. Moss's letter; but you will tell them that three times he declares himself entirely innocent of the meeting at Blagdon, and takes much pains to clear himself on this head. Now, I think Mr. Leeves said that Mr. Bere, in his letter of invitation to him, said it was at the Chancellor's desire. Be so good, also, as confirm the shocking reports that are got abroad respecting me, by the regret Dr. Moss expresses at them.

You will make such extracts from this letter as your wisdom shall direct. Of course, you will not show it to the conclave of the 'George,' not even to Mr. Leeves. My

confidence in you is unbounded; but, though some people mean well, they have not capacity enough to be trusted.

I hope you and Mr. R. Whalley will have the drawing up of the general paper of the clergy afterwards. Surely something of the belief, as to Bere's principles, should go to Dr. Moss; he believes it is only my fancy. Burn this when made use of.

Yours ever, most faithfully,

H. M.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Friday night, December 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have had a very obliging visit to-day from Mr. and Mrs. Blomberg. He is full of regret at what has passed. He did not know till yesterday but that Bere was the most immaculate of characters. Who opened his eyes, I know not; I fancy J. Simmons. He, and especially she, spoke with a good deal of resentment at the frigid and selfish prudence of our over-discreet parish priest, and expressed rather a manly disgust at the ambiguous letter of the Chancellor to him. He says his total previous ignorance of the subject (on which Mr. Leeves ought to have given him some lights) made a good part of Sir Abraham's speech not intelligible to him. I told him I did not wish him to take my state of the case, who was likely to be a partial judge in my own cause; but I took the liberty to refer him to you, my dear sir, both for Bere's character, and the history of this transaction. He seemed eager to go to you directly; but it was too near dinner-time; and I fear he will be getting away to his Bristol residence before he sees you; otherwise I am persuaded, as far as I can judge, from his present convictions, that you would easily induce him to write to the Chancellor, and I am persuaded that he

would do it in a more manly, unambiguous manner than our phlegmatic friend, who, I grieve to say it, without any ill intentions, from a mere love of ease and false peace, has in effect been an enemy, and even now is no more disposed to be explicit than at the first moment. Could the Chancellor get a strong honest letter from one of the four, it might cause the scales to drop from his eyes. Leeves' letters rather thicken them.

I thank God, my mind gains ground in point of resignation, and I am more and more convinced that He will bring some good out of this evil. If only my own heart be humbled and purified, will not that be great good? My over-exertion in talking to you and your excellent brother last night, has brought on a return of my complaint. With kindest respects to Mrs. Whalley, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours ever faithfully and obliged,

H. MORE.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, Friday, Dec. 27, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—It would be a gratification to me to enter at large into the subject of your very able letter, were my aching head capable of serious discussion. By one of those coincidences which have generally attended the arrival of your interesting packets, Sir A. Elton happened to be here when the postman brought this, and as the contents could do you nothing but honour, I put it into his hands, and we admired how deeply and seriously you had made this important part of biblical learning your study. One passage in your letter went to my heart, I mean your gratitude for the restored mind of our dear King. Alas! I fear it may please God, as a punishment for our sins, to visit him again with the dire calamity under which we once before groaned.

What a tenfold shade of blackness will this event add to the dark cloud which before impended over us! May the prayers of a nation be heard!

One is almost ashamed, under such a pressure of national troubles, to advert to one's own individual vexations; but such an able and ardent friend as you have proved yourself, ought to be kept informed of all the movements and evolutions of such an active enemy. I suppose you know how Mr. Parsons and Peg have been scouring the country to get testimonies to the purity of Peg and the piety of the curate. Also that a prosecution is to be commenced against Mr. Boak, at the approaching Taunton assizes, for defamation of said Peg, whom Mr. Parsons declares to be one of the finest characters in the country. Furthermore, the curate of Blagdon sets out for London next Monday, to apply to the Commons to know what power he has of resisting both Bishop and Rector, and staying where he is in spite of both. Dr. Crossman has never been able to get one word of answer to all the various notices with which he has served him. The Bishop's mandate he has treated as nothing. The method he uses to get signatures to his character is as follows. At first, he acted the part of softness and distress, and begged their names to save him from ruin, and from having his gown stripped off. When he had gained a good number by working on their compassion, he took higher ground, assured them he should stay, and then they subscribed through fear lest they should suffer for it in their tithes.

As to this beautiful publication, he is, I learn, base enough to intend to print all Dr. Crossman's letters, written in the closest confidence. It answers one good end, however, that of completely opening his eyes as to the character of the man he has fostered. I, of course, shall be the heroine of the work, that is, I and my rival Peg (whose testimony has been preferred to mine) shall be competitors for renown.

Guion and Bourignon, I reckon, will be sober, sedate gentlewomen compared with me. My dear sir, there is a tender subject which, from delicacy, I have forborne to touch on even to you ; but warmly as Mr. Addington* espouses Bere's cause, I am told, yet I never will believe that he will, as Bere's emissaries report, subscribe his name in a list to be published in a pamphlet intended to strike a deadly blow at my reputation. I have avoided, even to you, dwelling on the strange partiality he has ever discovered since this business has been agitated. He has never suffered one friend of mine even to name the subject to him, while he has suffered his mind to be warped by the falsehoods of his bailiff, and let me add to you (for this part of my letter is in all the confidence of entire friendship), by the whispers and insinuations of your vicar,† who has been my enemy ever since I obtained of the Lord Chancellor the little living of Brockley for Mr. Boak ; though, if he had not obtained it, Mr. W. would not. A guest of Mr. A.'s last summer sent me the intimation that frequent insinuations and hints were poured into their ears by their chaplain. And though, when I saw him after the renowned trial, he declared in his warm way that he would not have been present for a thousand pounds, yet I now hear of his trimming. A hundred Wyldeas, however, are of no consequence ; but when such men as Mr. A.‡ condescend to be influenced by them, it becomes a matter of regret. So very friendly as we have ever been ! and not the less so because I know of his decided dislike to the instruction of the poor ; because difference of opinion on certain points ought to make no difference as to the cordiality of friends. I have committed myself to you and Mrs. W. on a matter I should not name to anybody else. I am sorry you do not come sooner, but I hope it will not be later than you name.

* The Hon. Hiley Addington, brother to Lord Sidmouth.

† J. T. Wylde of Burrington.

‡ Addington.

I shall send some papers to Sir A., who tells me he shall see you on Monday at Langford, and I wish you to adjust together what measures are to be pursued. Mrs. Brickdale cannot survive the day. Dr. Crossman has just heard that Bere has engaged workmen for the Butcombe House.* The Dr. has sent him word he is not his curate after 25th March, but is to have a guinea a Sunday until Midsummer, if his house cannot be ready sooner. The Dr. is timid and unwilling to inflame him. Bere is resolved to make another attempt on the Bishop.

I hope you have had satisfaction in the visit of poor Mrs. S., and that Mrs. Whalley's composure has not been shaken by it. I am afraid it was that interesting object which shook your nerves.

Our neighbour, Lord Stafford, has got a more favourable account of the King to-day. He has done business with Lord Eldon, who makes a favourable report of his head. God be praised! but my hopes are moderate.

Should your respectable tenant† have taken up B. in the way he gives out (which I don't yet believe), should not some explanation be given to Dr. Moss, to whom it must seem strange till he knows that Mr. Addington has been prejudiced by his steward, who has become my enemy since I refused to take his bargain and let him build us a house because I did not like the situation? He took to B., I verily believe, on this.

Adieu! my dear sir; I had intended only a few lines. With every sentiment of kindness to Mrs. Whalley,

I remain your ever obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

I OBJECT on the following grounds:—

1. I do not except to the intention of the clergy in going

* Mr. Bere was Rector of Butcombe, near Bristol.

† Mr. Hiley Addington.

to the meeting, but to Mr. Bere's intention in summoning them.

The gentlemen know what they themselves mean, but I question if the expression be sufficiently explicit to be understood by others.

2. It takes no notice of the mischievous part of Mrs. Parsons' affidavit being since done away, both by her letter to my sister, and especially by Mr. Drewitt's letter to Dr. Crossman, in which the very offensive word of Young's preaching is softened down by that lady to 'teach,' or 'instruct,' or 'read,' or some such word.

Nor does it give any hint at the new and most horrible turn given to the Blagdon meeting, when, at the close, he said both to the gentlemen and again to the farmers in the kitchen, 'The Church has carried it.' As I mentioned this to Dr. Moss, and as the subscribed paper does not glance at it, that gentleman might justly question the veracity of my report, did he not see from the report of the gentlemen that it had opened their eyes on Mr. Bere's intention in convening this meeting. This speech of Mr. Bere's was, I am assured, the watchword agreed on in the morning, for ringing the bells, &c. And, if I am not much mistaken, Mr. Haweis told me he saw with concern several fellows start up and run out, who, he feared, were going to ring the bells.

On the whole, I do not conceive that this well-intended testimonial meets the evil it was, I doubt not, obligingly intended to remove.

I have had a letter from the Chancellor highly expressive of his respect for me, and professing to despise the atrocious calumnies which Mr. Bere has circulated; at the same time, he acknowledges such calumnies are abroad, and sedition is a charge of too heinous a nature to be borne without some attempt to repel it.

HANNAH MORE.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Cowslip Green, Thursday before December 29, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,— I send for your sole perusal, and that of Mrs. Whalley, Dr. Moss's letter, received last night. I think he is very uneasy. You will see he is perfectly polite as to what he says of my motives, character, &c., and is desirous of retaining my friendship; but he is still a strenuous defender of Bere's conduct, from a total ignorance of his character, in which he is blinded and misled by Dr. Crossman. You see what pains he takes to clear himself of having any hand in the trial; three several times he exculpates himself, and declares the judges had no legal right. You will see with pain, my dear sir, the weight your brother's opposition has had. Perhaps it may be of use to you and Mr. R. Whalley to write and inform Dr. Moss of the inveterate prejudices which Mr. F. Whalley,* though so amiable and respectable a man, has to the cause he was called on to oppose, and of the many letters which Bere (knowing this) wrote to obtain his presence.

You see Dr. M. himself alludes to the shocking calumnies which are disseminated respecting my religious and political character, though he affects to turn it off with a laugh, as if it was too bad to be believed. I firmly believe that Bere's friends and himself, having given out that this mock trial was an official one, and that I was found guilty, every one who hears this, adding a little and supposing more, I have little doubt but my friends in London actually believe I am at present in custody. I think the Chancellor does not feel at all comfortable. The length and explicitness of his letter prove that he thinks I have very serious ground of complaint. I see nothing in his letter to forbid, but rather much to encourage, the step you are about to take. I have

* Colonel Whalley.

no right to advise anything in the present letter of the four clergy, but I think some notice should be taken of the shocking turn given to a common expression of mine. Wherever I open a school, I always say to the mothers, who are always present, and before the clergyman: 'Remember, I do not go to this expense merely to take in your little brats to relieve you from the trouble of nursing them: if you will not send your big children, we shall not take your little ones; we do not keep a nursery, but a school.' This has been converted by Mrs. Parsons' affidavit into a strong insinuation that the school was only a pretence, and that the Conventicle, as Mr. Bere is pleased to call it, was the real object.

I enclose Mrs. Parsons' affidavit and her letter. You will see how far they harmonise!! I will also trouble you to compare with both those parts of Mr. Drewitt's letter to Dr. Crossman (they are old friends), which relate to Mrs. Parsons, and especially the postscript, which you will see clearly does away with the offensive part of Young's expressions. It appears to me that all these letters and this affidavit, with the contradictory dates, should be noticed in Mr. Leeves' letter to the Chancellor. Pray don't show any of them the Chancellor's letter to me yet, though I think they should avow to the Chancellor that I showed my letter to him to them all, that they might see I had made no false statement.

Have the goodness to caution Mr. F. Whalley, whom I really respect, though he be mine enemy,* not to exert his influence in indisposing the minds of the Wedmore and other west country farmers against the remaining schools, which are very flourishing, but which, I fear, Bere's triumph may overturn. Be so good as return me the Chancellor's letter,

* Not her enemy, but rather jealous of any appearance of what he thought Methodism.

as also mine to him (as I have no copy), and you shall have it again. The enclosed was on its way to you before I got your letter. I return the testimonial, which, if I have any influence, I would not have sent to Dr. Moss. It only goes to clear themselves, and, if possible, to save Bere. Their clearing my character to the Chancellor is unnecessary, as he declares his own contempt of the report. 'Tis the public that are poisoned. I beg you will oppose its being sent; I shall appear to owe an obligation to them, which I do not choose. I shall try to be civil, however; I will trust my cause into your hands, and commit the event to God. Perhaps it is better to do nothing, but be content to suffer for conscience sake. I should like, however, to see your brother Richard, but don't know how to get at him in time, as I should wish him to see your letter. What I complain of in the testimonial is, that they make no use of the information obtained by Drewitt's and Mrs. Parsons' letter, in falsifying her affidavit, and that it leaves Bere as white as it found him.

Yours ever,

H. M.

I am miserably nervous, and have almost lost my sleep. They also (the testimonialists) ought to express, their eyes having been opened on Bere's saying *the Church has carried it*.

DR. CHARLES MOSS TO DR. WHALLEY.

Norington, December 29, 1800.

DEAR SIR, — Your letters of the 18th and 26th were forwarded to me at this place; one reached me on Christmas-day, the other yesterday. I will not omit thanking you for them until my return to town, which will be in a day or two, though I cannot at present find time to enter upon the subject of them any further than to acknowledge that Mr. Descury

was the gentleman to whom I alluded, and to assure you that I am not, and never was for more than a few days, in possession of the narrative which Mr. Bere drew up, and which Dr. Crossman lent me. In justice, however, to Mr. Bere, I should add that I do not recollect anything material in it, which was not contained in the depositions, except the charge against Mr. Descury, which you are acquainted with, on account of Mr. Descury having threatened to secure Young in his school, by taking out a license for him as a dissenting teacher, and also an account of Young's having behaved at the christening of his child with great indecorum and folly, and much personal disrespect to Mr. Bere. I believe I am correct in my report of Mr. Descury's threat.

Perhaps I am betraying my ignorance in saying I do not comprehend the distinction between the divinity and the godhead of our Saviour.

I am astonished and shocked at the disclosure which your letter makes of the duplicity, hypocrisy, and impudence of Mr. Bere.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Whalley, and am, with much esteem,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. Moss.*

I cannot close my letter without expressing my sense of your kindness in not troubling my father with the account which you sent me. He has been for some time averse to business of every kind, and his feelings are easily hurt; nor do I know anything more likely to vex him than the detail of Mr. Bere's conduct.

* Dr. Moss, son of Bishop Moss of Bath and Wells, and afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

MRS. H. L. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

No. 25 Leicester Fields, Tuesday, December 30, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,—The kind mention you make of us in the letter our lovely Siddons showed us three days ago, produces you this intrusion, chiefly to ask what can have inspired any countryman of mine to debase his profession and birthplace by an endeavour to traduce that admirable creature, Hannah More?

I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride,

says Milton, and they want now to stop the warning voice which yet would save us, if men would permit.

So valuable a writer, and writings so well timed as hers, will not be found again; and if their vile detractions should injure her feeble health, the mischief done would be past my computation. Let me not detain you from supporting her spirits and her cause a single moment, but when a leisure hour does come, give me the benefit by saying a kind word of 'Retrospection,'* which could not quite look over her merits without a line, and scarce has that close-clapt Epitome more than a line to bestow on characters more prominent, though not more useful than her own.†

We publish on New Year's Day, and Stockdale seems in high glee when he looks at his order-book. My own nerves are not so strong; and I see many a sneering face, even before anything but the attempt can have provoked them to sneer.

* 'Review of Important Events,' &c., by Hester Lynch Piozzi, with Portrait of Author. 2 vols. 4to. John Stockdale. 1801.

† She makes a comparison between Burke's celebrated book on the French Revolution, and a treatise of Mrs. Hannah More on the same subject, and says that she '*strengthened* those eyes, which *his* book did but *dazzle*.' Vol. ii. p. 508.

Adieu, my dear sir, and do me all the good you can ; and believe me ever

Yours and Mrs. Whalley's
obliged and faithful servant,
H. L. Piozzi.

Accept 10,000 respects and compliments from my good husband.

DR. PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON, TO MISS H. MORE.

Fulham, January 3, 1801.

MY DEAR MRS. MORE,—Mr. Whalley's letters are excellent, and they give so minute and circumstantial a detail of the alehouse conclave, that I would wish to keep the copies you sent me, if you have any other copies for yourself ; or I will send them back to you, and beg the favour of your sister to get them copied for me. Pray, at what time were they written ?

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, Tuesday, January, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have always some fresh act of kindness and some generous exertion to thank you for, and am thankful that I am able to do it with my own hand, having been for some days much better, and am drinking the waters, I trust, with good effect ; though hitherto at home, I rejoice at your good accounts of dear Mrs. Whalley, and trust your own spasms are subsided. You will see by the episcopal scrap enclosed that I had ventured to send all your letters to Dr. Moss, to the Bishop of London, and they are now travelling about among the Episcopacy. Your letter to me, received on Saturday, is also, the greater part of it, gone to the same quarter. We were most agreeably surprised last night, so soon, to get your last letter, enclosing Mrs. Piozzi's

very warm one, and the Chancellor's gradual but increasing concessions. There is even now no hint of ousting Bere. Surely if the old Bishop had been in a state to have been informed of all, or had not all been somewhat too carefully kept from him, he would have taken more vigorous measures. That Bere's conduct as a magistrate has been sometimes disgraceful, I heard from Mr. Hall (Rector of Chew Magna). He told a story in a pretty large company respecting Bere's scandalous conduct in disqualifying a witness, for which he was brought to shame at the Quarter Sessions two or three years ago. I am afraid of being inaccurate, so you must not take the story from me, and do not name me in it.

I am going to surprise you. I have had two visits of some hours each time from the Rector of West Monckton and Blagdon (Dr. Crossman)! He is a complete convert (as far as I can judge) to the atrocity of his curate's conduct, and to the innocence and hard usage of Young. Margaret Thorne,* I think, wrought this conversion in the first instance, and my papers, letters, and conversation completed it. He owned her character destroyed the credit of all the affidavits. Between ourselves, he has been kept completely in the dark. The Chancellor has not yet sent him a line of your letters, or even of mine: I mean that explanatory one, written directly after the trial. Is this candid? The substance of yours he probably will send him, now that he is gone to town. I shall beg you to keep for the present the substance of what I am going to say entirely between Mrs. Whalley and yourself. Seeing Dr. Crossman so penitent, so open and fair, I was very open in return, and at his earnest request told him what I had heard as a thing of general notoriety about Bere's heretical preaching. He told me the Chancellor had enquired into a

* Margaret Thorne, a witness called by Mr. Bere against Young, the school-master.

complaint made by me of his having so preached at Axbridge, and found it not true. The truth is, Bere's grand theatre of renown is Axbridge. He did preach an heretical sermon there, with a pointed denial of the Trinity, that raised such a flame among his friends that he went again to unpreach his own doctrines, and that it was of this second sermon the Chancellor heard, so that my veracity was called in question. I told Crossman I had never heard him so preach. He spoke with great seeming sincerity of his difficulty — lamented that his hands were tied, for that he could not get rid of him; nor was he sure that even the Bishop could, without legal proof of these offences. I assured him I would not undertake any such thing. I could not bear any more harassing; and I even made him promise not to name me as the repeater, which he solemnly engaged, for my peace sake, not to do. I even showed him the words taken down by Farmer Young, Mrs. Baber, &c., of the deponents declaring they were sent for by Bere. He was quite shocked. I would send you those papers if you can make any use of them. They are not sworn to. They would all have gone to Mr. Wylde, but I would not let them. If he can be unjusticed, that is as likely as anything to do it—to suborn witnesses for the ruin of a man, and to make use of such deponents as Margaret Thorne, knowing, as Bere did, her character.

Dr. Crossman is miserable at the loss of the school. I shall speak to you more on that subject next time. I ventured to speak out of your open and avowed exertions against his curate upon a principle of public justice and religion, as well as from a conviction how ill I had been treated, and poor Young oppressed. I am to see him again. When you and Mrs. Whalley have read this letter, be so good as to burn it, for my nerves are so weak I can't bear the thought of being again brought forward, or anything from me quoted, not even to advance the cause. Certainly one grand reason

which would have operated with me against the Bishop* of Lincoln's projected counter meeting, would have been a delicacy to your brother (the only layman for whom I felt any) and the clergy. I have told the Bishop I was willing to spare the feelings of those who had not spared mine. I have just got the copy of your letter to the Chancellor—it is extremely good; but he will think it rather strong. I rejoice you did not name our Bishops.

H. M.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

In the winter of 1800 and 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hardly know what to say in return for the Christian zeal and generous friendship manifested in your admirably-written letter. One thing I am sure of, that if it has any defect, it is not that of lukewarmness. I wish I could as completely exculpate you from the charge of too warmly-felt and favourably expressed sentiments of myself.

I cannot but highly and entirely approve all you have said as to the school and the master, and the spirit and turn of your writing, so calculated to do away false impressions. I have only taken the liberty to make a pencil mark against two words in the last half sheet (not one in the whole sheet). These words are *request* and *requested*. If your judgment is reconciled to their omission, their erasure will be easy, as they are the only words which do not make you look like a complete volunteer, which view of the subject gratifies my feelings and my friendship most.

I am extremely desirous that Sir A. Elton should be gratified with a sight of this letter, if you would favour me with a copy of it. To no other eye shall it be shown, and to no other person shall I drop a syllable of your kind interference. As Sir A. will probably call here to-morrow morn-

* Dr. Tomline, Pitt's tutor and friend, who attended his death-bed.

ing on his way to Langford Inn, I was half tempted to retain it for his perusal, to save copying, but would not take such a liberty.

I think myself fortunate that I was detained from my usual distant migrations to-day by indisposition, as I should not else have been in the way.

I beg my affectionate respects to both Mrs. Whalleys. I have been raving of the venerable lady* ever since I saw her, and am afraid for the above epithet. I have often substituted that of beautiful. She is a wonder. It is quite a privilege to see and converse with her.

With my repeated and warm acknowledgments of your great kindness,

I remain, my dear sir,

Your ever-obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

I feel a little compunction at the fatigue so much writing must have caused you in your very weak state.

Should you visit the clerical nurseryman at Harptree, and would be so good as order me about 100 birch and larch, either to be brought with yours, or I will send for them, I shall be much obliged to you.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, Tuesday night, winter of 1800-1.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am so extremely unwell that I am barely able to acknowledge your kindness by a line. I take extremely kind your information respecting Young. He did use, with the consent of Mr. Bere (and Mrs. Bere often attended), to read a sermon in winter on a Thursday evening, and this was never objected to. In charging him not to bring me into any fresh trouble by saying anything of his

* Dr. Whalley's mother, then ninety-three years of age.

own, I bid him read out of Burkitt, and confine himself to that; but to put an end to all possibility of doing wrong, I shall send down an express to-morrow morning, to order him totally to drop every kind of instruction but that on Sunday and at the weekly School of Industry. For the slightest disobedience to this positive injunction, he shall, I assure you, be dismissed.

Perhaps, if you have not written to the Chancellor, it may be as well not to do it just now, as probably Dr. Crossman has done so. The Doctor's second letter is very satisfactory, and he adopts all the points you suggested.

This business harasses me to death, my dear sir; it makes me heartily sick of the wickedness of the world. I am, however, thankful that I possess in it many kind friends, among which you and dear Mrs. Whalley will always be gratefully esteemed by

Your obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Early in 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is too true my poor sister Hannah is in bed, with a return of her sad fever, &c., but we hope rather better to-day. Many thanks for continued and repeated acts of kindness. We think Sir A. Elton, Mrs. Whalley, and you will be pleased with reading the Bishop of London's last letter this evening, when you all meet together. We really think an hour of your conversation with Mr. Blomberg, added to his present opening convictions, will give something like decision to his mind, and stimulate him to action. I will not take up your time now, but assure you of the kind regards of

MARTHA MORE.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, Friday night, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,— Though I have nothing to say except to thank you for the interesting letter of last night, yet I cannot find in my heart to withhold from you the just tribute of applause of our good Bishop. In another letter he says with you that Dr. C.'s desire for the restoration of the school is not enough, that it must come from the Chancellor also. I have heard nothing from the Rector since. I imagine he waits for letters from the slow-paced Chancellor. I believe, indeed, his (the Rector's) conversion is tolerably sincere, though a little perhaps made up of the mixed motives you ascribe to him. What Sir A. has sent to the Bishop is his own share in the mock trial, as I believe, for I have not seen it. We are quite edified at the new-born zeal of our own parish priest. Is it possible he should be so animated? He has stolen a ray, as we suspect, from your flame. I doubt your tenants at the Court* (much as I like and respect them) will hardly be won over by your logic and rhetoric. I was not really conscious of the agitation which appeared in my last letter. It was owing, I hope, to the haste in which I wrote. I really feel little remaining irritation. Nay, I could almost find in my heart to pity poor Bere, if you and the Bishops would let me. You can't imagine how your lively narratives entertain us. I improve a good deal in health. Patty is very poorly.

Most affectionate love to Mrs. Whalley.

Yours, my dear sir, most gratefully,

H. MORE.

* Mr. Hiley Addington.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY.

January 13, 1801.

MY DEAR MR. WHALLEY,—It gives me great comfort to hear so good an account of yourself and Mrs. Whalley, and that your dear and venerable mother is so well. May God grant you a long continuance of these and all other blessings!

I hope you have by this time completely crushed the head of the venomous serpent who has thus malignantly aimed its sting against, I verily believe, one of the best women in all the world, ‘a task well suited to thy gentle mind.’ I am, as usual, too much occupied by my own pressing avocations to say as much as I think on this subject; but I trust you know my heart, and how highly I value the regard of you and dear Mrs. Whalley, and that of your most excellent mother. I wish I could tell you something comfortable of poor Mr. Siddons, but I see no material change; and as for poor Sally, I now feel so convinced that her complaint is a part of her constitution, that I have done hoping. What Heaven permits, perhaps it may ordain, and regret in that case may be sinful. Adieu, my dear friend, and

Believe me, ever your affectionate,

S. SIDDONS.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, January 19, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—The warm interest you take in the Blagdon business makes me feel it quite a duty to keep you informed of its progress. It seems, at length, to be drawing towards its close, to which termination your zealous interference has contributed more than all the other means put together. You will at present keep what I am going to disclose entirely between yourself and Mrs. Whalley. The

affair is at length laid before the Bishop; his Lordship, together with the Chancellor and the Rector, concur in opinion that the Curate is utterly unworthy of his present post at Blagdon, from which he is to be dismissed; but in consideration of their long acquaintance, Dr. Crossman is desirous of getting rid of him in as quiet a manner as possible. He has therefore written him a letter to advise him to resign voluntarily, and not drive him (Dr. C.) to the painful necessity of sending him the Bishop's mandate, which must inevitably follow on his refusal. Bere's answer is not yet arrived. Now, that he will resign I cannot believe. I dread some act of violence on his part. The Rector behaves very openly and candidly, and does not soften the business at all. All the above is secret history.

What follows you may make as public as you please, which is, that at the earnest and repeated request of Dr. C., next Sunday, the 25th, the Blagdon School will be re-opened under its late master. My sister Patty proposes coming down to effect this restoration. She thinks of coming on Saturday to James Simmons's, and to sleep there Saturday and Sunday. You said something about intending to go to Mr. Sparrow's, I think. How glad Patty would be to get a little glimpse of you, and to thank you in all our names for the generous zeal you and Mrs. W. have shown throughout this whole affair! Mr. Descury is the messenger of this good news to the master and people of Blagdon. He has had a long conversation with the Dr. to-day, and they seem much satisfied with each other. I should gladly have delayed the restoration of the school till the removal of Bere had taken place; but Descury tells me the Methodists, who are always on the watch, are disposed to take advantage of the disunion between the minister and his parishioners, and will seize the moment to slip in. This consideration has

determined us to lose no time. I think this reason also will have due weight with you and Sir Abraham Elton, to justify me in giving up a little of my dignity on the occasion. Pray tell Mrs. Sparrow that on Friday last I paid the last half year, together with the funeral expenses of poor Louisa, the unfortunate Maid of the Haystack.* I was at church yesterday for the first time for thirteen Sundays. I have implored Descury to take the most zealous pains to keep all quiet. I would not for the world have any outward appearance of joy. God forbid there should be any indecent triumph! As a fallen man, I pity him. We all join in most affectionate regards to Mrs. Whalley.

* Those who are acquainted with the life of Mrs. Hannah More will understand this allusion. Louisa was discovered by a friend of Mrs. Hannah More, in the year 1781, gathering blackberries beside a haystack in the parish of Flax Bourton, near Bristol. The beauty of her countenance, and general refinement of her appearance, despite the homeliness of her attire, arrested attention. On being questioned, it soon appeared that she was a foreigner, probably a German, and that her mind was wandering; but all enquiries failed to ascertain for a certainty the history of her former life. Mrs. H. More, with her usual benevolence, raised a subscription for the support of this 'maid of the haystack,' and had her removed to the lunatic asylum at Hanham, from whence, being found incurable, she was taken to Guy's Hospital. Here she died December 1800.

In the year 1785 a tract was published on the Continent, in French, purporting to be the history of Mlle. la Fréulen, the supposed illegitimate daughter of the Emperor Francis I. By this, it appeared that the young lady in question was destined for a convent, and conveyed from Bohemia to Hamburg, to be embarked for Bordeaux, her destination. Her mind revolting from this idea, she eloped with a young Englishman, and after many adventures was found at Bordeaux, and there arrested by order of Maria Teresa. The explanations she gave of her conduct were so contradictory, that no reliance could be placed on her word, and she was finally released in the north of France, with a present of fifty louis-d'or. This was in the year 1769. Many circumstances in this story appeared to agree with discoveries occasionally revealed by poor Louisa, especially a circumstance which occurred while she was at Hanham. A young man arrived one day in a travelling carriage, having, as his servant said, just landed from the Continent, and posted on without stopping. He requested to see Louisa, and being brought to her exclaimed with the strongest emotion, 'It is herself!' and hastened back to his carriage without any explanation. She was equally affected, uttering a piercing scream, and refusing to look up, till assured he was gone.

I am, my dear sir, with every sentiment of gratitude and esteem,

Your ever obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Friday night, January 23, 1801.

One line, my dear sir, though it is very late, and I have only two minutes to do it in. I am also very poorly; the re-agitating this ever-painful Blagdon business, though all is so favourable now, yet has brought on a degree of fever. Why I am so anxious not to let the post go out without a few words, is to acquit myself in your mind and that of your dear lady of any suspicion of haste in this restoration. I struggled hard to get it delayed, but as Dr. C. could get no answer to his letter on the business of removal, he thought this might quicken his reply (this between ourselves). This, however, weighed less with me than the following circumstance. It had reached both the Rector's ears and mine that the Wrington Methodists were eager to take advantage of the disunion between the clergyman and his parish; and as they are ever on the watch to see where they can slip in, it was to be feared that in a few days they would make their entrée and perhaps attempt to draw away some of our poor people from church, to which, however, Young has hitherto kept them firm.

Young has been here. Dr. Crossman has seen him, and appeared highly satisfied.

To-day I had a very handsome, feeling letter from the Chancellor, full of respect and kindness, announcing to me the proposed removal, and lamenting that my delicacy towards a man who has shown me none should so long have kept him in ignorance of Bere's real character. Indeed, my dear sir,

but for your zeal, he would still have been ignorant of it, for not one line more from me would he or Dr. Crossman ever have received : nor did I tell him any of the worst I knew.

Patty cannot receive your kind invitation to the Cottage, as she went to Bristol this morning, and will be at James Simmons's to-morrow afternoon. I highly approve of your reasons for not appearing at Blagdon on Sunday. I, with great earnestness, dissuaded Sir A. E. from his design of going. I could not bear anything like a triumph. I greatly pity these unhappy people. Patty intends to sit in a part of the church where they cannot see her. It is very painful to her to go. I have taken every precaution to prevent any outward appearance of joy in the people. It would give me the severest pain. May it please God to make this disgrace which they have brought on themselves, an instrument of bringing them to a better way of thinking ! They have my constant prayers. Patty would have been very thankful of your carriage on Sunday had she known of your kind offer.

In great haste, believe me,

Ever gratefully yours,

H. MORE.

CHARLES DESCURY, ESQ., TO DR. WHALLEY.

January 24, 1801.

DEAR SIR,—Had not a severe cold confined me to the house, I would have given myself the pleasure to wait on you to communicate the result of my last journey to Bath ; no turn could ever be more favourable than that which has taken place in this parish. I don't doubt but that you are already informed that the school is to be re-opened to-morrow, in consequence of Dr. Crossman's repeated and earnest request, and that Miss Martha More intends to come to Blagdon for that purpose. It will be a gratifying sight to behold the means of so much present and future comfort

restored to a certain class of people, who, by the general regulations of society, stand most in need of instruction, and have the fewest means to receive it. We would be happy, sir, if you would favour us with your company and partake of our family dinner to-morrow, which will be ready after the service of Burrington church is over, and to accompany us afterwards to the school. Miss M. More will alight here, and I have also a distant hope that this occasion will procure us the pleasure of Sir A. Elton's company.

With respectful compliments to Mrs. Whalley,

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES DESCURY.

The Rev. Dr. Maclaine, the divine, and translator of 'Mosheim,' wrote as follows to Dr. Crossman, Rector of Blagdon, respecting Mr. Descury:—

'His [Mr. Descury's] patrician birth in an ancient and honourable house, procured him admission to the Stadtholder's Court at the Hague, where he was a favoured and useful companion to the young princes; and he was appointed Captain of the Guards, in which situation his conduct and manners were untainted and exemplary. Since my arrival in England I have seen this man of the court, this captain of the guards, this worthy baron, metamorphosed into a farmer, and cultivating in this humble station the mild virtues of the honest man, the good husband, the good father, and (what crowns and animates all the rest) a sincere and sound Christian.'

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Bere being recovered (for which we have waited), Sir A. Elton has written to desire he will bring all his affidavit men next week (giving him his choice

of the day) to Langford Inn, in order that Young, the school-master, may confront them; Sir Abraham himself being present to cross-examine them and see justice done. Sir Abraham has told Bere that, as public justice is his only motive, he thus gives him an opportunity of clearing his own character, which has suffered in this business. Mr. Descury will also attend. How far you, my dear sir, may think proper to accompany Sir Abraham on this occasion, I leave to your own superior judgment. I can only say it would do great credit to the cause, and be a satisfaction to our active Baronet to have such a friend and coadjutor. I doubt not, Mr. B.'s people will be well primed and instructed. Sir Abraham is too open and liberal-minded to deal with so deep an adversary. I expect he will be here on Monday, at one or two o'clock; should you happen to be this way, you would perhaps be so good as to call in. We shall know by that time what day Mr. Bere fixes on.

Sir Abraham wishes the more creditable farmers of Blagdon, who are, I believe, all friendly to Young, would appear and speak to his character; but these country-people, I know, will not be likely to do it without a direct summons. Don't you think they should have one? Sir A. has a long letter from Wells, which I wish you to see. The stateliness is let down some pegs. Mr. Hart's letter has produced much effect. The great man says he never directed the removal officially, only suggested it as a private friend. I think also your last strong hint has not been without effect. Two Blagdon farmers have told me the parish grows in bondage, but they fear to speak. Oh! pray do you and Mr. Addington take compassion on this oppressed county and act as magistrates. It would be a great public good.

Kind respects to Mrs. Whalley.

Yours ever,

II. MORE.

MISS A. SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, February 21, 1801.

It is not, dear Mr. Whalley, for old and tried friends to construe silence into unkindness. Time multiplies connections and demands upon our leisure, whilst circumstances are often such as oblige us to waive those claims in which the heart is more interested, for others in which it is less. The length of the period since I wrote to you last, till the letter now before me arrived, is, however, accounted for by demands upon your attention of a very engrossing nature to your warm and generous mind, even no less than having commenced spiritual knight-errant to a distressed damsel, who, within these last eight years, has stood most high in your esteem: so high as, perhaps, to be on a level if not to out-top the charming and excellent Siddons, who has good sense and judgment enough to think that, where virtue is, the exercise of those distinguished talents the Creator gave is most virtuous, since who but the misguided devotee fancies it merit to suppress the high intellectual donation, and to render it fruitless? I wonder that the Bishop of London did not preclude your mission by taking it upon himself. It seems strange, considering his vowed devotion to Saint Hannah, that he suffered her to want any protection, besides his own strong episcopal arm, against a rude sacrilegious clerk, whom you represent as persecuting the infallibility of her righteousness without a cause; but more of this by and by.

You must not, dear friend, from what I am going to say, think me the least inclined to vindicate a man whom you denounce, because I recall to your recollection what passed on my introduction to your excellent Mr. Inman, the day we dined with him. It was in his own parlour, before morning service, that he told you a request the preceding night from

Miss H. More had made him very uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, for having granted it against his judgment, viz. to suffer a friend of hers to preach from his pulpit that morning. 'You know,' said he, 'how this county is infested (that was his strong word) with Methodists. We all believe that this lady means excellently, but we also know that of late years her judgment has been warped into an adoption of some of their tenets, and into encouraging their propagation from the pulpit. If this friend of hers should preach them from mine, I shall not easily forgive myself for the weakness of an assent given against my consciousness that I ought to refuse it, since it puts it in the power of a stranger to counteract my endeavours, hitherto successful, to preserve my own parishioners from the infection of those tenets.'

Miss M.'s friend proved to be Newton, the comfortless conscience-keeper to poor Cowper, and to whom the Bishop of Peterborough, Cowper's relation and friend, I hear, attributes the long misery and final overthrow of that noble mind. Mr. Newton's doctrine that morning, you will surely recollect, was highly Methodist. Mr. Inman, who came into the pew during the sermon, displayed in his countenance the utmost marks of uneasy disapprobation; but Miss More and her sisters looked not at him, conscious, probably, how he would look. They kept their eyes fixed on the ground, as in humble assenting edification. They did not come to Mr. Inman's after church—and you will remember how strongly he repeated his self-censure for the given opportunity of disseminating principles he so warmly disapproved. With equal warmth you joined in that disapprobation, and blamed Miss H. More extremely on the occasion.

Such doctrine as I heard from Newton that day, I heard at Buxton a few summers ago from Dean Milner, who was there with Mr. Wilberforce. Dean Milner's manners in conversation are friendly, cheerful, and open-hearted, in a most

prepossessing degree. From lips so smiling, from a spirit so jocund, I little expected to hear dismal and heart-appalling tenets, representing the Creator in a point of view totally inconsistent with all a rational mind can conceive of equitable. I was assured by those who well knew the Dean, that he wrote that sermon from the dictation of his pleasing but fanatic friend, Mrs. W.; that the good-humoured Dean was, as to opinions, both in politics and religion, an absolute chameleon; as his friends would say, 'all things to all men,' like St. Paul; as those less partial to him might observe, like the person of whom Pope has said,

Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.

It is hardly to be supposed possible that Miss H. More's teacher would not inculcate those doctrines, whose diffusion from Mr. Inman's pulpit she took such an extraordinary step to procure. Mr. Inman did not think them the bread of life, neither do I.

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Spring of 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—A sick head-ache, the horrors of packing up, paying of bills, and the calling in of friends, put it out of my power to express a hundredth part of the feelings excited by your letter and the Chancellor's. That you have been so happily instrumental in opening his eyes, will gratify your own feeling and friendly heart, while it kindles the liveliest gratitude in mine.

Mr. Descury is the person he means to implicate; you must, if you please, see him before you write to Dr. Moss—Descury can get the best testimonials to his character, for piety and

integrity, from his old attached friend, Dr. Maclaine. The conversation between Bere and Descury passed in presence of Miss David, a worthy pious young lady, who has repeatedly told us and others, that though she cannot remember the words used, yet she felt herself entirely on the side of Descury, and entirely against Mr. Bere; and she adds, 'I am a most decided Trinitarian.' In this conversation Descury asked Bere, 'What, then, do you think of Christ?' He answered, 'That he is a Being, or an angel of a superior order.' (Mr. D. is not quite sure which word he used.) You will be pleased with Descury; he is all integrity, good sense, and honour, with such sentiments as become a soldier of rank and birth.

Our dear baronet (Sir Abraham Elton) was happily here when your interesting packet arrived, and expressed the highest satisfaction. Your project of Churchill does you honour. If it should take place, I must put him under your immediate protection; but there are some objections. The yield, I fear, will be but small in proportion to the expense. I generally proportion ends to means, and now take up only very large parishes. Burrington and Sandford, it is true, might be added. But Judge Inman and others, I fear, would act as continual spies, and, as poor Young is infallible and peccable, every failing would be magnified into a mountain. I should fear Mr. Bartlett, too. The thing, however, is worth very serious consideration, and I shall always feel the kindness of your having suggested it.

I am much pleased with the Blombergs. Sir A. looks forward with much comfort to your coadjutorship as magistrate, and will attend Langford with more pleasure.

God bless you, my dear sir, and your very kind and excellent lady.

Believe me ever, with affectionate gratitude, your faithful

H. M.

The transcript of your long letter to Dr. Moss, as far as we took it, is, unluckily, gone forward to Bath. The last sheet, I am persuaded, would make it perfect.

Descury has been a week at Bath, but in vain sought admittance to the presence of the Rector of Blagdon.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, Sunday, autumn of 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wished to have got a sight of you before you went to Bath, but the weather was so bad I did not dare ask you to call, nor could I venture even to come and see dear Mrs. Whalley, about whom I feel truly anxious. I have had several letters from Dr. Randolph — he is half wild with indignation; I hope you will contrive to see him. As to this atrocious book, my friends, many of them, advise a prosecution, for which, they say, there is sufficient ground, especially where he speaks of the ‘pernicious tendency of my political principles.’ To this I am extremely averse, on account of his poverty; but all agree that something must be done, and that I am too supine. I am resolved not to answer myself, but all seem to think that the clergy ought to unite in a very strong paragraph in the papers, as he has given them all the lie. This, indeed, seems to be as necessary, to the full for their own sakes as mine. You, perhaps, my dear sir, will be so good as represent this to Mr. Wylde and Mr. James Sparrow, if such a measure should be thought indispensable, for either this or an action must take place, and this is the smaller evil, if they will be strong and unanimous, else it would do more harm than good.

I this moment learn, with the deepest regret, how much worse dear Mrs. Whalley is than I suspected. I pray God to strengthen her to bear the journey, and may the waters raise her up! I feel truly interested in her valuable

life; may she be long preserved to you and her numerous friends!

Yours, my dear Sir, very faithfully,

H. MORE.

I hear Mr. Bere's dear friend, Parsons, has fallen off, and blames him highly!

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, Thursday, February 19, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,— We have picked up, accidentally, that our most kind and valuable friend, Mrs. Whalley, has not been well, and that her indisposition has abridged your visit to Bowton. It will be a very unfeigned pleasure to us all to hear that the air of her own beautiful Mendip Lodge has quite restored her, and that you have not suffered by the late seasonable interval of cold weather. You will, I am sure, indulge me with a line, affording, as I hope, a satisfactory bill of health.

Your lively friend, Mrs. Piozzi, is our next neighbour, and the expense of strength and spirits which two such quartos would suppose, have not one whit diminished her gaiety, animation, and cheerfulness. We expect her to make one of a little party this evening here.

We have been all consternation at the great political revolution.* The loss of our idol, Pitt, was a blow that required

* On February 3, 1801, Pitt tendered his resignation to the King, which was most reluctantly accepted two days later.

This event was sudden and unlooked-for by the nation at large. Pitt's power had apparently never rested on a surer foundation, though his political alliances had been overthrown by the successes of the First Consul, and all Europe was now leagued against him; yet an amendment to the King's speech, moved in the House of Commons, and supported by all the eloquence of Grey, Tierney, and Sheridan, was rejected by a majority of 245 votes against 63, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd of February. On the 7th it was known in the city, that the Premier's brilliant administration of seventeen years was at an end. The judgment passed by contemporaries, that 'a gross blunder' had

firmer nerves than I possess to sustain with equanimity. I could be ready almost to apply to him Antony's superb encomium on Cæsar —

He was the foremost man of all this world.

It is true, we are still promised the aid of his unrivalled talents; and of his exalted patriotism, we are, I trust, no less sure than when he ostensibly held the reins—yet responsibility makes a vast difference in the execution of affairs. But it is not merely his retiring that appears to me so afflicting, for I confess that no alliance of foreign princes against us abroad, no French invasion at home, can strike my mind with so prophetic a dismay as division and distraction in our councils. Pray desire Mrs. Whalley to turn to the 2nd Book of Samuel, and to run over the 31st verse of the 15th chapter, and the whole of the 16th and 17th chapters; you will be struck, at least I was, with the method used by the

been committed 'somewhere,' is much softened by the fuller knowledge on the subject which we possess. When the parliamentary union of the two kingdoms was proposed, a hope was held out by the Government in Ireland to the leading Roman Catholics, that their disabilities on religious grounds would be removed. And, although no pledge nor assurance was given, yet their belief in the accomplishment of the object was so full, that, as a body, the Roman Catholics rather cooperated with than opposed the measure of the Union. Lord Stanhope, in his 'Life of Pitt,' has fully shown the causes which led to the miscarriage of these hopes. Though the Cabinet was unanimous in the expediency of the measure in the autumn of 1799, it was felt that some difficulty was to be expected in obtaining the King's concurrence. Pitt, on reviewing the question, after retirement from office, regretted that he had not earlier endeavoured to reconcile his Majesty to the measure. He could not, however, foresee that one of the Cabinet, the Lord Chancellor Loughborough, would not only privately acquaint the King that such a measure was in contemplation, but from interested motives influence his mind against it. Such, however, had been the case, and the adverse opinion of the Primates of England and Ireland had likewise been brought to bear on the royal mind before Pitt broached the subject. The latter, seeing his Sovereign's aversion to the measure unalterable, and considering his own honour virtually pledged to forward it, felt obliged to resign the direction of affairs. Thus this important measure was delayed for thirty years, and what might have been received as a boon, was extorted through menace.

Almighty to punish a people by turning the counsels of the wise into foolishness. I own, too, I have been seriously alarmed at the consideration which often forces itself on my mind of the state of lunacy or imbecility, in a greater or less degree, of almost every Sovereign in Europe (the King of Denmark is said now to be actually insane).

Does it not look as if the infatuation of princes were the general instrument devised by Providence for the punishment of nations? All my friends who come near enough to judge, and who cannot be suspected of flattering the setting sun, speak in the warmest terms of the disinterestedness and unambitiousness of Pitt's recent conduct; yet all agree there has been a gross blunder somewhere. Could Lord Cornwallis (they say) grant terms to the Roman Catholics unknown to Mr. Pitt? Could Mr. Pitt concur in them without informing the King? Should not so important a matter have been settled previous to the final adjustment of the Union? On the one hand, the Bishops—even those who most venerate Mr. Pitt—seem to feel it a bounden duty to join the King, and to oppose Catholic emancipation; and the King seems to act on a principle highly conscientious. On the other hand, the sagest politicians, I know, scorn to think that, as the Union has taken place, and the Irish Parliament is melted, and lost as it were, in the British, that the numbers in the Catholic interest are so swallowed up in the great united body, that Catholic emancipation could never be attended with any important ill effects.

I leave you and your dear lady to settle these momentous points over your next dish of coffee—the politician's liquor, I think; for I assure you they require a far abler casuist than myself. All I can do is to lament over my country, and to offer my weak prayers that it may please a merciful God to avert all the evils we feel and fear. Have you seen Mr. Dobbs' strange book? Such a mixture of

solemnity and seriousness, overpowered by such unaccountable absurdity. To it is prefixed that strange speech he made in the Irish Parliament, that the millennium was already begun, and of all the places in the world, find me out Ireland, as the first scene of its establishment.

I have just got a letter from a leading member of Parliament, which says, 'Our budget to-day is to consist of a variety of new taxes—tea, sugar, stamps, &c.'*

I hear the junto at Blagdon are at work most sedulously on this famous narrative, which one of their Cabinet Council told a friend of mine, 'was allowed to be the most beautiful book ever written!' I fear he will stick at nothing to blacken us, and to whitewash himself. What will his protectors say at his having his friend S——†, of King's Bench memory, President of the Blagdon Council? I could say much on that subject, but had rather defer it till we have the pleasure to see you here. I hope that will be soon, as I believe the Rector of Blagdon would rejoice to see you before he leaves Bath; he is detained by the illness of his wife. We are extremely friendly, and I see him very often, and he is quite frank and open in his communications. He has been obliged to be quite peremptory as to dismissing his curate, who I dread will linger on, and still torment and vex us; for one cannot but dread a being who I fear would not stick at something very like perjury, if it stood in his way.

I must offer you my hearty thanks for your generous and spirited kindness in giving us the support of your presence

* Mr. Pitt delayed his retirement till he had brought forward his budget, and Mr. Addington did not take his seat as Premier till the 17th of March.

The union of the whole Continent against England required extraordinary supplies, and Pitt demanded a loan of twenty-five and a half millions for England, and a million and a half for Ireland. He so clearly proved the necessity of such a sum to maintain the national honour, that it was voted without opposition on the night it was demanded, February 18. From the sums so granted resulted the victories of Aboukir and Copenhagen, and the evacuation of Egypt by the French.

† Shaw.

at the re-opening of the school. I should have expressed my gratitude for this sooner, but have been poorly.

All this family join me in cordial expressions of kindness and esteem to Mrs. Whalley and yourself.

Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

Your gratefully obliged,

H. MORE.

What of your fair Penitent?

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

April 12, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—I took it extremely kind, that in all the bustle of an inn your attentive kindness led you to write. Patty has had a bullying sort of letter from Mr. Parsons, for accusing his wife of falsehood: it is not yet answered, for one does not know how to deal with such vulgar, unprincipled people. It looks as if it came from some pettifogging attorney. Seeing that they are watching every means of revenge, makes me more confirmed in what I wrote to you on Friday, that Farmer Young, Baber, &c., should confine their affidavits to the defence of the Master and the School, and not attack Bere, lest he find out some stratagem to threaten a legal revenge. He will stick at nothing. If Mary Clarke could be got at, Sarah Dimick, Filer, Huish, and, above all, Mrs. Parker, the bribing story which Descury knows, it must content us; but I fear we can't get it.

I did not so much write to say this, for I had said it before, as in answer to your kind inquiry, 'where I was to be directed to.' I do not propose leaving Bath till near the end of the week, so be so good as direct hither.

My friend the Bishop of Bangor is here, and very indignant indeed against Bere. He will not let the book come into his house, and blames me for returning any answer but the following: 'The Rector supports the school, the

Chancellor approves it, and the Bishop has dismissed the curate.' Laconic and dignified, you will say, and it would be sufficient if the world were composed of wise and discerning persons; but, unhappily, the world is not so composed.

I hope your mountain neighbours* are quiet, and at work again. My dear sir, I think with concern and gratitude of all the exertions you are making for your very obliged and faithful,

H. M.

Dr. Crossman has not yet written; nor did I indeed expect it till to-morrow, at seven. No Sir A. yet.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, Good Friday, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope nothing will prevent our having the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday, as Patty and I hope to set off early Wednesday morn for Kent, London, &c.; and it would much grieve me not to have a good discussion with you first. In order to effect this more quietly, had you not better take our family dinner with us a little before four? Your good old lady will probably better spare you at that time than in the evening. I hope to have Sir Abraham Elton of the party, as the discussion must be final. He is so good as to promise to undertake the very unpleasant task of making some reply to this most base and artful book—a book the last half of which completely refutes the first in the opinion of all sensible and unprejudiced people. But, alas! it is not of such people that the world is composed. He has done our cause service, with all who have an eye to see, by making Tom Paine's *Jordan* his printer. At the end of the book is added all the Jacobinical publications which have

* The Mendip miners.

issued from that shop of sedition ; among these advertisements stands that of this famous controversy. How creditable ! Surely Messrs. Leeves, Blomberg, Wylde, &c. would do well to authorise Sir A. and Dr. Crossman (who will also write something in this reply) to declare how much they were deceived by being made to believe they were acting by the Chancellor's direction. Could you suggest this to them ? Dr. Crossman is highly indignant at so much deceit. I hope you will have read this precious book. It begins and ends with my Jacobinism ! Might we make use of Mr. Yeatman's anecdote ? Pray learn this ; I mean, without his name.

I dare not run on, because I must advert to the pressing business of the miners. Since I began begging for them, I have already sent them more than five hundredweight of rice, a barrel of herrings, and 5*l.* for coal and other things—above 20*l.* I have 40*l.* left (besides a little for linen), which we intended to distribute in gradual relief, to help on till harvest. But there is something so alarming in the state of the times, and one has so much to fear from this disposition to riot, that, at your request, I will let them have it instantly—20*l.* to Shipham parish, to be distributed by Mr. Jones, who knows the individual wants of each family ; and your Mr. Chaloner shall, under your direction, have 20*l.* to dispose among the Rowborrow people. I could wish a large proportion of it to be expended for seed potatoes. In this donation I propose to make the two parishes quite equal, though in other respects I feel some little advantage is due to Shipham, as it is much the most populous ; besides this, Rowborrow has had much help from yourself, Mrs. Addington, &c.

I would have sent the money to-day ; but, as I hope to see you on Tuesday, think it will be more safe to give it you then. That they will murmur and complain, I expect ; but

I am used to that, and have some patience with poverty and ignorance. Might not Mr. Chaloner and Mr. Jones consult together on the best method of distribution in their respective parishes? A very sick head-ache has, I fear, made this scarcely legible. But I would not at any rate delay; because, to use the words of the before-mentioned Mr. Thomas Paine, ‘Hunger is not a postponable want.’

With our kindest regards to your dear and amiable lady, believe me ever, my dear sir,

Your most obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

How is poor Mrs. Inman?

MRS. H. L. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Brynbella, April 23, 1801.

PERMIT me to congratulate you and Mrs. Whalley, dear sir, upon the glorious accomplishment of your own happy predictions. At No. 77 Pulteney Street, Bath, did you tell me this spring that we should succeed in our attack on Copenhagen,* an event I considered as less and less practicable every day, the more I studied its situation, and compared it with that of my neighbour, Lord Uxbridge, upon the banks of Menai Strait, between Carnarvonshire and Anglesey.

God’s judgments are, however, abroad, and our enemies will taste of them. This must be a severe pang to the Chief Consul, who has now but one wise plan left. He may perhaps remonstrate to our Court, and say, ‘I have endeavoured to possess myself of all the land in Europe; nor could you hinder me, though great and powerful. Great Britain has endeavoured to ascertain her dominion over all the seas which

* Lord Nelson arrived on April 2 in the Sound. On the 4th, he captured the Danish navy and bombarded Copenhagen till the Government came to terms. By this victory the armed neutrality of the North was destroyed.

surround Europe; nor could I, though great and powerful, prevent her. Let us shake hands, and let every other realm be annihilated.'

I should be sorry that he should hold out such a temptation to vanity at such a dangerous moment, because we have been saved, only for having tried to save others, graceless and senseless as they have proved; and when we desert our principles of returning good for evil, success will desert us.

Now let us see the event of the contest in Egypt. I confess myself like Horace's dotard, who was grown *spe longus iners*, &c. Yet the news of Paul's death will *sit heavy on Menou's soul in the battle*, if it reaches him before the grand engagement, which it is Sir Ralph Abercrombie's best plan *not to delay*, so I fear that they will not wait for it. Who knows but your predictions may in such case prove once more anticipated narrative?*

Mrs. Pennington flatters me by saying that you like my big book.† Do, dear sir, give me reason to hope she has not, in her flow of spirits, dreamed it. She is very partial to it and to me. Her account of your quelling the Bristol rioters is charming; but this breaking up of the Northern confederacy will have wonderful effects on everything; and our Jacobins must remain underground (where they are even now working like moles) a little longer than they intended.

I hear all good of our sweet friend Mrs. Siddons, and feel sorry we could not enjoy her society or her performance this spring; but it was really time to get home, and we were exceedingly wanted. Next year Mr. Piozzi promises to make it later, and come home by dear, lovely Langford

* News from St. Petersburg travelled much faster in those days than from Egypt, for Abercrombie's victory, which cost him his life, had already been gained near Alexandria, March 21, whereas Paul was not strangled till two days later. Menou surrendered with 10,500 men at Alexandria on the 2nd September following.

† 'Review of Important Events, &c.' 2 vols. 4to. 1801.

Cottage, the Mendip Lodge* of kind Miss Hannah More, who is one of your obliged servants and friends, but can scarcely be a more faithful or grateful one than yours and Mrs. Whalley's ever obedient,

H. L. P.

Write sometimes, do; and think your kind words well purchased by payment of costs. No franks can be hoped for from country residences at this season.

Mr. Piozzi says I have not sent his particular regards, and that they must not be left out.

SIR ABRAHAM ELTON TO DR. WHALLEY.

May 1, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—At length I beg your indulgent perusal of the pamphlet that accompanies this letter. I have found it a very painful operation, and it has almost demolished me. You must be very well aware that there were some difficult parts in the case I had to manage; and my station at Bath afforded me an opportunity of knowing the public opinion, which of course had its influence upon the style of my argument. I am afraid there is no getting rid of the grand objection with the public—that of Bere's loss of his curacy. I suppose that even we do not know all the causes of it; and what we guess at, we cannot communicate. So the world must still stare and wonder. How many hundred times have I wished that the Chancellor had stopped short at a severe reprimand! It is, however, too late now to regret it; and pray excuse these low spirits from a man who seems to have no nerves left, and who sends out his pamphlet with more alarm and apprehension than any man that ever wrote

* At Mrs. H. More's suggestion, Dr. Whalley, when he added to the size of the house, changed its name from Langford Cottage to Mendip Lodge, by which designation it is still known.

before him. But all this of course you will consider as written in the closest confidence.

Alas! the admirable woman whose cause I have endeavoured to defend with so much warmth, lies dangerously ill in Kent; and I left Bath very much alarmed at Patty More's total silence for a whole week, which is always a proof that her sister is very bad indeed.

Will you have the goodness to forward the two enclosed pamphlets to Leeves and Wylde?

If I can get strength enough by Monday, I will endeavour to get to the Cottage; and I remain now, my dear sir,

With great regard, ever yours,

ABRAHAM ELTON.

The reason why Descury's own account of the subject of the conversation does not appear, shall be explained when we meet.

Upon recollection, I will leave Leeves and Wylde a copy as I go by on Monday.

Pray present my compliments to Mrs. Whalley.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Bath, Monday night, [late in the year 1801.]

MY DEAR SIR, — We were much delighted with your letter on Saturday, enclosing the account of Captain Simmons's coming forward in so open and Christian-like a manner. We rejoice that this part of the business is brought forward without our interfering, though we have long known far worse things than any which have yet been named, but were unwilling to produce them, lest it should look like revenge. We are deeply sensible of your continued zeal and activity, and, in my private opinion, much depends upon it, or this artful man, who has no respect for truth, may yet do much mischief; but he seems now completely beset on all

sides, and, whilst you keep alive all parties, he will scarcely find any crevice by which he can creep out. It will give you pleasure to read the enclosed from the Bishop of Lincoln. It is curious as well as gratifying to see our cause supported by the very man on whom Bere had placed all his hopes. You will read any passages your judgment may suggest to my friend, but not let any of it go out of your hands. You and Mrs. W. will be pleased with the warmth and spirit of it. Bere was much deceived when he thought the Bishop of Lincoln was an enemy to religious instruction, because it is known he was not a friend to rank enthusiasm; but he was much mistaken. He is an avowed patron of private instruction of the poor, and particularly of all schools. The Bishop of Durham told me himself, in the spring, when I was in London, that he had set up several little readings in our manner; that he occasionally dropped in and exhorted them; and that he had known some old people express themselves resigned on their death-beds, in consequence of the blessing they had derived from them. The two small letters I enclose from the bishops are, as you will observe, addressed to me. I answered their former ones, when my poor sister lay deplorably ill, which she has been ever since we came. She has had a sort of tremendous spasm in her head, added to all her other complaints, which has reduced her very much, and I undertake to write her letters. Pray continue to let us hear from you, as it does her and all of us good, and let us know how the damp weather agrees with Mrs. W.; and, if you should be engaged, perhaps she will sometimes write a line. Sally is extremely wicked; her devotions have been twice disturbed at church by the duty having been performed by a bishop's son.

What think you of the Bishop of Lincoln's plan? However, as the eyes of our neighbouring clergy seem to be opened, we are willing to spare them such a mortification;

and how, my dear sir, could we expose your brother (Colonel W. Whalley), for whom we have really a great respect, though he has such a dislike to us? However, it is truly gratifying to have such a plan proposed by such personages; and you need not be shy in spreading it over the neighbourhood.

The part of the letter that mentions Shaw we agree to keep secret, but have left it for your own private reading. We forgot to enter with you on that very large subject; but his name must be kept out of sight to any but yourselves.

I have just had an opportunity of enclosing your letter in one of mine to Sir A. Elton, whom it will amuse as it has us.—The kindest regards of all this house to Mrs. W. and yourself, with, my dear Sir, your

Very affectionate and obliged

MARTHA MORE.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Cowslip Green, Saturday night, September, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you have the goodness to allow your factotum, Mr. Nash,* to give me the meeting at Barley Wood on Tuesday, about eleven or twelve, if the day should be fair, as I wish much to consult him on that day, on account of getting the ground cleared previous to the levelling?

I was much mortified that I missed seeing you the day you were so good to call, but hope in some of your rides you will be kind enough to look in on us at Barley Wood, where we shall probably be every fine morning. Poor Patty goes to-morrow once more formally to dissolve the unfor-

* Dr. Whalley's bailiff.

fortunate Blagdon school.* I have gone on so long to show that it was not abolished in resentment, and I go on no longer, in conformity with my principle of not acting against the resident clergyman.

I have not yet answered Dr. Crossman's letter, announcing the reconciliation, till I could at the same time announce the *finale*, which is to take place to-morrow. Though my health is much impaired, I keep myself quiet, by neither reading any of the compositions of the adversaries, nor even allowing myself to talk on the subject. May it please God to turn their hearts, and to make us the better for such a view of human depravity! I do not yet despair of waiting on both Mrs. Whalleys, to whom I beg my kindest respects, being very truly their and your very faithful and sincere

HANNAH MORE.

MRS. H. L. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Brynbella, October 9, 1801.

SUCH a letter, my dear sir, is well worth writing, for your praises would overbalance better criticism and severer censures than any I have yet answered and forgotten. Keep up our valuable friend Hannah's spirits, and I will promise you mine shall not droop while they can boast such a supporter. The world is sick of such a long controversy, which

Flows and flows like its inspirer Beer (Bere),
Though stale not ripe, though thin yet never clear.

It may now be handsomely dropped, and lost among the heaps of sense and nonsense, spite and panegyric, which this newer and more interesting subject, Peace, will bury in oblivion.

Did you hope, or could either you or I, dear sir, have

* She had dissolved it before, November 16, 1800, but had been requested, when Mr. Bere was required to resign the curacy, to reopen it. Mr. Bere's dismissal was not enforced, and, according to her principles, Mrs. Hannah More would not continue a school contrary to the wishes of the minister.

dreamed of living to see the wonders hourly exhibiting?—a French Republic! consolidating under that name an empire beyond the grasp — beyond the expectation, I believe — of Louis Quatorze himself. That Buonaparte is author of their greatness, I am not confident, but that he has contributed to it is certain; and strangely retributive must that justice appear in his eyes which dooms the men who have annihilated the independence of Italy, to shrink and tremble under the command of an Italian. The fable recited by Jotham in the 9th chapter of Judges would suit one of the Bourbon princes now exactly; and, if fire does not come out of Abimelech to devour the men of Shechem, and if fire does not come out of Shechem to devour Abimelech, I shall be much disappointed.

Meanwhile, we have done wisely, though perhaps not kindly, in forbearing to fight Europe's battles any more, against a Power she was willing to set over herself; but the day we signed those preliminaries was in my mind a fatal day for all the world — France, Russia, and ourselves excepted.

Our commercial gentlemen have every reason to be pleased. The aldermen will eat turtle, and their wives will wear gems from our new acquisition — the Taprobana of the ancients, the terrestrial paradise, Ceylon, whence only swallows never migrate, who are contented to stay nowhere else.

Nous autres campagnards will find our estates rise in value every hour, and provisions, I hope, sink in price. The money brought in at '57 for Mr. Thrale's daughters at his death, will at my death be nearly doubled to them, and pay them for waiting so long.

I shall not surely eat goose at 99 years old, like lovely Mrs. Whalley; one slice of it would make me, even now, so ill — Bath water alone could restore me. How happy that my husband has a stomach as strong as mine is weak! The gout always in my mother's family, never in his, would, if it

once attacked me, fly to the feeble part at once, and despatch a life that has been comparatively an exceeding happy one.

Our dear Siddons complains sadly of her mouth — a strumous swelling in the lip, if I understand Mrs. Pennington perfectly: it will hurt her enunciation and plague her cruelly besides; but hers is the real unpretending virtue, that bears and forbears all for conscience sake. The longer one knows that incomparable creature, the more reasons spring up to love and to esteem her; it is to you and Mrs. Whalley that I owe the happiness of her friendship and acquaintance.

Mrs. Whalley's tender and fragile frame will outlast this, and perhaps many a winter; let us only look back, and we shall observe those who have been overset on the ocean of life, and left us paddling on, to have been the robust and vigorous, not the delicate and slight vessels. They are so careful, and excite in others such unremitted care to keep them safe, their misery is often the outliving their healthier friends. God keep us all together to meet happy at Langford Cottage next spring, we shall have enough to chat about. *La conversation des amis ne tarit pas*, and those wicked French fellows, whose language I love almost as much as I hate their philosophy, will give us subjects of admiration, sometimes without their own consent: witness their being obliged to leave Egypt, that basest of nations, to slavery, whilst they have set free all the world beside, under the yoke, too, of those wretched Turks! who, having resisted an armed continent in former days, now fall themselves without a blow. Adieu to them! I have long been sick of all alliance with such dull souls, who have done nothing, as I find, but sit cross-legged to bring us good luck. Let us see what results from their quarrel with Passwan Oglou,* and learn, if possible, what the quarrel is about.

* The rebellion of this Pasha has long been forgotten, but excited interest at the time. A gentleman remembers a hideous head and shoulder-bust being

Old England has nothing to do but to look on. You should pay forfeit for not telling me the anecdote of *Buonaparte*. Do, now, kindest Mr. Whalley, write again, when a moment's time to throw away, offers. You cannot bestow it upon any one more sensible of the honour done them in such a correspondence, and I feel quite eager to learn that he hates a Jacobin—there can be no doubt but he fears them.

The epigram about Cerberus, and your delightful drollery concerning these cynics and snarlers, is pleasant beyond measure. Let us join all our forces to keep up the spirits of our precious friend in Pulteney Street,* which will be best done by changing the whole course of her ideas and making her think of something else till she feels ashamed to go back and look her head over for rubbish.

Our dear and inestimable Sovereign, too, whom you, and she, and I unite to venerate, will be made happy by this peace, and his paternal estate safe to please him. I cannot but feel for those sort of prejudices, remembering how Miss Thrale's guardians advised me to sell or give away my little property here in Wales 'as beneath the notice of their mother, whose papa had provided for me so amply,' was their phrase; 'and my woods too,' said I. 'Woods!' replied Mr. Crutcheley, with a loud laugh, 'oh, yes, I do recollect an old plum-tree.' I fear they talked something like this to George the Third—I fear so, about Hanover. But what is left of my paper will not let me say with how many thanks and regards I remain, dear Mr. and Mrs. Whalley,

Ever obliged and faithful,

H. L. PROZZI.

exhibited through an aperture in the green curtain on the Edinburgh stage in 1801, under the name of Passwan Oglou, who, we may thus conclude, paid the forfeit of his head to the Sultan, in consequence of his rebellion.

* The Misses More resided at this time, during the winter months, in Pulteney Street, Bath. The Blagdon controversy was still raging.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE.

Bath, Friday night [winter of 1801].

MY DEAR SIR,—I trouble you with one hasty line respecting the memorandums you were so good to take away relating to Farmer Young, &c. I think, if you please, you had better desire Fisher to let him omit (in case he makes an affidavit) that part about the Athanasian creed, in short, all that relates to the curate, and confine himself to Young and the school; and to Young's keeping the people to church, to his preventing them from going among the Methodists, and to the communicants being increased by his means, &c.; also to his having been at the 'George' on the day of the meeting, with other respectable people, to give their testimony in favour of the Master, but were not allowed. If this be, as I am told it was, strictly the truth, all the rest I would wish to remain just as we settled it. I trouble you with this line, because I can write to you with more safety and freedom than to any one else.

The Bishop of Bangor has been with me some hours to-day. He is so indignant at the curate's attack, that neither he nor his lady will suffer the book to come into their house. He was hardly brought to consent to hear of its being answered. He was pleased to say, that my own character, with the firm support of the Rector, Chancellor, and Bishop, was the completest answer. I never saw him so animated on any subject. I wish I had lent you the sermon he had just sent me on the creeds, especially the Athanasian. He thinks the Socinians are dreadfully increasing.

I hope you found dear Mrs. Whalley well. With my kindest regards, believe me ever, my dear sir,

Your ever obliged and faithful

H. MORE.

MISS A. SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, January 13, 1802.

O YES, my dear afflicted friend, I knew, I felt that all attempts to console you must be worse than useless, and therefore silently acquiesced and respected their solemn prohibition. It is only moderate sorrow that they can serve. I have long dreaded for you this dreadful wrench from happiness, and thought it would happen much sooner. Her frame, dear soul, was not built for longevity, and the consequences of that dire overturn decreased her chance for it. I am also sure that the mortal stroke never dissolved a more perfect union of heart and mind.

It is seldom that in mutual affection there is not some portion of disparity, which the most attached of the two will always painfully feel. In the tenderness which subsisted between our dear lost friend and yourself, I never could perceive the smallest portion of it, and could it possibly have been left to my determination which of friends so much beloved by me should be snatched away, putting self out of the question, I declare to God I know not which I should have pointed out. I say putting self out of the question, else had my decision been that, which would have left to you those years of disconsolation, which are now decreed you by the Supreme Disposer. Yet, well did I know her worth, and tender was the love I bore her. My heart and my judgment bear testimony to every excellence your mournful pen has portrayed. It is not to you, and especially in hours like these, that I feel the least scruple in acknowledging that with all of stainless honour, glowing benevolence, and integrity of principle, with the softest kindness and placability of spirit, which adorn and exalt your character, I always thought, since my mind held free communion with hers, that she equalled you in the possession of those virtues, and that in her they had less

alloy of human frailty; but you were my first acquaintance. From the first hour we met, nay, before we met, your letters and your lovely poem had established you with a brother's dearness in my heart. For your sake I should have esteemed and regarded a moderately amiable woman who bore your name, possessed your affection, and shared your destiny. Much more, therefore, than common esteem and regard did I feel for her, who was not only the source of your felicity, but whose virtues were too genuine and transcendent to be regarded only, or even chiefly for another's sake, yet was that other still the dearest of the two.

Your letter is the picture of an almost broken heart. Poor Saville, whose life, since I wrote to you, has been in fearful peril, sits by me weeping over its contents. Oh! nothing is left for us but, with all our affectionate energies for you, to say amen to the blessing of comfort which you invoke from Him, who has permitted you to be thus deeply afflicted.

Excellent as she was, I cannot permit you to assert that you were unworthy of her. Alas! from how many men, even amongst the class of the estimable, would her virtues have met with but a general and dispassionate acknowledgment, while you not only in these early hours of deprivation, which always heighten affection, but in those of security and peace, ever felt them to their utmost value, and made her eminently happy by hourly proofs of that sensibility. While you have this consciousness, do not say that you have no earthly source of consolation.

You tell me you shall frequently change your place of residence, that in such change you will find some relief: hence I exhort you to remember that you have a friend at Lichfield, to whom you will always be dearly welcome. When you are able to write to me, and feel disposed to allow me that mournful indulgence, say, for I am anxious to know, if the Cottage will be your home. I trust anguish, with all

its severity, will not wield an ignited sword at the gate of your little Eden, to forbid your re-entrance. First re-entrance must be a second death; but, if you have resolution to encounter it, you will, in a short time, feel a consoling influence steal upon your lacerated mind, from the consciousness of inhabiting a scene that was so dear to her. I speak from experience. After my fondly-beloved sister died in the apartments I inhabit above stairs, so well known to you, I thought it impossible I should endure to frequent them in future. I was, however, persuaded to resume them, and, when the first shock was over, I loved them more than ever for her sake.

You forbid me to expect an early letter, and I will not, but must entreat you to commission your servant to write six words to me by return of post, the reason as follows:—It is long since I heard from dear Mrs. Jackson, who has not replied to my last letter. Lately I saw a paragraph to this effect in the newspapers—‘Last week, in Phillimore Court, died suddenly, Mrs. F. G. Jackson, wife of Mr. Jackson, late of Jamaica.’ I have grieved over the apprehension that it might prove to be our friend; but not knowing where she fixed after she left Turville Court, I had no means of acquiring the dispersion or confirmation of my fears. Your total silence on the subject induces a hope that some other Mrs. Jackson was meant. Yet it is possible, that believing me conscious of an event so lamentable, and your whole soul absorbed in one exclusive sorrow, you might forbear to touch on a subordinate deprivation. Satisfaction or certainty on this subject I entreat. ‘Mrs. Jackson lives and is well,’ or ‘Mrs. Jackson is no more,’ from the pen of your servant; and let him add, if he can with truth, ‘My master is not worse in his health than when he wrote to you.’

Mr. Saville not recovered, but, I trust, recovering from a sudden, violent, and dangerous extreme of his ten years’

malady, desires to join me in mournful regards to you, so does cousin White and Mrs. Smith.

And now, my dear afflicted friend, farewell! May time and religion assuage your anguish, and think of Lichfield and me in the local changes you purpose. Other minds may have richer stores for you; no heart has more sympathy.

Yours faithfully,

A. S.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, AT SIR WALTER JAMES', BART., DEVONSHIRE PLACE, LONDON.

Bath, January 29, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,— You will be surprised to receive a letter from me so very soon, but the business I write upon is rather urgent; though you expected to hear soon, yet you did not imagine our motions would be so very rapid. On the very day you left us, Dr. Pandolph came to us with the following business settled by the great man. As you are so much in our confidence, I hesitate not to give you the particulars. 'Dr. P. says that his Lordship, after reading Spencer's pamphlet twice over,* is decidedly of opinion that a prosecution ought to be commenced against him, that he wishes Mr. H. Thornton (his own selection) would wait on the Attorney-General with his compliments, and to request him to look it over, and he, the Attorney-General, to give directions how to proceed; that nothing can be said in excuse for this man's interference, and that he ought to be made an example of, for the benefit of society, and in order to put a stop to this general abuse of respectable characters.'

Dr. Pandolph has written to Mr. Wilberforce and Thornton that you are in town, and that he is sure you will be ready

* Entitled, 'Truths respecting Mrs. Hannah More's Meeting-houses, and the Conduct of her Followers.' By Edward Spencer.

to communicate with them upon the general business, as well as upon the characters of Bere, Shaw, Eyre, &c.

I hope you had a good journey: we shall be anxious to hear how you are. My poor sister, though still a great sufferer, we hope has, in a degree, subdued the formidable enemy the ague; the last fit, thank God, was much slighter, though it seems to be only exchanged for another disease, and she has been in bed almost ever since you saw her. She desires to be most kindly remembered to you, and believe me, dear sir,

Your sincere and faithful,

MARTHA MORE.

Mr. Wilberforce's town-house, Old Palace Yard, Westminster; Mr. Thornton lives at Clapham; town-house for doing business in the City, King's Arms Yard.

P.S. — It has occurred to us, that when you mention Bere's having declared the depraved state of his parish to Captain Simmons and others, suppose you were to add, and to the Rev. Mr. Whalley also; this would strengthen it by the weight of your name, and also be a good blind.

Remember, you promised to receive any scrawl; you well know I have no time my own.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON.

Bath, February 10, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR, — One line in the old hurry; I shall put down a few things as they occur, without order. We admire the rapidity of your genius in getting everything so forward in such a little time. As a very popular Review has just inserted the passage from my sister's books in praise of the Establishment, I think you had better omit it — it will save a page or two, and perhaps be better. *Apropos*, we are now truly glad we agreed together, that you should entirely

omit all mention of Lady Huntingdon, &c.; and we also wish you would neither notice Laura Chapel, nor Jay's, upon any consideration, as it would be running our heads into hornets' nests, and drawing down pamphlets from their partisans. She wishes you not on any account to enter into any particulars, except a general declaration that it is the general tendency and design of our schools to counteract Methodism, by bringing the common people to church, as there is a supineness in them of late years to come to church. By the way, could you not introduce some such interrogation as this: 'Where are now the 150 or 200 children of Blagdon that used to occupy such a large space of your church? Where are they now to be found?'

We are sure you will manage all the great points well, and it is on those our cause depends. What appears to us proper to be avoided is petty things, which from some trifling error of date, &c., impossible at this distance to be clear about, would furnish him with a triumph; and not to provoke answers seems to be the great object. Hannah bid me say, that to expose Bere's actions, and to lay open his motives, is what you are likely to be so happy in. The more you confine yourself to this, the more she is persuaded you will do good. She therefore says you must forgive her, if she repeats that the less praise given to her, and the less general invective, the better. Our good friend, Sir A., certainly hurts the cause by being too general and diffuse in both. The more you can compress, therefore, the better, as it has not the advantage of your name; if it had, she would not take the liberty to say a word, as she knows that would stamp every importance upon it, which would supersede everything she could say. Your warm friendship will excuse all this from her weak state.

We are truly sorry you make so little progress towards health. We were in full expectation change of scene would

have done more for you. Dr. Lovell was here yesterday; he shook his head at my poor sister; though the ague is much diminished, yet the bowels are very alarming. He says he will not answer for the consequences, if she is not kept completely quiet for the next two months. As to the prosecution, the learned in the law differ much as to the mode, but I fear the whole must necessarily be set aside by Hannah's inability, even to have it named to her; only talking of it once brought on the ague, after a suspension of six days. God bless you, my dear sir, and believe me to be your sincere

MARTHA MORE.

I got your horrid bit of paper. Mum, to be sure, on my part.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON.

Bath, February 21, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have forbore to write to you for some days past, knowing at this time how fully your time is taken up with your manuscript and printing. However, I know you wish to hear something of my poor sister's health; we hope she is gaining a little ground. Dr. Lovell is venturing with a sort of fear and trembling to give her the bark in the gentlest manner; the fit last time was only perspiration. These are favourable symptoms, yet she is still in her great chair, and more nervous and weak than I can express, and also a very bad stomach.

Hannah says, in your naming the numbers in our schools, you had better say eight or nine hundred, for if there should chance to be a deficiency of three, we shall certainly have a pamphlet. I intended to write you a long letter, but was prevented; however, I think you will not grudge to pay for a parcel. Hazard last night sent us the enclosed pamphlet, which, as it may furnish some hints, I send it. We

know nothing of the author, but you will agree with us he writes with spirit. We had never heard of anything but from Tom Davis, that a new pamphlet was soon to appear, by an officer at Clifton. We see Hurst is the London printer. Should not you tell Hatchard to furnish himself with a parcel directly, and perhaps he will do well to send one to the Bishop of London and Dr. Moss, immediately. The prosecution for the present seems dropped, owing to my sister's invincible dislike. The great lawyers are extremely clear as to its being actionable, and extremely wicked in a moral view. All agree in commending her dignified silence—their own expression. I hope your health and spirits are better. My sisters unite in kind regards with,

Dear sir, your obliged

MARTHA MORE.

Being a parcel, I will direct this to Sir Walter's, as there are two Devonshire Streets.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON.

Bath, Friday, February 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our agreement was, at parting, to put down anything upon paper as it occurred.

Dr. Lovell was here a day or two ago; he is very uneasy about my sister, and says he will not answer for her recovery, if she is not kept in perfect quiet. Mr. Thornton sent only a sketch of what he intended to show Gibbs, and it brought back her ague; therefore we must be very careful to keep her very calm for some time. I know she is uneasy lest there should possibly be any part of your book which could betray her knowledge of it, or assisting in it. I trust to your friendship, knowing that my whole heart is devoted to her recovery, for naming this. Will you cast your acute eye over the book again, and see whether there is any line, or

phrase, or passage that would betray such an idea, and I know you will excuse, my dear sir, what I have said, and may God bless you!

MARTHA MORE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I break open my letter to say I have just got yours. There cannot be a wiser man than Macaulay, particularly in that line, but we had heard nothing of it. Once for all, my dear sir, for a thousand pounds I would not have you put that in your book about Jay; it cannot be put with truth, therefore pray erase it directly. I will tell you when we meet. My sister knows nothing of this, nor any of my sisters, but I am clear in my ground; I will explain to you some other time. Does Macaulay know you wrote the book? He is secrecy itself, and you may trust him with your life. Do you know it is Selina's husband?

Much yours.—The post going.

Pray burn this.

MISS S. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET,
LONDON.

Bath, Monday morn, March 8, 1802.

DEAR SIR,—The kind participation you take in all our family concerns makes me take up my pen to write to you on this occasion. My sister Patty has been almost at the point of death since she last wrote to you, nay, frequently we thought she was gone for ever; she complained of a sudden pain in her thumb; in an instant she fell, from fainting fits, &c. The very day, however, poor Hannah wrote to you (she was in spirits, and, I may add, they were the first lines she had written for many weeks), in the evening she was taken with a violent cough, but no ague appeared: the illness of Patty, on Saturday, hurried her very much, and yesterday, about three o'clock, all her complaints made such

a general attack upon her, that we are thrown into the utmost terror. We have sent to Bristol to beg Dr. Lovell to meet the physician here: we hardly thought she would have survived the night. In a broken tone of voice she has just whispered me to write a line to you. She mentioned a certain pamphlet which is eagerly expected, but I strongly suspect she thinks she shall never live to hear the reading of it; but I will not despair, so often as she has been raised from such desperate maladies. In a kind of delirium which attended her through the night, I heard her exclaim, but very inarticulately, 'Oh! how dreadful is pain of body; but what is that to Bere's guilt of mind?'

Mrs. Leeves, in a very friendly letter, says his partisans in the country are falling off daily; four or five new pamphlets are now in the press, some for, some against; one, I hear, is by a clergyman of fortune, who intends to prove the deep scheme is all Atheism against Christianity; one of the pamphlets is entitled, amongst other names, 'A Squint at St. Hannah.' A saint indeed, if patient suffering for well-doing can make her one. I was called down stairs. I found my eldest sister in great agitation cutting open a pamphlet, just arrived from Hazard's, entitled 'Animadversions,' &c.* I have been running up and down ever since, catching a page of it as I can, from a lady who is reading it to Patty in her bed, all equally wondering who can be the author; you may imagine how I long to hear the whole.

We shall be exceedingly sorry should we hear, hereafter, that your great labours have injured your health. Pray, when you write, be particular in your statement of so important an article.

Hannah at length is fallen into a fine sleep. I hope, on her awaking, we shall find her the better for it. In the hurry

* Dr. Whalley's anonymous pamphlet.

and agitation in which I write, I trust your goodness to excuse this scrawl, and that you will believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

S. MORE.

You should have heard P. Lintorn's exclamations, who was one of the audience up stairs, at the reading of the pamphlet.

MISS SARAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON.

Bath, Tuesday night, Spring 1802.

DEAR SIR,—I have but one moment, amidst the great hurry of the morning, to tell you we have great hopes our invalids, particularly Patty, is much better. Hannah is in a miserable languid state. Dr. Lovell has seen her twice; he hopes, with care, the danger is past, yet the recovery is very slow.

A word of a certain pamphlet which is ever uppermost in my mind. I find more weight in it than even my high-raised expectations had led me to believe, such a multitude of facts which never can be controverted. I have yet seen only a few friends, who are all animated on the subject. The venerable Maclean is highly gratified, and particularly recommends the latter half as very fine writing. Randolph, Pratt, Drewett, Miss Matley, &c., all *nem. con.* on the subject. As soon as Patty is able to write, you shall be informed more fully on particulars. I was in Hazard's shop, when the Dean of Wells came in to make a purchase of the book. He and Randolph had just finished a long discussion in the Pump-room. Little Dr. Shepherd—half mad, half Methodist, whom you must know—I saw him throw down the pamphlet, and heard him exclaim: 'Complete detection—complete detection. Now it is all out—it is all out;' then turning to me, he repeated the same. You may be assured of our inviolable secrecy, but I cannot answer that suspicion

will never glance towards you. I have just heard it was done by a Captain Simmons; we have also heard it ascribed to Mr. Glass and Dr. Randolph.

Should you not think it right to empower Hatchard to send a few copies to particular characters—for instance, Bishop of Rochester, Gibbs, Dr. Rennell, and a few other such persons as you and he shall approve? I name these as public men, as well affected to our cause. On one part of the subject there seems to be but one opinion—there is so much point and energy in it that it must be written by a person of talents.

I admire the judgment of your dwelling on the last pamphlet, as that was most wanted. I had a thousand things to say, but have not had a moment to collect my thoughts, nor a moment to write them down, if I had.

Hannah has this instant (as I write in her chamber) put to me a close question, which I was obliged to answer in the affirmative, namely, was the pamphlet arrived? She expressed deep regret that she must be deprived for the present of a pleasure she has been so long expecting to receive. I said it was all we could wish, and she promised to try to be patient.

Dr. Lovell slept in Bath last night, that he might see Hannah this morning. Not a word has ever escaped us to Mr. Wilberforce, &c.

I hope, in time, Hannah will be able to express her greatest obligations to you; in the meantime, I remain,

Dear sir, yours, &c.,

SARAH MORE.

MISS SARAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON.

Spring of 1802.

DEAR SIR,— There being no post to-morrow, I therefore write to-day, to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind

inquiries of yesterday. I fear your own health is much worse than you chose to express; as to our invalids, they get on but slowly; Hannah's nights are painful and without rest, yet, still, the doctor does not see the symptoms dangerous, only tedious and suffering.

I was called down—it was Mr. Drewett with his new pamphlet, of which I have not had time to read one word. I threw it on P.'s bed, and she is looking it over; it only goes to answering Spencer's charges against himself to the Reviews. Has Hatchard sent the pamphlet to the Reviews, particularly the *Anti-Jacobin*, as they talked in their last work to review the whole this month? It ought to have been done the moment of its publication, otherwise they will not have time. Has Hatchard any connections at Oxford? Would it not be well to send one to the Reverends Mr. Grey and Rawbone? All our friends here are in high approbation of the work, and I find it is doing considerable mischief amongst the enemy; some inveterate spirits have been converted to the right faith.

Our friend Mr. Pratt, who is as good a judge of composition, perhaps, as any man in Bath, said here last night that there are many passages in the work he reads over again and again as a literary treat; some, who do not know the man as you and I do, make some objections to the ludicrous passage or two, as not comporting with the dignity of the rest, but they divert me, and will make Axbridge laugh.

Mrs. Pennington is just gone, all transport at the pamphlet, not the slightest glance of suspicion towards the author. She says the facts relating to Bere are as if he (Pennington) had written them himself, in point of truth.

With the united compliments of the sisterhood, I remain, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

SARAH MORE.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT SIR WALTER JAMES',
BART., DEVONSHIRE PLACE, LONDON.

Lichfield, May 12, 1802.

FOUR months have passed away since I addressed you, my dear, deprived, afflicted friend. It is my hope that they have not passed without having left upon your heart some portion of that balm, with which Time assists Reason and Religion in their power of mitigating fruitless woe. Meanwhile, your kind attention in so instantly dispelling my apprehension for the life of our beloved Mrs. Jackson, has often returned to my memory, exciting grateful sensation. Your then state of mind would perfectly have excused your delegating to a servant the reply to my enquiries.

Conscious that repose of mind and thought was not only desirable to you, but good for you, I have forborne thus long to renew my questions concerning the state of your health and of your spirits. Sir Walter and Lady Jane James have probably detained you in London, as the scene in which your attention might most successfully be turned towards extrinsic circumstances and objects.

You asked after my health in your till now unacknowledged letter. It was far from good through the rigid and gloomy winter, and has not improved beneath the blooming renovation of the vegetable world. Rheumatism combines with the added feebleness of my last, and yet not recovered fall; and dizziness of head, and tremulous motion of heart, with difficulty of breathing, are daily returning sensations of a more threatening nature, as to the duration of life.

My spirits have never permanently recovered the shock they received from dear Giovanni's dangerous seizure in December last; and he is so frequently ill, so imperfectly recovers that portion of his long feeble strength, which that seizure took away, that apprehension for his life sits heavy

on my heart. Yet, unless prevented by further increase of disease, we have each promised to visit our friend Mr. Mitchel, in Worcestershire, for the express purpose of listening to the nightingale, a yet by me untasted pleasure ; but that gratification has been so often postponed, that I begin to think its notes are sounds which destiny interdicts to my ear. We mean to set out next Monday, and to stay a fortnight. Soon after my return, I am afraid my rheumatic pains will impel my reluctant course to Buxton. These three last weeks the society of Mrs. M. Powys, one of the few existing friends of my youth, often beguiled my attention of its anticipating fears, while we recalled the image of our lost Honora, scarcely less dear to her than to myself. Thus was that charming creature ideally present in these apartments, and these bowers, which yet breathe of her, the scenes of her youth and happiness. Mrs. Powys left me this morning, and I found a letter to you in harmony with my feelings. I am but too likely to behold her no more, since it is eight years since we previously met. She is going in the autumn to settle at Bath, where I hope she will have the happiness of your acquaintance.

It will give me pleasure to learn that the 'fair restored' has assiduously exerted towards you those powers of soothing your affliction, with which your fondness has reinvested her.

You have, doubtless, seen in the papers the late sudden death of the celebrated Dr. Darwin. His extinction is universally lamented, from the most operative cause of general regret ; and while disease may no longer turn the eye of hope upon his rescuing and restoring skill, the poetic fanes lose a splendid source of ornament, and philosophical science an ingenious and daring dictator, on whom her ablest votaries looked with admiring if not always with acquiescent veneration.

His son, Dr. Darwin of Shrewsbury, has applied to me for assistance in furnishing materials for a short life of his father, which may be hereafter requested as precluding future editions of his works. This gentleman justly observes, that Dr. Darwin, senior's, utter dislike to all personal questions, left him almost entirely in the dark respecting the earlier part of his life—the twenty-four years in which he practised physic in Lichfield, and which passed beneath the unobservant eyes of his own infancy and boyism. The early death of his excellent mother closed upon him the best source of information on that theme. He is conscious that those years form a part of the late Doctor's existence, better known, however, to me than to himself, since I lived in habitual intercourse with that great man from my thirteenth year—the period in which his constellation of talents first beamed upon our city, and illumined it so long.

I had rather this application had not been made, since my respect for him who makes it will not suffer me to decline the attempt; since the demands upon my pen are already too heavy for my health, and since that impartial display of both sides of the medal, which constitutes valuable biography, may not be given by the filial hand, or presented, by another, to the filial eye.

The deceased Dr. Darwin was a mixed character: illustrious by talent, and professionally liberal during his residence in Lichfield; always hospitable, sometimes friendly, but never amiable. While on his entrance into company, and on every commencing conversation, his countenance wore the open and exhilarating smile of benevolence, yet in the progress of that conversation, though his imagination glowed on abstracted themes, was there invariably found a cold satiric atmosphere around him, repulsing the confidence and the sympathy of friendship. Age did not improve his heart; and on its inherent frost poetic authorism, commencing

with him after middle life, engrafted all its irritability, disingenuous arts, and grudging jealousy of others' reputation in that science. He had not the smallest confidence in human testimony, however respectable, if it was any way hostile to his theories.

As a poet, his imagination was luxuriant and vigorous, but his taste was fastidious respecting polish, and inere-tricious in regard to ornament. As affection was the desideratum of his temperament, so was simplicity that of his verse, and irreligion that of his judgment. The warm defender of public liberty, he constantly exerted despotism towards those over whom he had natural or acquired influence. He was a far-sighted politician, and foresaw and foretold the individual and ultimate mischief of every pernicious measure of the late Cabinet, which united to compel this country to accept an insecure and humiliating peace, and left us to groan under a weight of public debt, which will not bear accumulation when self-defence may hereafter demand it.

Biography has very seldom characteristic truth, because it is generally manufactured by near relations, fond to establish their consanguinity to reputed perfection, or by obliged and consequently partial friends; or by editors, who consider it highly conducive to their own profits on the work, that the author, whose writings they publish or republish, should, as a private character, possess the unqualified esteem and admiration of the world. Thus they do for him what Queen Elizabeth requested her painters to do for her — they draw a picture without shades.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

Poor Giovanni sends you his kindest regards.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, LANGFORD COTTAGE,
NEAR BRISTOL.

Tuesday.

ACCEPT yourself, my dear friend, and present to dear Mrs. Whalley, a thousand thousand thanks for the beauteous and magnificent sables. You know not how richly you have endowed, for in such a trimming I shall astonish all my beholders with what I believe was never seen in any theatre in England at least. I hope to see you on Friday. God bless you both! I have scarcely a moment to say I am yours and my dear Mrs. Whalley's most grateful and truly affectionate,

S. SIDDONS.

Mrs. Martyn has faithfully promised to take care of the box. I sent it there on Saturday by my own hand.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE
STREET, LONDON.

Tuesday, 4 o'clock (May or June), 1802.

I WILL sit up in my bed and write my own self a line, for who but myself ought to thank you, my most able, zealous, and successful advocate? I have now got quite through your book; indeed, it is admirable! You have embraced such a vast variety of objects! Nothing has escaped you. And not only the facts are important, but the writing is admirable. Sir A. E. suspects you. How should he help it? He paid you, however, a great compliment, for he said, 'If there was not such an exact knowledge of local circumstances, he should almost suspect it was done by Dr. Rennell.' But, whoever be the author, he says it is extremely well done. It only wants to make its way and be known to produce effect. My very severe attack and Patty's has cut off all communication with our London friends. We shall rejoice to see you. Should I have no fresh drawback I hope to get on faster, but this is the tenth

day that I have not quitted my bed. Patty, too, gains ground.

This scrawl has been a great effort. God bless you, my dear sir. Nobody can feel more sensibly than I do how much I owe you.

Yours very faithfully and gratefully,

H. MORE.

The 'Animadversions' were not got to Bristol when we heard. How is this? I hope Hatchard will send it thither, and to Wells, &c.

I much fear your close application and sedulous labour has hurt your health. The Cottage air, I trust, will help to restore you. I long to dwell on those passages we most admire, but dare not enlarge.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON.

Bath, July 14, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,—The uncommon and extraordinary interest you have taken in this horrid business of my sister, and the sincere affection and attachment you show and express for her, must be my excuse for all the apparent impertinent trouble I am driven, by what I feel necessity, to give you.

I am particularly situated at present, and hardly know how to act; to keep everything from her, and at the same time not to appear ungrateful to her ardent friends, is my trial, and at times is more than my nerves can well bear. That I may be clearly understood by you, I will state my tale simply, for only truth is lovely:—Before we came from Bristol we had never thought of going anywhere but to church. When we came here, just then the churches were, I am sorry to say, badly filled. Jay was then in all his glory, and little else talked of; his chapel was full, and half

filled by people from church, I mean on a Sunday evening. I have seen great numbers of clergymen there, and often Dr. Randolph. All this was thought nothing of by anybody; Jay's orthodoxy and talents bore everything before it, nor was the thing remarked, that ever I heard of, till the French Revolution, when Tom Paine, &c., began to show their cloven feet. I have often sat by Mrs. Quicke and such sort of characters, that it is not worth while to enumerate.

At this time the cry of the Church began to come forward, and all those harmless admirers of Jay withdrew as the prejudices of the people began to break out. It is many years since my sister was there, but I recollect perfectly at the beginning of people's going there. My sister was there one morning with a little party; it was Sacrament Sunday, Jay was very fine; when it was over, they looked at each other, partly from curiosity, perhaps, but I hope, also, partly from desire; they stayed, and, what may surprise you more, I know many High Church people, and one gentleman and lady with ten thousand a year, who have always the Church prayers performed morning and evening in their family, did the same, from the same sort of feeling, without ever thinking of it since, or its ever occurring to them they had done any wrong thing.

I have been open and explicit, and therefore you see your mentioning Jay would be fatal to our whole business; I mean, as it would bring pamphlets against her from that orthodox body of dissenters, who now admire her, and are great readers and purchasers of her works. Another reason is, that there is a very bad fellow, a frequenter of that chapel, who wants, as I have lately heard, to get a stroke at her, if she should advance anything of Jay, as I understand.

Have the goodness, my dear sir, to enter into my feelings and difficulties in this affair, for now you will see, that if my sister saw Jay's name in your book, her ague would return immediately. All this is kept from her; nor did my elder

sisters ever know any of this happened; therefore, be so good never to name a syllable of it in your letters.

Dr. Lovell shakes his head about poor Hannah, and it goes to our hearts, and so it will to yours. She was saying last night, 'I wonder if we should press upon Mr. Whalley to dash in, the sedition, and the vices they say the schools have introduced, here and there, in his book.' And now, I have another great favour to beg of you. Will you, as soon as your leisure will permit, write a letter about your book, or about anything you please, such as I can show the whole of it to poor Hannah, and give her to read? Adieu, my dear sir, and may God bless you!

M. MORE.

As you are in a lodging, I hope you burn everything of mine.

MISS MARTHA MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 22 DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON.

Bath, December 3, 1802.

MY DEAR SIR,—We were sorry to hear so poor an account of your health, as we really expected you would have experienced salutary effects from your journey. You will rejoice to hear my sister Hannah lost the ague twice; but, alas! the third time (it seems a most critical time) she had a slight fit, which has lowered her spirits a little, though we will still hope.

The fact you require of Mr. Descury, we are not quite clear about the date; therefore, had you not better omit it? The subject was chiefly his preaching against the school. Should you think the following circumstance worth relating? The lady of the manor at Cheddar, Mrs. Stagg, whom you may remember, after having shown great favour to the school, and great friendship to us, when she died left a handsome legacy to the school, and another to the Poor Women's Club; and the inheritor of her large property con-

tinues to show the same favour to our institutions. Would it, do you think, be worth mentioning (not out of ostentation, but as a proof of our attachment to the Church), that for many years past we have given away above two hundred Bibles and Common Prayer-books? Pray send us your brother Richard's direction. What can you mean by saying Bere is to be attacked in another quarter? You have excited our curiosity.

Pray send to Hatchard's for a new letter of Boak's to Lewis, of Axbridge, and tell us how you like it. We are aware what a vast load of business you have upon your hands; therefore, only write three lines when you have occasion. I hope you will not forget to write to Mr. Huddleston. It was cruel of him to take up such a character as Bere.

Pray take no notice of my intelligence about the prosecution, as the great folks seem undetermined about the manner, or whether to do it at all. Hannah desires me to say that, though you write so well and so pointedly, yet she is persuaded that, if the more superfluous matter is abridged, the greater will be the effect.

Where you intend to say Bere preached seven Sundays against us, suppose you say many.

We hope everything was settled with Lord Belmour, as I suppose you have heard he is dead. I have at last been able to get the title-page of Bere's book; but, for want of time and room, I must enclose it. I am sorry to put you to the expense of postage. My sisters unite in kindest regards to you, and remain, dear sir, your obliged,

MARTHA MORE.

My sister Hannah desired me to break open my letter to request you to put upon paper what you read at Meyler's of the suppressed part of Spencer's book. We know it will not stand good in law; but our friends think such a memorandum may hereafter be useful.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE,
BATH.

Dublin, December 24, 1802.

MY DEAR MR. WHALLEY,—I have less time than inclination for writing very often; which is so much my case at this moment that I trust your goodness will excuse any apparent abruptness in these few hurried lines. I thank you for your kind condolence. My dear father died the death of the righteous; may my last end be like his, without a groan!

With respect to my dear Mrs. Pennington, my heart is too much alive to her unhappy situation, and my affection for her too lively, to have induced the necessity of opening a wound which is of itself too apt to bleed. Indeed, indeed, my dear sir, there was no occasion to recal those sad and tender scenes to soften my nature; but let it pass.

You need not be informed, I imagine, that such a sum as 80*l.* is too considerable to be immediately produced out of a woman's quarterly allowance; but, as I have not the least doubt of Mr. Siddons being ready and willing to offer this testimony of regard and gratitude, I beg you will arrange the business with him immediately. I will write to him this day, if I can find a moment's time.

If you can devise any quicker mode of accomplishing your amiable purpose, rely upon my paying the 80*l.* within the next six months. For God's sake, do not let it slip through. If I knew how to send the money from hence, I would do it this instant; but I think, considering the delay of distance and the caprice of wind and sea, it will be more expeditiously done by Mr. Siddons. God bless and restore you to perfect health and tranquillity!

Your affectionate,

S. SIDDONS.

I thank you for your kind offer of 'Rosilda,' but at present it is not in my power to get it up.

M. DE LA PIERRE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Hamptonwick, le 26 juillet 1803.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—Toujours désireux de rappeler notre amitié à votre souvenir, de même que nôtre gratitude à celle que vous nous accordez, je profite avec un véritable empressement de l'offre obligeant que me fait Mr. Chadvick de se charger de mes dépêches en m'avisant qu'il se propose de vous visiter. Je voudrois bien que les motifs qui me retiennent icy ne fussent pas un obstacle insurmontable en ce moment à faire avec luy cette agréable partie. Mais comme j'éprouve depuis nombre d'années à me résigner, et philosopher sur ce qu'on ne peut pas faire tout ce que l'on veut, je classe cette privation avec beaucoup d'autres, en formant des vœux pour que les circonstances qui nous menacent tous, n'y en ajoutent pas des nouvelles; car nous sommes près et très-près d'être attaqués. Je viens de Londres où des personnes très-bien informées savent que l'ennemi avance ses préparatifs, et qu'il fixe le terme d'un mois environ à sa visite. Si l'on sçait user de la supériorité de vos forces et de vos moïens, je ne mets pas en doute qu'on ne le repousse, et qu'il n'en soit pour sa honte, et une grande partie de l'armée immense qu'il est décidé à sacrifier, mais il faut faire conserver le sang froid à la multitude qui se laisse abuser partout par ses ruses et sa charlatanerie. Et dès qu'il a réussi de jeter l'alarme dans le peuple par tant de manières que nous avons expérimenté sur tous les points du Continent, et que l'on ne connoit point encore icy, il est à peu près sûr de parvenir à son but. Votre gouvernement tâche d'éclairer icy la classe inférieure sur ses véritables intérêts, mais les uns ne veulent pas croire à la possibilité d'une invasion, et les autres disent qu'elle ne les rendra pas beaucoup plus pauvres. C'est sur cette opinion que portent mes craintes, parceque c'est l'homme des campagnes qui doit être la force et le salut de la patrie.

Que le commerce vote tant d'argent qu'il voudra en faveur du gouvernement, que les différentes sociétés fassent parvenir de belles adresses de loyauté, tout cela est superbe sur le papier, mais toutes réelles et excellentes que soient ses intentions, elles sont inefficaces si elles ne sont pas secondées par les bras des gens de la campagne comme des milices, et animées de la ferme résolution de vaincre ou de mourir. Tant que ce sentiment n'est pas universel en Angleterre, je conserve quelques inquiétudes, car vos amiraux eux-mêmes disent que les flottes feront sans doute beaucoup, mais que comme une descente sera tentée en même tems sur plusieurs points avec 200m. hommes, repartis en quatre à cinq différentes divisions, ils ne pourront pas couvrir toutes les côtes. Je dirai donc dans la langue de mon pays, *Iddio ce la mandi buona*, et j'invoquerai avec vous sa Divine Providence pour qu'il nous délivre du sort qui a cependant atteint tant d'honnêtes gens, qui, ainsi que nous, croioient, croient, espéroient, et espèrent encore en luy. Je ne suis pas plus craintif qu'un autre; j'ai connu les dangers et le feu, je m'y exposerai encore si cela devient nécessaire; mais je connois nos ennemis par une expérience trop fatale; j'ai été du depuis témoin oculaire de la chute des Suisses, puis de l'Italie, et n'ayant vu tout cela icy que par ces gazettes.

Permettez-moi de vous le dire, mon cher ami, vous n'avez qu'une demi-connoissance de la Révolution, et encore moins des révolutionnaires et de leurs moiens. Je désire pouvoir bientôt me réjouir avec vous d'avoir échappé à un danger trop réel, et en attendant je vous réitère l'assurance de tous les sentimens de vôtre très-humble serv^r,

DE LA PIERRE.*

* In vol. i. page 98, Dr. Whalley mentions his making the acquaintance of the Marquise de la Pierre. We see by this and following letters that this casual '*rencontre*' produced a lasting friendship. The French Revolution caused the Marquis to emigrate, when he settled in England, and in 1824 the Marquise and her daughter had apartments in Hampton Court, where the Editor was taken to see them that summer by Dr. Whalley. The Italian nationality of the Marquis will excuse his very indifferent French.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

Cheltenham, May 25, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,—Among the numerous congratulations which you are daily receiving, I venture to say that you will receive none more cordial than those of myself and my sisters.* I should not so long have delayed expressing the sincere satisfaction the late happy event has afforded me, had I been certain to what place my warm good wishes were to be directed; for I must rather have written at you, than to you, had we not learnt from our friend Noble, on Sunday, at church, that you were still at Clifton. We all begin to feel a little impatient that your terrestrial Paradise is not yet ready to receive its possessors, and we really take the liberty to scold your workmen, whenever we see them, for their dilatoriness. We plead great merit in having struggled with our importunate curiosity to take a peep at Mendip Lodge till we can see it in company with those whose society will so much heighten the enjoyment.

Patty's complaints continued so obstinate, that we thought it prudent to obey Dr. Lovell's commands by a visit to this place, and set off at a day's notice. We hope to return to Barley Wood in about a fortnight. May we not hope that your exile from it will not be protracted much after that period?

Patty and I desire that you will present us most respectfully to Mrs. Whalley, and bespeak for us an interest in her favour and friendship, which we shall be ambitious to cultivate.

I hope heartily that your health may not suffer from this unnatural weather.

With my most sincere and hearty wishes that you may

* On the occasion of his second marriage with Miss Heathcote.

both long enjoy every comfort, and that God may bless you with His best blessings, I remain, my dear Sir, with the truest regard and esteem,

Your ever obliged, faithful, and sincere,

H. MORE.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE, NEAR
BRISTOL.

Lichfield, August 16, 1803.

O! MY LONG DEAR FRIEND,—I knew you would pity the wreck of all my earthly comforts—the desolation of my soul. It is extreme—it is total. You enjoined me not to write to you till I had seen or heard announced the happy event, in which your letter had taught me most truly to rejoice. In vain did I search, from time to time, my own newspaper; in vain enquire of the Falconers if they knew whether your marriage had taken place. My paper was silent on the theme, and they could not inform me, else you might be sure I had been amongst the foremost to congratulate you and your bride. I concluded some unforeseen circumstance had delayed your nuptials. Oh! be they blest!

Interested as you were in the destiny of my dear lost friend, and ever kindly affectionate towards him, I think you will wish to know the sad particulars; therefore will I do violence to the helpless lassitude of my mind, and strive to record them. You knew that from the nervous fever in 1792, under which he some months languished, he has been subject to temporary, though comparatively slight returns of the disorder; that in December 1801 he had a violent return of it, which put his life in extreme peril, and confined him some weeks to his chamber. His health remained feeble and shaken from that time till he returned from Park Gate in September last, when he seemed greatly renovated, and passed

the whole of last winter in better health than during many preceding ones—a very slight touch of the influenza his sole disorder. O! the joy, the comfort, the balmy peace of heart which resulted to me from perceiving this amendment! In April he began to complain, at times, of stricture in his breast, a slight pain there, and a difficulty of breathing in going up stairs, or up hill. A disorder so entirely new to his frame startled me, but neither of us supposed the symptom dangerous. His appetite, his spirits good, and the malady apparently trivial and infrequent; yet, alas! I am now convinced these were the presages of that disease which destroyed him. He had business at his native Ely, and, through motives of strong local attachment, longed to revisit the scenes of his youth; and he assured me that he believed the journey thither on horseback, by gentle stages, would remove the oppression from his breast or lungs. He had friends at Ashby and Leicester, with whom he meant, and did rest a day or two on his way.

[After an account much in detail of Mr. Saville's state of health for some time past, Miss Seward thus continues:]—His health, however, appeared to wear every mark of renovation till within half an hour of his death. He had dined with me and another friend that day, with appetite and gaiety of spirit; had promised to meet us at a public concert at 7 that evening, at which hour myself and several of his other friends went thither. His daughter dressed his hair at half-past six. He made no complaints, but jested with her about her performance. Soon after he cut a corn, which pained him, and in that operation he had been stooping over his stomach some time, when suddenly a tremendous seizure of the late kind attacked him, and in a quarter of an hour struck him from the land of the living. Meantime, O my friend! I was listening to music, and expecting him every moment to enter the room. About eight (when, O God!

he was no more), I began to grow excessively alarmed that he did not appear. I was sent for out of the room. Several of my friends, to whom the dread event was told, followed my chair and crowded round to support me, when the event was broke to me. I will not attempt to describe my agonies. How I lived through that night is my wonder; no tear could I shed during sixteen hours. O! it was this day fortnight! and from that day's close the world has been a desert to your friend, never more to bear the buds of cheerfulness and earthly hope for her; breath, not life, remains to her. They hurried me out of Lichfield to the house of a kind, compassionate friend, some twelve miles hence, that I might not hear a knell, whose sound must have cost me my reason or my life. My dear, dear friend was followed to his last earthly home by all the clergy and vicars, and with choral honours. They tell me, though the concourse was immense, scarcely an eye was without tears, and that in no person's memory has any death been so universally mourned in this town. His heart was the seat of every refined intelligence, every generous, every gentle virtue; and all beamed out in that expressive countenance, in the conciliating tones of that voice. All now are eager to assert those truths, and do his memory enthusiastic justice. Thirty-seven years have I been blessed with his society, his friendship, and the emanation of his virtues, and I now find they were the prop of every exertion of my soul.

Dear soul, it was never in his power to save money. The maintenance of Mrs. Smith and her children came upon him when his best days were passed; and within the last eleven years his nervous disorders prevented all professional emolument without the pale of this church. But for my assistance, therefore, he and they must have felt the deprivations of penury. Thank God, it was in my power to avert that evil,

and all its pangs; but his family are left without any self-resources from its evils. Mrs. Smith was never habitually kind, or grateful for my friendship to her and her children. I have not seen her almost these twelve months, owing to her resentment for my having, in conjunction with her father, opposed her wish of a ruinous marriage. She has, in the interim, rejected her father's repeated request, that she would accept my offered reconciliation. Yet still she is his child, and to his dear remembrance I offer up my resentments. Neither herself, her mother, nor Honora, shall know the want of competent subsistence, such as they have been used to, while it is in my power to supply them. They shall live rent free in the pleasant mansion which I purchased for my lost friend two years back, and of which he was seventeen months a delighted inhabitant. It is in the Close, two doors lower than that very inferior habitation where he lived when you were here; and they shall have from me a hundred a year, and fifty Mrs. Smith has of her own. Her eldest daughter is married, and her son in business with his uncle, though dependent upon him. I have not yet been able to see Mrs. Smith or Honora, but I mean to do it soon. Heaven knows how I shall support the interview.

I mean to break off all my correspondence. It had become so extensive and complicated, as to require very cheerful industry and daily attention to perform its duties.

Cheerfulness and industry are gone for ever from me. I cannot bear to see my neighbours, except those who were with me when I sustained the shock of intelligence which has left me comfortless.

O! how changed is this long dear mansion. Silence is in the apartments, in their surrounding bowers! Never more shall the voice of mirth or music know them.

Adieu, and for ever adieu, my dear friend: consider me as among those whom you have loved and lost, and kindly

pray that my deprived existence may not be long protracted.*

Yours affectionately,
A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Wolverhampton, December 31, 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have seen, you have conversed with my Clarissa, the by me much-beloved, the angelic, the persecuted. The instant I heard she was at Bath, I fervently wished that chance might throw you together; assured, as I felt, that the attraction of kindred minds would operate between you. It is necessary to account why I never men-

* Miss Seward erected a monument to his memory in the Cathedral. It is a plain marble slab, placed in a niche in the wall of the south transept. Upon it is the following inscription :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

JOHN SAVILLE,

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS VICAR-CHORAL OF THIS CATHEDRAL.

Ob. Aug^t 2nd, 1803; Æta^s. 67.

Once in the heart, cold in yon narrow cell,
Did each mild grace, each ardent virtue dwell.
Kind aid, kind tears for others' want and woe,
For others' joys the gratulating glow
And skill to mark, and eloquence to claim
For genius in each art the palm of Fame.
Ye choral walls, ye lost the matchless song
When the last silence stiffen'd on that tongue.
Ah ! who may now your pealing anthems raise,
In soul-pour'd tones of fervent prayer and praise?
Saville, thy lips twice on thy final day
Here breath'd in health and hope the sacred lay;
Short pangs ere night, their fatal signal gave,
Quench'd the bright sun for thee, and op'd the grave.
Now from that graceful form and beaming face,
Insatiate worms the lingering likeness chase,
But thy pure spirit fled from pains and fears
To sinless, changeless, everlasting spheres.
Sleep then, pale mortal Frame, in yon low shrine,
'Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.'

tioned to you that I had been honoured by the fervent attachment of a young creature so highly amiable, interesting, and accomplished, and whose mind was so endowed and so noble: why, through the seven years which have elapsed since first I knew the partial fervour of her attachment, I have reserved it the unpartaken and secret treasure of my soul. Before we ever met, I heard that the bishop’s only daughter was a girl of pleasing and engaging manners; that her mother, whose violent temper and despicable avarice were talked of everywhere, hated and tormented her; that she had had a youthful and fond friendship for her beautiful neighbour, Miss Turton, since Mrs. Plummer; that this attachment was prohibited at Harlow Place as a crime and disgrace, and the lovely young friends were forcibly kept asunder.

These circumstances were represented to me by my then townswoman, Mrs. Parker, the aunt of Miss Turton. Well born, well educated, and blameless in her conduct as Miss Turton was, Mrs. Parker attributed the mean jealousy of this attachment at Harlow Place as the effect of pride and ambition, that thought intimacy degrading to a daughter of their house, where it was unsanctioned by high rank. Mrs. Parker related other similar persecutions, which excited pity, that I then little thought would ever be so deeply interested as it has since proved. In a few months after I heard those particulars, on the 22nd of July, in the year ’96, while I was packing up my clothes to go to Buxton the next day, my maid came to tell me that the bishop and Miss Clarissa were below stairs, waiting to see me. It was a few minutes ere I could go down to them. They were in the large dining-room. On opening the door, I saw the bishop in earnest conversation with the person who has the care of his affairs in this town, and Miss Clarissa, then only seventeen years of age, standing before my picture, with her hands folded, and in her whole light form an air of tender enthusiasm, and interesting

grace. She turned towards me on my entrance, with such a look of beaming and endearing kindness — but I know that when you spoke of me with regard you saw the fellow to it. After civilities had passed between the bishop and myself, he resumed his earnest conversation with his agent, and left his charming daughter at liberty to tell me, that my writings had inspired her with the warmest predilection in favour of their author; that it was the first wish of her heart to become my friend, and through life that I should consider her as such. On the bishop turning his attention towards us, her manners instantly changed from the warmth of confidence and friendship to a reserved politeness; and I perfectly understood the reason. In the course of that conversation, the bishop gave me a voluntary assurance that I should never be removed from this dear home of my youth, while he remained in the see. He added, that he had rejected a number of advantageous proposals from various people, who wished to become his tenants, rather than disturb me; nay, that he had even resisted the wishes of his own nephew to live here, from the consciousness that change of abode, after such long residence, was likely to affect my happiness.

Words cannot express how much I felt obliged to his lordship, for a promise which laid to sleep a painful and perpetual apprehension. Thus bound to him in gratitude, I should be infinitely pained to know that I had become, however involuntarily, the source of any domestic inquietude to him. Clarissa had previously told me she hoped to procure another half hour's conversation with me by coming up to afternoon prayers, anticipating the hour by fifteen minutes, and passing another fifteen with me after church, and in consequence should ask me, in the bishop's hearing, to procure some choral music, and to accompany her to church. My lord did not oppose the plan. They were to set out for 'E—— at half-past five in the eve. From that hour we have

met only four times; and those interviews short and constrained.

When I saw her the next summer, she told me that the insuppressive warmth, with which she had vindicated me from base aspersions from your new friend, and my old enemy, and from some others, had subjected her to the imputation of an 'absurd, romantic partiality,' and to a prohibition against ever showing me more than common civility. Mrs. Cornwallis being in London, when Clarissa was at Harlow Place this summer, upon telling my lord that she wanted to make some purchases from the shops at Lichfield, she obtained his leave to call upon Mrs. Falconer and myself. We were then two hours in uninterrupted conversation. My dear friend was in Cambridgeshire, and my heart gave no foreboding whisper of the impending misery of my future days. I then learnt from dear Clarissa the long and severe maternal tyranny which had blighted all the joys of her youth; every wish studiously thwarted; hourly insulted for those talents, those sentiments, and those pursuits which form all the superiority and glory of her character; her charities, her disinterestedness, her contempt for the pageantries of society, her love of books and literary retirements, and the added crying sin of esteeming me.

Not only Mrs. Cornwallis but my lord has a great dislike to female friendships, and deems them romantic, and, where there is the least inequality of station, highly improper. Always inspecting her letters, regular correspondence between Clarissa and myself was precluded, and sometimes years have passed away without my either seeing or hearing from her. To this coerced and afflicting estrangement, both of conversation and writing, we must submit. Violent augmentation of family discord would ensue to Clarissa were we to correspond, and that correspondence should be discovered, and discovered it would be. She believes, she knows that my lord's plighted word respecting my continuance in these dear walls, would not

avail beneath the revenge to which such a discovery would instigate. Hard, very hard, that an intercourse so innocent and laudable should be prohibited, and punished as a crime ! but so it is, and we cannot help ourselves. Were the name I have given her to reach the ears of her parents, the meaning of that name, consciousness would instantly point out, and that alone, as implying a heavy censure on their conduct, would be avenged with every possible violence.

I have lost all that made life delightful ; but if I should ever be banished these precincts, my cup of misery, already full, would run over, and every little comfort follow my departed happiness. You are, my dear friend, in one material respect, entirely mistaken, or rather misinformed, concerning my loved and most deserving Clarissa. I solemnly assure you not one of her many sighs arises from disappointed love. The man who deserted her on the eve of her purposed nuptials, never had her affections. Unexceptionable in his person, and of great wealth, his addresses were approved by her parents, when, a few years ago, they were first pressed upon her acceptance. No prior attachment existing in her bosom, by the wretchedness of her domestic life, its utter and severe slavery respecting all her friendships, she was induced to a reluctant acquiescence. She then, as she has since experienced, found it impossible to school her heart into love for that young man — and, as I am informed from others, some libertine indulgences on his part reaching her ear, she clung to them as a refuge, and pleaded them as a reason for retracting her consent. He went abroad for some time, but on his return re-proposed himself. She was then in a terrible state of health. His constancy of heart was pleaded against the youthful infidelity of his senses ; and the passionate concern he showed for her illness and danger, watching almost constantly by her couch, made that impression on her gratitude to which her heart was impregnable — her dearest brother and friend for ever lost —

the victim of parental opposition to his worthy and unexceptionable choice! her situation at home more and more distressing, as time rolled on, and as ripened womanhood and blameless conduct increased her right to the unrestrained power of choosing her own female friends; yet that right withheld with even augmented rigour! Thus she was again induced to try if a great and important change of situation might not lessen her miseries, though her heart told her it could give her nothing resembling happiness; besides, her spirits, weakened by disease, seemed to lose the power of contending with her destiny. Settlements were drawn, equipages bespoke, and blended armorials engraven on them, and on the plate. She continued extremely ill, with occasional fits of delirium. In those situations, her appointed husband often watched alone by her couch.

After having done so one day of recurring delirium, the next morning he told my lord that he had discovered it was not for his happiness to be united to Miss Clarissa; and everything was entirely and for ever broken off, to the sincere satisfaction of the fair deserted, since the nearer she had approached the irremediable marriage bourn, the more strongly she felt the apprehended guilt of plighting at the altar those vows of love which her virgin heart refused to sanction, and whose power to fulfil appeared to her more than doubtful; therefore was she contented rather to bear the ills she had, than to fly to others of a new complexion, tinged with self-reproach: a misery yet a stranger to the purest and sincerest heart that ever beat in the human bosom.

She suspects that, in her wanderings of reason, she disclosed her deep-felt reluctance to those impending nuptials, and hence her secret heart acquits the deserter of any crime towards her. These particulars, commencing with Mr. J.'s renewed address, were from herself. Thus you see, dear friend, no thorns are amongst the willows my fair Clarissa

has worn, and you will be glad to hear it. Time and chance may break her filial chains, but, in a mind like hers, the ingratitude and desertion of all she loved had been a barbed and envenomed dart. Let not these particulars transpire; but if you hear the charming creature pitied for woes she does not feel, you may assert that she harbours no regret for the change of sentiment in her destined bridegroom, but thinks him better lost than found.

I had always understood, my kind friend, that, from the first of your loss in the close of the year 1801, you had resisted all temptations to seclusion; that early on the event you were with Sir Walter James in town, and passed the ensuing summer in travelling about with a friend. The seclusion I sought was absolutely necessary to all the decency as well as to the grief which anguish demands. So soon as I could receive the visits of my acquaintance with composure, and repress those passionate tears that, during several weeks of agony, would not be restrained, I did receive them. Within these five weeks, unavoidable circumstances have forcibly dragged me back into the society of this place; but I find the mingling with it far more oppressive than the retirement which allowed me to use the best balm to my heart's always bleeding wound — meditation, which substitutes the interesting past, for the joyless, the irksome present; books, and the re-perusal of those heart-dear letters, which, while they deluged my eyes, relieved me from the perilous stuff which weighs about my heart in mixed company.

I am glad you could console yourself by replacing the blessing you lost, though I confess I am surprised that, in the wane of existence, as in yours and mine, new affection could be kindled. I may be enabled, during the short remainder of that life, in which the day is so far spent, and the final night so near, to esteem and value stranger-worth, but to feel passionate affection for it — never! And without

affection, there can be no efficient consolation. If I could daily enjoy my *Clarissa's* society I might be comforted, but even that blessing, sighed for in vain, could not teach me to forget the last lost friend of my youth, or avert the pangs which await my consciousness that 'he is not,' whose extinction disenchanted the earth.

It is now, indeed, become a scene of misery widely spread, and threatening far deeper woes, the direful consequence of that wretched, presumptuous, ruinous crusade of nine years, whose Ate spirit was nursed in the British Cabinet. Heaven has permitted its punishment, by its so ever-probable consequence, the supremacy of that nation on the Continent. Its guilt ought to have been left to the chastisement of God, without other states presuming to 'snatch from His hand the balance and rod.'

And to hear that bold bad man, who urged them, and bribed them to persist till all their powers became utterly, and for a vast number of years, crippled past recovery, talking in the senate his old absurd language of nations stimulated by our example, to unite against the Corsican despot! If he does not know that they have no possibility of exerting themselves, his ignorance is beneath contempt; and, if he thus holds out a deceiving light to lure us far from the paths of peace and reconciliation with a foe who, from time to time, grows stronger by unavailing resistance, Pitt is a ten times trebled villain. His detestable systems have already destroyed the comforts of his country: its security — its freedom. Every man, except the clergy, compelled to bear arms; the whole nation under military coercion! Tradesmen and labourers torn from their occupations, their wives and little ones, to avert a danger that certainly must, if possible, be averted, but to which the plans of the ex-ministry have exposed us. Libellers of their country by accusations of Jacobinism! the incendiaries of Europe! the

violators of the national faith with Ireland, and thence, the sole cause of the two last rebellions there. I pity Mr. Addington and his colleagues, in their fruitless but I hope sincere endeavours to repair the ruins of British safety, consequence, and honour. Justly does Cowper say, in the fifth book of the 'Task :—

War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings could not play at. Nations would do well
To wrench the truncheon from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

Apropos of Cowper, what a miserable business has Mr. Hayley made of his tedious and servile-styled biography ! The 'Task' is an able, a fascinating, though planless and desultory composition ; nothing else which he wrote could have raised him above the level of minor poets, and by no means high on that list ; how nauseous, then, are the epithets lavished upon him in this work—'unrivalled !' 'peerless !' 'inimitable !' and then to compare him to Milton ! and with some imputed superiority to Milton, or the superlative epithets must attest their own want of truth. To which of Milton's works are Cowper's writings compared, I wonder ? Certainly the 'Task' and the 'Paradise Lost' are both in blank verse, but in every other respect have the widest dissimilarity, both as to plan and style. And the Letters, all the first, a farrago of mysticism ; the rest, with the exception of five or six, which are tender and interesting, the dulllest things imaginable : eternal egotism ; himself, and his bald, stiff, hobbling Homer, the theme of each ; while neither wit, nor fancy, nor any one charm of style, can be found ; nothing, in short, that distinguishes them from the ordinary letters of a man or woman of plain sense and tolerable education. But all the dabblers in literature, incapable of discrimination, suppose

they must be fine, because they are from the pen which wrote the 'Task,' and therefore extol them. Peace to all such!

I have not yet thanked you, my dear friend, for either of your letters, though highly obliged by them both. The first had been much earlier acknowledged but for an oppressive load of business, some of which has been very disagreeable, and to all labour my spirits and health have been very incompetent. I have had to new mould and write a long and complicated will of my own, and to protect, by much struggle in the office of my executorship, the deprived family of my dear lost friend from wrongs and impositions, cruelly attempted, and in part carried into effect, by a rapacious and dishonest man, who professed himself, through many years, the warm friend of Saville, who deserved everyone's friendship. This bad man, a near relation and long believed friend of mine, a clergyman, too!

Your inscription for the tomb of her, whom you so long, so faithfully and so fondly loved, is worthy of that affection, and just to her virtues. She was, indeed, a most amiable and excellent creature.

When you see my endowed and accomplished, angelic, and unfortunate *Clarissa*, give my best love to her; of its possession she has long been assured, though despotism, of needless, causeless, cruel exertion, renders it a barren gift, bereft of every power to mitigate, console, and soothe the ills of life. I have heard much of the splendour of *Mrs. Whalley's* jewels, of your plate, chandeliers, and other magnificent ornaments for your board. However inconceivable to me, that such exteriors can contribute to the happiness of a mind like yours, they must possess that power, or you would not have taken the trouble to purchase them, and therefore I congratulate you upon their possession. Adieu, adieu!

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

Where is dear Mrs. Jackson? It is ages since I heard from her or of her; I shall want to send her my memoirs of Darwin, when Johnson, who has had them since May, will please to produce them. Pray, if you can, send me her address.

I have great satisfaction in your representation of the high worth of your present lady. Pray make my best respects to her. I could not write sooner to your last—I have had friends to stay with me in succession of late.

Part of a letter written by Dr. Whalley to Miss Seward, in the spring of 1804, in reference to Miss Cornwallis, daughter of the Bishop of Lichfield, who became afterwards Marquis of Cornwallis:—

‘Our enchanting friend’s letter would have made, as we found on weighing it, my former “frank” over-weight, therefore I shall enclose it in another free cover, with my epitaphs; it will irradiate their gloom. I have taken leave, though not (I trust in God!) a last leave, of one of the most charming, noble-minded, and interesting women that ever existed. Our hearts, through her, will be linked together with new strength and ardour. What a fate is hers! To be treated with indifference where she should be cherished as the life-blood that warms the heart; and with obloquy and harshness by a mother, who, if she had any proper feeling or principle, ought to doat on and be proud of such a daughter. May the Almighty comfort and support her and you!’

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, Wednesday, June 19.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I fear the volumes are irrecoverable, and as I do not like that you should possess them from any hand but that of the author, there seems to be no way of remedying the evil; but your being so good to wait a little longer, when the first copy of the second edition which

reaches me, shall find its way to Mendip Lodge. I forgot to mention to you, that being quite unequal to the fatigue of two anniversary club meetings, we have resolved to have but one, and that alternately at Shipham and Cheddar. We give this year to Cheddar, as the oldest institution, and propose to have it next Thursday, the twenty-seventh. I wish this alteration may not be disagreeable to you and Mrs. Whalley, as we should much regret your absence. Mr. R. Whalley has suggested a wish that we would invite the Winscombe family to be of the party. I should much like to do it, but should be glad of your opinion whether it would be proper. I am ashamed to say we have not yet returned their obliging visit, not from any want of respect, but from sickness all the winter, and absence all the spring.

I am, ever, your faithful and sincere

H. MORE.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

[Early in 1804.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Few as have been my interviews with the fascinating, accomplished, and high-souled *Clarissa*, and seldom and restrained as our correspondence, I admire her beyond expression, and love her with passionate tenderness. The fervent, disinterested attachment of such a heart, originally and solely inspired by my publications, I have ever considered as the most flattering and precious circumstance of my authorism. Your charming and just pictures of her in all the lovely varieties of countenance and attitude, which elevated intelligence and poignant sensibility throw over her pleasing features and graceful form, give her back to my remembrance with the sweetest interest. O! that such an angelic creature, with all her inevitable consciousness of spotless virtue, and superior, O! how very superior, intelligence to the generality of her sex, should be doomed to

feel herself an object of contempt and hatred to one parent, and of suspicious disapprobation to the other, restrained and abridged in every direction of her pure and noble-minded pursuits! That you have reason to suspect hopeless love increases her domestic infelicity, and dips the darts of anguish in double poison, I am very sorry. That she never loved Mr. Jackson, I have laid before you the proofs. If you are not mistaken as to the passion, though you were as to its object, that circumstance makes her situation hopeless, so long as either of her parents live; it chains her to the galley of tyranny and oppression. Succeeding so ill in one attempt to free herself from the present galling yoke, by submitting to assume another, she will hardly be induced, if she is hopelessly attached, to repeat the experiment; else such a lovely young creature, with prospects of great wealth, must have a train of young and affluent lovers, from which her judgment might surely select one not utterly unworthy to possess a blessing, above the price of gold or gems. It is hard that our attachment to each other should be a secret, the disclosure of which must involve as much distress and misery to both of us as if we were of different sex, and our intercourse guilty.

You have taken the exact measure of my devoted attachment to these melancholy deprived precincts. Always too fervent, that which made them joyless has enhanced their preciousness in my estimation. An increase of misery past expression would result to me on banishment from them, and she would find the consciousness insupportable, of having been the innocent cause; while a misfortune so extreme to her poor friend, could meet no consolation in her society. The impossibility of our ever meeting or writing again, while her oppressors are in existence, would be involved in the discovery. I am, therefore, most thankful to you for the counsel you gave the dear enthusiast.

I reverence your filial appreciation, and believe it sincere, though I confess it strikes me as extremely partial. Either time had almost entirely chilled her sensibility to works of genius, or it had never been warm. From your representation, I was impressed with the utmost confidence in the powers of her mind, and in its keen perceptions of beautiful writing, both in prose and verse; but, on repeated experience, during the course of a month's daily and unreserved conversation with Mrs. Whalley, senior, I found her only a woman of strong common sense, with some affection for fine composition, which had engaged her youthful attention, but cold and impenetrable as marble to the charms of later-born eloquence and poetry, yours only excepted. Adieu.

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Park Hall, near Alcester, Warwickshire, July 27, 1804.

I AM extremely sorry, dear friend, to read so sad an account of your health in your last letter. From such disease the resulting suffering must be great. It increases my wonder that its frequent and heavy pressure did not long since compel you to feel the comforts of leisure, rest, and the society of a few select friends, instead of condemning yourself in the decline of life, and loaded with pains and oppression, to the splendid slavery of immense connections, which I understand was as little the taste of the present as of the late Mrs. Whalley. Eternal crowds of company and superfluous magnificence, however they may excite exterior respect and selfish flattery, are sure to lessen instead of exalting him who invites the one, and displays the other.

That I have heard many ridiculous exaggerations of Mr. Whalley's imitation of the customs and manners of our dashing youthful nobility, I make no question; and when Admiral Brown's lady amused a circle of company at

Buxton, with accounts of the permitted public display of his bride's night-clothes, decorated with lace of the most profuse expense, I venture to say that she must have been misinformed, for that Mr. Whalley was a man of talents, and however he might like to live splendidly, could not have allowed a circumstance to exist, so flagrantly open to just ridicule.

I mention these things with some hope of convincing you how much the reverse of respectability is all needless 'prominence,' as you term it, from the station of life we were born and educated to fill. Increase of wealth and connection with those who are one step above us, can never make it our duty to follow the example of the light and vain in the higher ranks of society. Flatterers will not speak this language; a sincere friend will not repress it when its disclosure may possibly guard those beloved from future evils.

I spoke it many years ago, fruitlessly, alas! to dear Sir B. Boothby, whom a fine understanding, a fertile and glowing imagination, a sweet temper, extensive knowledge of the world, deep observation on human character, wise and correct conceptions of the true policy of this country, so madly violated by the councils and measures of this inglorious and unfortunate reign, whom that constellation of fine qualities could not preserve from the ruinous influence of a rage for gew-gaw splendours. He sacrificed to it three handsome fortunes: his patrimonial one, of 1,200*l.* per annum; Sir William Boothby's, bequeathed to him, and worth annually 1,500*l.*, and the dower of his misshapen dwarf, 20,000*l.* in money, and an estate of 800*l.* a year; not only all squandered, but heavy debts contracted, which render him a lonely, and by his high-life associates a forgotten, exile on the Continent; flying from place to place from the power of the Gallic Macbeth, without any known means of existence, and through the insurmountable barriers his own infatuation raised; incapable of returning, at sixty years of age, to the bosom

of his native country, and that of his beloved family, who long for and lament him in vain.* But you assure me that you do not and will not exceed your income. My solicitude on that head shall repose on the avowal, however I may and must wish to stimulate your better choice of self-emancipation from crowds of fools and flatterers — those devouring caterpillars on your time and health.

On the 15th of May last, a fair visionary appeared, at three o'clock, in my dressing-room. Many weeks had passed since I had heard from her. She was travelling alone to Eccleshall, and fortunately escaped encountering the malicious gnome of the Close, whose persecuting actions, false and slanderous assertions, sanguinary politics, intolerant and Pharisaic religion, form a tissue of contradictions to that Christianity whose name is ever on his lips and never in his heart. Our interview was stolen and dangerous, and her escape from him fortunate. He turned out of the Deanery Court when she was approaching, at fifty yards' distance. Luckily, he did not turn his head till she was safe within my gates. She stayed but one hour. Even on its rapid course you were not forgotten, and she bid me remember her to you, with every kindness, when next I wrote. She showed me the beautiful sonnet, which you had addressed to her, 'The Guernsey Lily.' I was permitted to detain, that I might transcribe it. Very beautiful it is. Of her destiny, I can tell you no better tidings than you learnt from herself. There is no speck of sunshine in its cold and tempestuous horizon. Her virtues are, with more virulence than ever, imputed to her as faults; her talents scorned; her ever innocent pursuits and actions restrained; her time wasted

* In a letter of June 1806, not given, as it appears, in great part, in her published correspondence, Miss Seward, speaking of the conservatory at Ashbourne Hall, Sir Brooke Boothby's seat, says, 'It was filled with that prodigious collection of rare and splendid shrubs and flowers of every climate, which was one fragrant grave of its master's property.'

upon frivolous people in high life. Thus the years of her youth roll away, darkened, stupefied, coerced. From marriage or death she can only hope emancipation. While she longs for that mansion, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest,' she is more than ever averse to the thought of exchanging her galling fetters, for chains which may be not less heavy, and with greater probability of proving indissoluble. Escaped the gulf of a heartless union, she will no longer venture near the brink; yet I cannot conceive how it should be, that with such a constellation of graces and intelligence, high birth, and prospect of great fortune, no kindred spirit teaches her love and promises her liberty. I have sometimes, on our seldom correspondence, urged her, for my sake, as well as for her own, to cease from thus encasing her affections in ice; but she is inexorable on the theme.

Upon my memoirs of Darwin she has bestowed the sedulous attention of true friendship, and she brought me a copy of her most ingenious analysis. I have adopted all the changes which she thought could be made to the advantage of the work, and sent them to Johnson to insert in the second edition, if he permits my book that credit. Those changes are not many. Having purchased the copyright, he must do with it as he pleases. Wealthy, procrastinating, and now become the most fashionable bookseller, while new works are crowding into his press, he may not think it worth his while to re-admit mine.

Before I left home, I had no idea that I should return homeless. Aware that the bishop meant immediately to commence the execution of a strange plan of demolition and rebuilding the outhouses, and to give necessary orders for new tiling the roof, &c., yet I could not guess that it would be necessary to remove all the furniture, and that I should not have where to lay my head during many months in the

loved habitation of my youth and ensuing life. After this certain injury to my old furniture, this long banishment, the bishop will have laid out a thousand pounds, which he has contracted to pay, without any mark of exterior or interior improvement, any added comfort to me, except from the roof; and he has given me to understand that I must pay a considerable increase of rent.

My kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Lichfield, opened to us* their hospitable doors on our return. After staying with them a fortnight, a given invitation in the spring to the house of good Mr. and Miss Mitchel, induced me to proceed hither, and Mr. and Mrs. Dowdeswell having pressed me to come to them this year at their delightful seat at Pull Court, near Tewkesbury, I mean to go to them on Thursday next. My relation, Mrs. Martin, lives in the village of Winterbourn, in Somersetshire. If she can receive me, I may proceed to her for a few weeks, and Mr. Mitchel has made me promise to make Park Hall in my homeward route, and give him another week.

I thank you much for the kind wish of seeing me your guest next spring or summer; but I cannot promise myself that pleasure, nor much believe that, once re-settled in my house, I shall ever more be induced to quit it. So far on my way to Mendip Lodge, had it been perfectly convenient to yourself and Mrs. Whalley, I should have been tempted to pass a fortnight with you next month, but indeed my infirmities make home the fittest place for me; and, till the palace can receive me, I have secured a humble asylum in Lichfield, in preference to a number of pressing invitations from my neighbours in that town and its environs.

On the road hither I slept at a friend's house in Birmingham, on the inducement of seeing the young Roscius, of whose miraculous talents the papers are full, and that in

* Her cousin, Miss Seward, of Evesham, was her companion.

exaggerating boast. Osmyn, in 'Zara,' was his character that night. It could not have been conceived or represented with more grace, sensibility and fire, though he is veritably an effeminate boy of thirteen; but his features are cast in a diminutive mould, particularly his nose and mouth. That circumstance must, at every period of life, be injurious to stage effect, nor do I think his ear for blank verse faultless. Like Cook, he never fails to give the passions their whole force, by gesture and action, natural and just; but he does not do equal justice to the harmony. It is, I think, superfluous to look forward to the mature fruit of this luxuriant blossom. He will not live to bear it; energies so various and violent will blast, in no short time, the vital powers, evidently delicate.

Park Hall, Tuesday, September 4, 1804.

Since the above was written I have been extremely ill — a seizure in my head, sudden and violent, and I have reason to think apoplectic. If I had not been caught, I should have fallen from my chair. I lost the use of my limbs during an hour. It is not the first by several attacks of this nature, but I never before endured one so violent; a degree of dizziness is almost constantly on my brain. Medical assistance was immediately summoned, and I have since been under severe discipline of emetic, leech-bleeding twice, and calomel physic. I am better, and, since I have fixed to be at Mr. Dowdeswell's on next Thursday, the 6th, will not, if I continue better, break that engagement; but I dread it, and wish to Heaven it had not been made, lest the seizure should return, and fill my friends at Pull Court with alarm and anxiety. One degree more violent, and I think I could not have lived. O! my friend, these are awful warnings. May they will indeed terrify out of all hereafter resolution to visit distant friends, if they do not soon lay me low. I have been nursed with the most indulgent kindness here, but I

have spread dismay and apprehension in this cheerful and hospitable family. Should my relation, Mrs. Martin, write to say that she can receive me at Winterbourn, near Bath, I shall not dare to venture so many miles farther from home, and must tell her so by letter.

I think it probable that death, or incapacity of hand or of intellect, may render this my last epistle to dear Mr. Whalley. He will have the goodness to make my most respectful compliments to his lady, and believe that, while life remains to me, I shall feel the most lively interest in their mutual prosperity and happiness, being still as I have ever been, his sincere and affectionate friend,

A. SEWARD.

Pull Court, September 7, 1804.

I have, but I fear rashly, ventured hither, for I feel very threatening symptoms. I cannot cross the room without an assisting arm, and have nervous tremblings all over me, and I dread a return of my last attack. This is a very fine place, and everything is style in and about the house, while the scenery is, by nature and by art, very surpassing that of gentlemen's seats in general; but want of health and depressed spirits damp all my enthusiasm. Dear Saville had promised Mr. Dowdeswell to pass some time here this summer. He had been many years honoured with the affectionate friendship of the excellent master of these lovely scenes. Adieu! once again, adieu!

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Winterbourn, Sunday, September 23, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The alarming seizure at Mr. Mitchell's, mentioned in that letter which I addressed to you, either there or at Pull Court, had induced me, and I think at that interval (but my memory is become dis-

tressingly imperfect) almost to resign my purpose of proceeding so far. A letter, however, from Mrs. M. expressed so much pleasure in the expectation I had given her of seeing me, that, escaping a return of the former excess of that disease to which I have long been incident, my design of coming here was resumed, and I arrived on the evening of that day when Colonel and Mrs. Hart had called upon Mrs. Martin. A slight but incessant degree of dizziness still clouds my brain, perplexes my recollection, and increases my incapacity of walking without assistance, so that I am a troublesome, uncomfortable guest, even to my most attached friends.

Arriving here on Friday se'nnight, I sighed to find myself so near you without a prospect of our meeting. That was hidden from me by a supposition, grounded upon the contents of yours, dated August 5th, from which I believed that your house would be full of company at this period. Your kind scrip, which reached me late last night, has chased this my despondence; inspired the hope that I may again converse with you face to face; be introduced to your amiable lady, and revisit your Eden, so poignantly enjoyed in the days of my happiness, when the consciousness of my dear lost friend's existence was the light of my spirit.

I thank you for the cordiality of your invitation, and for your obliging offer of meeting me at Bristol; but I have my own chaise with me, and am now too feeble to climb into an hired one. I will, therefore, write to the White Lion, Broad Street, to send a pair of horses to be here by nine next Friday morning, and, if you are so good to order yours to meet me at the Lion by 11 o'clock, they will convey me to the haven where I desire to find myself. Mrs. M. has invited company on Thursday to dinner to meet me, therefore could I not fix an earlier day for a dear and precious destination.

But, my beloved friend, yours of August last spoke of

going to Cheltenham very early in October for that sad complication of malady, which my whole heart deplores. That is a consideration and a purpose too material to admit with prudence one hour's delay; and, that I may not be an impediment to such design, I shall only indulge myself in two or three days' residence at dear Mendip Lodge.

So good Mrs. Price is at Clifton. I should like to see her and Mrs. Pennington, but the attempt would drive my arrival beneath your roof too far in the now short day.

I have not received the letter you mention. It, doubtless, waits at Lichfield my return thither. Letters from thence give me no hope that the palace will be habitable for me these many months. Never was there a more ill-judged plan of damage and desolation.

Adieu, my dear friend, for a little time — short, if I continue exempt from another dread attack between this day and Friday next. I am under medical discipline to avert the paroxysm.

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Park Hall, November 3, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I am obliged to employ an amanuensis to tell you that I have been extremely ill this past fortnight, and am hopeless of ever being better, or of recovering the power of setting pen to paper. On my journey from Winterbourn hither, I was seized with those terrifying spasms of the brain. From that period they have returned upon me most days, and every attempt to read, write, or work brings them on. My frame grows perceptibly weaker by the shocks, every one of which temporally takes away the use of my limbs. I have met with the kindest nursing cares in this family; I have had the best

medical advice, but the nature of the disorder baffles conjecture, and the power of medicine; leeches now fail me. I purpose, if able, going to Lichfield on Sunday; but rather write to you from hence, since I may not there so easily meet with a friend to write for me.

Mrs. Whalley has favoured me with a kind letter, for which I entreat you will return her my best thanks. I wrote to her in great haste, or I should have mentioned Mrs. Pennington. She will, I verily believe, get the better of her disorder; she herself now possesses that confidence, as I learn from a letter which I have lately received in her own hand. The storm, also, that threatened her peace is passing away, and she is in high spirits at the sunshine. Mrs. Tryon took her up to town, and she is probably not yet returned to the Hot-wells. Our reunion by your means was a lightning before death; the correspondence at least must continue dead through my inability, and all my numerous epistolary connections be broken off at once.

Before I left Winterbourn I had made some slight alteration in the hasty verses written at Mendip — the last I shall ever write. I will try to dictate a better copy than that you possess, to the kind friend who writes for me. If I should be able to do that, have the goodness to destroy the first.

Should the conversation you have held with Swainson and the experiment of his medicine prove auspicious to your health, I beg you will inform me, though I fear you must not expect an answer. While I live, your comforts will be dear to me, and the memory of yours and Mrs. Whalley's late kindness live in my heart, unless the light of consciousness should be extinguished before the light of life. Pray for me, dear friend, that so wretched an existence may not be mine; and, if you see dear Clarissa, speak to her of my sad situation, and of the strong probability

that I shall never more be able to address her with my pen, even though she should write to me. Assure her that she will live the last in my remembrance, and all the dearest solicitude of my heart be for her welfare. And now, my dear friend, adieu, adieu !

Your ever affectionate and obliged,

A. SEWARD.

P.S. — I am not able to sign this letter without danger of bringing on those terrible spasms.

I shall not be able to avail myself of your kind criticisms on my late work ; should *my* state remain as it is, so must *that* of the memoirs.

Lichfield.

SIR,—My mistress arrived safe last night in the same sad state of health, unable to write a word.

She begs you will acknowledge the receipt of this packet, and mention your own health by a few lines.

Your humble servant,

A. HICKMAN.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, December 12, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Still am I obliged to express my gratitude to you by the hand of an amanuensis, and have but too much reason to fear that I shall never have power to make use of my own pen ; though I think myself somewhat better than when I wrote to you last.

I am glad that my dear Clarissa has found again her city of refuge from home miseries. Ah ! I well know how anxiously she will be concerned for me ; she will know that they are the effects of that dire shock I received August was a twelvemonth, which are now telling on my frame, a tedious and melancholy story of future privations ; that all comforts

which remained to me, are following my lost happiness. With anguish I see you observing that she thinks her liver affected; yet, from her temperance through life, I must hope she is mistaken. The head was the seat of her dangerous disorder a few years back, as it is now of mine, but probably the malady was very different. Give my tenderest love to her; you will tell me of her state from time to time, while she remains at Bath. Oh, may the tidings be comfortable! Your solicitude for her safety and peace, I am sure, are very fervent; and to you alone in the whole world can I speak of her with any degree of freedom and confidence. I am tempted to enclose a letter I wrote to her at Matlock on the fatal anniversary. One which I received from her a day or two afterwards, prevented my sending it, and, through sad necessity, closed our correspondence for that period. Imperious, resistless malady now threatens me with the impossibility of ever resuming it; my own pen can alone be the channel of communications so dangerous, so sacred.

Melancholy is the depraved excess of human malevolence. Conscious that my preservation from the severe doom of eternal exile from the home of my youth depends on the will of my episcopal landlord, I have constantly abstained from uttering the least syllable of complaint of the inconveniences I suffer on account of his present plan, or of the restrictions he is pleased to lay me under. During my five months' absence from home, all my letters to my friends here spoke of my banishment as an unavoidable circumstance, except, perhaps, from the procrastination of Potter, the workman employed; yet the bishop writes to his agent, Mr. Mott, that he is informed I am continually complaining of himself. Mr. Mott assures me he has vindicated me to the bishop on this head, as with truth he might.

You and Mrs. Whalley are very good in saying you will

come to me when I cannot go to you ; but I am told the workmen will be in the house the whole of next summer, leaving only my own bed-chamber, dressing-room, and one parlour accessible even to myself. As soon as I have a habitable apartment for a friend, I hope yourself and Mrs. Whalley will occupy it.

While Miss Susan Seward remains unmarried, she will supply the place of such a domestic friend as you counselled me to take. Large as is the Palace, my habitable bed-chambers are only three except my own ; and one of those three contains only a tent-bed. Were Miss Seward and Miss Fern to be my constant inmates, I should have only one spare room for other friends, and for neither Miss Seward nor Miss Fern I shall have an apartment during many months to come.

I hope dear Mrs. Pennington's amending health has sustained no drawback. If you can confirm this hope, you will have the goodness to do it when you write again. I am most glad to find that the good effects of Velnoe's syrup continue to prevail in your constitution ; may they secure a calm sunset to the often-clouded day of your health ! Give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Whalley and her amiable cousins.

Lister is going to enter the pale a second time. He is destined to surprise us by his marriages. Little, insipid Miss Grove is the present choice, the perfect 'dear me !' of Mrs. Inchbald's 'Simple Story.' She is three or four years older than himself. Uncharacteristic prettiness was once hers, but that, with the first bloom of youth, passed away. She has no mind herself that can enable her to feel the value of his talents. It provokes me to see such men waste themselves on the desert air of uncongeniality. Her fortune is too moderate to have been any inducement, so that there is no guessing at the magnet by which she attracted him.

Adieu ! dear friend ; I am faint beneath the effort of this long dictation. I must not omit to say that I have here the comfort of talking of my dear lost friend very often. You wish me to deny myself that mournful satisfaction ; it was not like you to wish me to place Saville with those who are passed away from remembrance. Believe me, most faithfully yours,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Saturday, January 19, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am extremely ill to-day, and even dictating is much against me. There will be no finishing this letter to-day. Before I begin my mournful strain of egotism, suffer me to express the satisfaction I feel at the continued good effects of Velnoe on your frame, and in the hopes you extend to me for my dearest Clarissa, that her liver is not dangerously affected, and that you think it possible she may be induced to take the only path which with any prospect of safety may lead her from the house of bondage. Surely when, as you say, people stare and ask who Mr. Saville was, it might be answered, a thirty-six years' friend ; and in a heart of strong sensibility, joined to talents which know how to appreciate excellence, tears and praise may be allowed to consecrate his worth—

Preserve his portrait, and report his virtues.

It seems now all the business I have with life, nor do I desire the conversation of those who are impatient of the theme.

Dr. Parry's enquiries are this moment arrived. Ah ! kind and wasted solicitude on your part, and fruitless trouble on his ! Dr. Johnstone, of Birmingham, is esteemed a highly ingenious physician. I was prevailed on to consult him, but found no relief from his prescription, &c.

Adieu ! dear friend, with redoubled sense of obligation,
I am, most faithfully and affectionately yours,

ANNA SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, BATH.

January 22, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The disorder in my head becoming less severe, I am enabled, by a contrivance specified in the enclosed, and which you will learn from my beloved Clarissa, to write a few lines now and then. I hope your health continues to improve beneath the benign influence of Velnoe ; might it not serve our angel friend ? She will tell you what a base and surely most unprovoked attack is made upon my truth by a son of Mrs. Bicknel's, Mr. Day's ' Sabrina.'* His foolish pride is stung by the publicity of circumstances concerning his mother's singular story, which cast no shade of reflection upon her in any respect, viz. her being originally a foundling child, and having been left in straitened circumstances, and a subscription having been raised for her. Surely she appears in a very amiable light from my representation, and for that glowing testimony to her merit, this is my reward. Every circumstance, except that subscription, I know to be exactly, and without a shadow of exaggeration, given in the memoirs. Mr. George Hardinge (now Judge Hardinge) informed me by letter of that subscription and its amount. If he was inaccurate, the fault is not mine. The abusive letter states no particular complaint, but avers that all the anecdotes of the author's mother are falsehoods, and that as such he shall publicly brand them. If he does, I must publicly

* In her memoirs of Dr. Darwin, published 1804, Miss Seward has given a sketch of the life of that singular character, Mr. Day, author of ' Sandford and Merton.' ' Sabrina' was the name he gave to one of the two girls, whom he selected when they were twelve years old, at the Foundling Hospital, at Shrewsbury, with a view of educating them after his own ideas, and finally selecting one of them as his wife. His scheme proved an entire failure.

defend my own truth, by calling upon several credible witnesses who are yet living, and who knew all the circumstances I have stated to be true. Mrs. Bicknel well knows that they are all unvarnished facts. If she has sanctioned this dark, malicious, and lying scroll, the virtues which I believed she possessed, and with which my memoirs have invested her, could not have been genuine. This ungrateful accusation has hurt me more than it ought. My precarious and shattered health ill sustains injurious treatment. Adieu! my beloved friend; with best regards to Mrs. Whalley, I remain always,

Your affectionate and obliged,
A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

February 6, 1805.

I AM most glad to hear of the amendment in our dear friend's health [Miss Cornwallis], and wish from my very soul, as well as yourself, that certain laurels might be laid at her feet, and graciously accepted. Worn on her fair brow, they might avert the ruthless termination of despotism. This day, the 6th of February, is on her remembrance the darkest of the calendar, as the 2nd of August is on mine. We have promised mutually to consecrate those days to mournful recollections. Over each the banner of Death was unfurled, and our dearest comforts withered beneath its shade. Then perished her darling brother,* and my most beloved friend.

The 'Poetical Register' is a similar miscellany to that of Dodsley, which Gray, Mason, Johnson, Littleton, and Shenstone, enriched by their compositions; as in the former, Darwin, Cowper, Coleridge, Southey, and Hayley, thought it no disgrace to appear. It was at the editor's earnest

* Horace Cornwallis, born March 1780.

request that several little poems of mine were granted, which otherwise had not, in my lifetime, and perhaps never, met the public eye. If they are worth anything, surely my friends had rather know they were there preserved, than that they perished. There they can be published without any other trouble than getting them transcribed.

With most affectionate compliments to Mrs. Whalley, and with hope to learn a better account of your health in the next letter, I remain, my dear friend,

Your ever obliged and faithful,

A. SEWARD.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, Wednesday, March 16, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was exceedingly glad to get a word of information respecting your health, though I appear more unworthy of your kind attention than I really am. But I know you make considerable allowance for one who has been a little over-fagged with the pen. In addition to this, I have so violent a return of the pain in my face (from which I have seldom been free), that I have been quite laid by for some time, and the total privation of air and exercise has been unfavourable to my general health. I really look out from my pleasant prison on the tender emerald green, which is beginning to appear, with some degree of impatience.

Politics are too wide, and, I had almost said, too hopeless a field to enter upon. I am sure you partook of our indignation on two events which followed each other—the infamous debate on the Abolition question, and the reinstatement of Sir Francis Burdett. I am sure, also, you have sympathised with me in two private sorrows—the death of my incomparable and most attached friend, full of

days and honour, Mrs. Boscawen, and of my sweet Lady Mary Mickelthwaite, the only daughter of Lady Waldegrave.* Her death, as described to me in an admirable letter from the Duchess of Gloucester, was singularly affecting. She expired between her mother and her husband, calmly repeating the Lord's Prayer. This poor young man is not yet one and twenty.

I had hoped, ere this, to have submitted to your friendly inspection a certain book, but a most vexatious circumstance retards its appearance. All printing of every kind in London, except newspapers, has been completely at a stand for some weeks, owing to an insurrection among the journey-men for an increase of wages, which the masters will not give. The delay has thrown me into some disagreeable circumstances, but one has nothing for it but patience.

Don't you long for a peep at your Paradise? Patty, who has had a very poor winter, joins the rest of the family in all kind regards to Mrs. Whalley and yourself, with, my dear sir,

Your ever faithful and sincerely obliged,

H. MORE.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Bath, April 24, 1805.

MY dear Mr. Whalley has always been so kind and so friendly to us, that he will be half sorry, I hope, that he cannot this year show us his beautiful seat, the much-admired Mendip Lodge; but we are called home earlier than Mr. Piozzi expected, and shall, if alive, set off from here on the 6th of May, and be at Little Brynbella on the 10th without fail. Have you been at Cheltenham, dear sir? The report here

* Wilhelmina Maria, married, 1804, Nathaniel Mickelthwaite, Esq., of Beeston Hall, Norfolk, and died at Navestock, Essex, February 20, 1805.—*Peerage*.

is that you were so well there was no need of water to mend your health. Good news indeed for all your friends.

Apropos to your friends, Sir Walter James* is here, and is watching a sick aunt. He has a mind of a residence at the vale of Llwydd, and has made me write about Mrs. Wynne's house called Plásnewydd, which you have seen advertised in the London papers; yet I know not how it is, but my heart does not tell me that Sir Walter James will ever be my neighbour, as he talks of buying the estate, and having the house dropt him in for nothing, a price our old families will not relish selling their mansions for.

The idea so long ago embodied in your own mind seems now to possess that of all men: the secret expedition is sure enough intended for the purpose of rescuing Sicily, at least, from the tyrant grasp of Buonaparte; no other potentate wishes us to save them. They resemble the drowning boy in an old newspaper, who, when held out of water by his hair till more help arrived, complained of the headache his companion gave him, instead of returning any thanks for his assistance.

* Sir Walter James, Baronet, was the only son of Sir Francis Head, of Langley, Buckinghamshire. He married (1780) Jane, fifth daughter of the Marquess of Camden. In the latter years of his life, Sir Walter and Lady Jane James were among Dr. Whalley's most intimate friends. They lived in Bath, at the house in Lansdowne Crescent, afterwards the well-known residence of Mr. Beckford; they had also a villa at Freshford, where they spent some of the summer months. In those days, when gentlemen of fortune and station were conspicuous for the elegance of their equipages, Sir Walter James' 'turn out' was particularly admired. His four horses were driven by two postillions, preceded by two outriders, all the men being dressed in scarlet and gold. The Editor well remembers Dr. Whalley opening the letter which announced the death of Lady Jane James, and seeing his aged head (he was then upwards of eighty) fall on his breast, and the long mute silence which followed. At length he arose to retire to his room for the rest of the evening, saying he 'had lost a friend whose face had uniformly beamed upon him with affection for more than thirty years.' Sir Walter was excellent company, but a poor correspondent; so few of his letters are preserved. He survived Lady Jane, and died in 1829. He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his grandson, the present Sir Walter James.

Adieu, dear sir; present us respectfully to Mrs. Whalley, and believe me, with true attachment,

Your ever obliged and faithful

H. L. Piozzi.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, Monday, April 29, 1805.

MY dear Mr. Whalley will now have two letters instead of two friends, who would have liked the other way better; but hearing, as I told you, that Cheltenham waters were superfluous to your health, we directed our last to Mendip Lodge, and told you how we were called off to Brynbella earlier than we hoped or wished.

Good news from the East must make us some compensation, and it is pleasing to think that the Toulon fleet are out, and Nelson at their heels. We shall, perhaps, have a good account of them at least.*

* The notice that the Toulon fleet was out, mentioned here as a pleasing fact, was an event of far greater significance than the writer imagined — no less than the first step of the long-prepared plan for the subjugation of England. To Villeneuve, the commander of this armament, Napoleon had confided the whole of his deeply-contrived scheme. Having escaped the observation of Nelson, he was to pass the Straits, and touch at Cadiz, to collect the Spanish ships under Admiral Gravina, and then to sail to Martinique, named as the place of rendezvous for the other squadrons of Rochefort and Brest. The Rochefort fleet, under Missiessy, had already escaped and was at sea, but the more important fleet at Brest, commanded by Ganteaume, was still closely blockaded by Admiral Cornwallis. It was, however, calculated, that during the season of the vernal equinox, some opportunity would occur for Admiral Ganteaume to put to sea with his fleet of twenty-one ships, and raising the blockade of Ferrol, and taking with him the French and Spanish ships lying there under the command of Admiral Gourdon, to sail for Martinique. Thus, while the English squadrons would be searching for their enemies on different seas, the latter would be assembled at one spot to the number of from fifty to sixty ships. With this united force, superior to any that had been seen since the Spanish Armada, Villeneuve was to make for the Straits of Dover, and being master of the sea, for a brief space at all events, would secure the safe passage of the French army, already embarked at Boulogne on the flotilla. Napoleon was satisfied that in two tides, or twenty-four hours, if the

You will have the Malvern hills covered with snow, as winter seems to take a rough farewell of us; its spring will, however, prove salubrious to your constitution, and that is the best thing for your friends. Mrs. Siddons seems as if detained in town chiefly on her children's account; her husband has been, as we say, poorly, but mends, and will doubtless find his way to your beautiful Eagle's Nest.

sea were open to him, he could have transported his whole force, consisting of 132,000 men and 15,000 horses, across the Straits. It was not Nelson who saved us from this danger, but primarily a gracious Providence, which so calmed the raging of the sea, that for the three critical months the blockading squadron was never driven from Brest; and, secondly, the success of Admiral Calder in an engagement with Villeneuve. The latter had succeeded in carrying out Napoleon's wishes, by escaping Nelson's fleet off Toulon, collecting the ships at Cadiz, and safely reaching Martinique. After waiting in vain for the Brest fleet, he received orders from Napoleon to return to Europe, raise the blockade of Ferrol under Calder, and taking with him the ships in that harbour, sail for Brest. There, with his united fleet, Villeneuve was to attack the blockading force of twenty men-of-war under Cornwallis; and the long imprisoned ships, twenty-one in number, under Ganteaume, were ordered to sail out of harbour and take part in the engagement. With such odds, the French could scarcely fail to gain the mastery of the Channel for the brief period of twenty-four hours required by Napoleon. Calder entirely defeated these careful calculations. He met Villeneuve at sea (July 22, 1805), and with fifteen ships attacked his twenty. He captured two, and carried them safely to England; yet he was brought to a court-martial for not doing more. But the French Admiral's fleet was so crippled, and himself so dispirited, by the unfortunate issue of this action, that, after refitting at Ferrol, and taking the ships in that harbour with him, instead of sailing for Brest to encounter Cornwallis, he retired to Cadiz. Whilst he was thus sailing south, Napoleon, with anxious mind and eyes turned seaward, was daily pacing the shore at Boulogne, and from every height glasses were constantly directed towards the English channel, in like eager expectation of seeing the long-desired fleet. It was at this time that Napoleon sent the following earnest despatch to Villeneuve:— 'Monsieur, le vice amiral, j'espère que vous êtes arrivé à Brest. Partez, ne perdez pas un moment, et avec mes escadres réunies entrez dans la Manche. *L'Angleterre est à nous !* Nous sommes tout prêts, tout est embarqué. Paraissez vingt-quatre heures, et tout est terminé. (Camp Imperial de Boulogne, 24 août.)' — Thiers. Happily, at all events for the fair fields and mansions of Kent, 'l'homme aux grandes entreprises' was never destined to put his foot on British soil, and with the army assembled at Boulogne he gained his great victory, not on the approaches to London, but on the field of Austerlitz; while any lingering hope of a future invasion of England was extinguished at Trafalgar. There Nelson did give 'a good account' of the Toulon and other united fleets, just three months after the engagement off Ferrol.

Sir Walter James considers Brynbella as second-best to Mendip in point of situation, and likes North Wales so well, he has a passion for Mr. Wynne's house there, just over against us. They are in actual treaty about it now. But all this did I say before, and nothing new have I to add. It is no new thing to say how sincerely I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Yours and Mrs. Whalley's obliged servant,

H. L. Prozzi.

We set out for Wales directly.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, April 29, 1805.

ERE this time, my kind and dear friend, your blooming Eden has again received Mrs. Whalley and yourself. With mutual health and cheerfulness, each, I trust, has hailed its verdant beauties re-expanding in the youth of the year. As yet all is rude disorder around the home of my youth, nor through the course of this summer can I hope its scene will acquire anything resembling neatness; but when the devastation is remedied the garden will, by an increase of pleasantness, make some recompense for the miserable consequence of the new offices to the west point, and its most, by me, frequented apartments.

A few days ago I received a short but most kind letter from our beloved Clarissa, extending a precious but not certain hope of conversing with her for one transient half-hour on Sunday or Monday next. Her proud and arbitrary father comes the following day. Well indeed do you remark the preciousness to my heart of so rare a possession as the tender, devoted friendship of such an angelic being — a possession which power may not command, which gold cannot purchase. Alas! that destiny should reduce the blessing to

a barren consciousness — barren of that sweet cordial intercourse of looks, and voice, and pen, which might soften for me the sorrows which cannot be banished, and the pains and incapacities of decaying existence. Oh, that I may find your hope for our *Clarissa* fulfilled! that the secret anguish of her heart is banished; and with it fallen the deplored impediment to the best wish we can form for her future destiny!

Mr. Scott has sent me his beautiful epic poem, entitled the '*Lay of the Last Minstrel*.' Lady Dalkeith, diverted with the superstitious legends of the Dwarf Demon, Gilpin Horner, exacted a promise of Mr. Scott, that he would write a poem, in which the malicious urchin should be a chief actor, and dwarfism lessens the dignity of epic machinery; but oh, what rich amends do we meet for that defect in the landscapes, the pictures, &c., of this admirable work! So increases in poetic strength the young luminary of the North; and, alas! how dimly wanes the once bright star of our southern hemisphere! Mr. Hayley has sent me such a composition — the *Triumph of Music*! It is the absolute drivellism of utterly exhausted genius. That degeneracy which, in this ridiculous work, reaches its extremest limit, commenced, many years ago, in a feeble elegy on the death of Sir William Jones, and has since more and more crippled and debased his succeeding publications both in verse and prose.

But no declension of talents, evident in all this author's later writings, could have taught us to expect such a complete burlesque of everything like common sense as this *Triumph of Music* exemplifies. What an interesting narrative has Sophia given me of Maria Siddons' death-scene, and the perfidy which caused it! That her mother suffers his visits, that she endures even to be where he is, seems sufficiently astonishing; yet neither that nor any other circumstance can

surprise me more than your determined blindness to the villany of Mr. Pitt, unveiled as it has so many times been to every disinterested, unprejudiced eye; that this blindness should influence you to deem Canning's absurd song a perfect composition. He is not a bad poet in general, but that ballad seems to me not even poetically worthy of his other writings. Its burden would be vulgar if it were as just as it is unjust, and an insult upon the common sense of Great Britain, whose consequence, wealth, safety, and freedom have been wrecked in the storm Pitt raised, and which neither himself nor any other man can now so weather, as to restore to her those lost blessings. What is the freedom of a nation, what is the security of its comforts, whose minister claims a right to take away whatever proportion of the income of its subjects he may choose to demand? What its freedom, when even tradesman, artificer, labourer, and servant, is obliged to quit his peaceful calling for military duties, or be constrained to devote himself to wandering soldierism, to the ruin of all his domestic comforts? Necessity is pleaded; what, but the plans of this bloodthirsty minister induced that necessity? Could those who most clearly saw the madness of those plans, have supposed they would ever come to this? that they would reduce England to a state of mere self-defence? Can a state of such dire necessity be called a weathered storm? Are we not, even now, struggling with the tempest ourselves, originally raised through the counsels of that bad man? braving it still to no probable, nay, possible good purpose, unless the God of peace and reconciliation works miracles in favour of our sanguinary plans. What presumption to hope it, when He has set the broad seal of His displeasure upon our incendiary plans. What presumption to hope it, when He has set the broad seal of His displeasure upon our incendiary plans, in the events which have followed it!

Behold this dishonest as well as unchristian minister, upheld in his vile attempts wholly to screen from public

indignation his infamous colleague,* and the felon-clerk of that colleague! But if justice pauses here; if Dundas be allowed to keep those enormously lucrative places, with which he is endowed at the expense of that public which he has injured; and if the plundering Trotter, who began his Pittite career with 80*l.* per annum, and now enjoys eleven thousand a year, and a hundred thousand in the funds, all drained from the public treasury — if these are allowed to possess their spoils in peace; if Pitt's influence reaches so far, the English are lost indeed to every generous principle of equity, every manly principle of self-defence; if his attempt to wash such Ethiops white does not show them the dark colour of his own principles, the Macbeth of France may well despise us.

You will chide the length of this vile scrawl, but it has been written at different times. Adieu, dear friend! with affectionate compliments to Mrs. Whalley,

I remain, most faithfully yours,

A. SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, July 21, 1805.

I AM sorry to find your purpose procrastinated of visiting me here; a high-prized satisfaction, for which I had hoped this present autumn. If I had not heard from you, I should have written to request that you and dear Mrs. Whalley

* After reading the graphic account, in Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' of the famous debate of April 7, 1805, on the charges against Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, for malpractices in drawing upon the Treasury for money before it was wanted, we are not surprised at Miss Seward's heat on the occasion. We fear, however, the tears which were seen to trickle from beneath the sombrero covering Pitt's eyes, when the Speaker Abbot gave his casting vote against the minister, were more gratifying to her spleen, than the advocacy of Wilberforce was consolatory to her sense of justice. Melville was tried in Westminster Hall, and acquitted of all the charges.

would come to me as soon as possible. Your apartment is ready, my garden is in decent order, and very pleasant; and my disease, alas! which had somewhat abated when I wrote to you last, is returned upon me with renewed and more continued force, and I would fain see friends valued as yourselves once again, before my life or my faculties become its utter victim. Small is my hope of living till next spring, or at least of retaining till that period such a part of my intellectual powers as yet remain to me. Reflect upon this my conviction, dear friend, and if you can, with any convenience, oblige me by a visit in the course of this August, or the following month, pray, pray do. You have never yet seen my fair bowers in foliage, and the love I bear them inspires a fond wish that you should so see them, ere the steps of their mistress have failed in their paths. About a month ago I had a seizure more violent and perilous than that which attacked me last August, at Mr. Mitchell's.

Two days after that dread paroxysm, dearest Clarissa appeared in our little group for one half hour, reluctantly allowed her as she was passing, with her parents, through Lichfield.

Early in May, the bishop brought her here on the day of his visitation, and indulgently left her with me five hours. Luckily I was tolerably well that day, and able to enjoy the luxury of her conversation, and the delight of thinking that I perceived her mind less harassed and oppressed than it was wont to be. A month after, the bishop called upon me again, and with curious politeness apologised for having troubled me with his daughter's company so long. Oh, fair sincerity, what a stranger art thou to courtly lips! I could not help exclaiming, 'Good heavens, my lord, do you give the name of trouble to the greatest pleasure you could have afforded me? Miss Cornwallis is one of the first women I have ever known, respecting the powers of the mind and the virtues

of the heart.' In a letter, which soon after I had occasion to write to him, I ventured to express more fully my sense of those her endowments; and Clarissa told me, on her last visit, the 2nd of this month, that the bishop had sent that letter of mine to Admiral Cornwallis—a proof that he did not think my sentiments concerning his daughter utterly valueless; and, what is yet more pleasing to me, it seems a proof of his own affection for her, and that he is not insensible of the honour her talents and excellence reflect upon himself. I never saw her look so well as on this last visit, and I flatter myself with hope that the dark mists of her destiny are dispersing; but hope in none on a certain possibility, which you suggested, concerning a naval hero seeking for himself the brightest guerdon, his brave and vast exertions in the cause of his country could obtain. Clarissa's enthusiasms equal my own over that beautiful emanation of poetic fancy, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' I am sure you also will be charmed with it; but I grieve to see you grudging the time and attention which compositions, charming as this, so well deserve to obtain from minds like yours. We cannot give up our whole portion of leisure to devotional exercises. The human spirit must become languid and depressed beneath their unintermitted recurrence —

Our earthly by such heavenly overpowered.

You are in the habit of devoting some hours of every day to amusement, and, when you are at Bath, to dissipation, and surely attention to the efflorescence of genius, is a still more worthy relaxation than that which is supplied by the flowers of vegetable nature, or by music, and infinitely more worthy than that which results from cards, or the chat of frivolous people. All in moderation are innocent and perhaps salutary, but let not the noble be resigned, while the merely inoffensive are retained. Ah, leave such ungenerous

preference to the dull, cold, common mass of minds, over whom your Maker has, with so vast a superiority, exalted you.

This year has produced two noble epic poems: Scott's 'Lay,' and Southey's 'Madoc,' equal in merit, but different in complexion.

The first has every charm for the imagination, the second every interest for the passions, and is replete with the purest and most generous sentiments of wisdom, morality, and Christian precepts. I think I had rather have written 'Madoc' than any poetic work that has been published since I was born. It has been three times read aloud to me since I purchased it, unbound, for two guineas, and I would not part with it for fifty.

From the state of my malady, the dictating this letter has been the work of many days, and with the interruption of several days, for of intense thinking I am often utterly incapable. It is now the 1st of August, the day preceding the cruel anniversary of dear Saville's death, and the cathedral bells are ringing on account of a vague report that Lord Nelson has taken the Carthage fleet. I wish it may prove true; but if, like the former conquests of our naval heroes in this fatal struggle, it goad us on to reject such terms of reconciliation with the foe as now only can be obtained, it will be but another meteor flame, gilding the path of destruction with short-lived blaze.

The Memoirs of Sir William Jones have been lately read to me. If his biographer is not very partial, his character and conduct form a perfect pattern of wisdom and virtue, and vindicate Richardson from the charge of having painted, in his 'Grandison,' unattainable perfection. Yet for the publication of a pamphlet, written by this great, good, and enlightened sage, on the constitution of our country and the rights of the people, the Dean of St. Asaph was prosecuted on the charge of having promulgated a seditious libel!

And now, dear friend, adieu ! I do not ask you to forgive my continued zeal against those measures which appear to me pregnant with the total ruin of this country, the increase of Gallic power, and the anguish of millions. We mutually love our country, however widely we differ concerning the source of her misfortunes.

Present me with the most affectionate respect to dear Mrs. Whalley, and believe me to my latest moment,

Your ever obliged and faithful,

A. SEWARD.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, SOUTH BROOM HOUSE,
DEVIZES.

Barley Wood, Wednesday [October, 1805*].

To write to you, my afflicted friend, is difficult, but to be silent is impossible. Our surprise was equal to our sorrow at hearing the fatal intelligence. Last winter we were gradually preparing for the sad catastrophe, and your own mind was long kept in sad expectation, but at present the suddenness adds very greatly to the weight of the blow. May it please the Father of mercies to support you under this severe dispensation ! The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. May you, through His grace, be enabled to adopt the last clause, Blessed, &c. We took very kindly your order to your housekeeper to inform us of the melancholy event. I have nothing to offer you but our very cordial sympathy, and my hearty prayers that it may please the Almighty to heal the heart he has wounded, and sanctify the stroke.

I know all advice is impertinent on such a mournful occasion ; yet I cannot forbear hoping that you have quitted

* The date of this letter of condolence on the death of the second Mrs. Whalley, which date was inserted here and at p. 32, vol. i. from a copy of Dr. Whalley's pedigree obtained from the College of Arms, is evidently erroneous, as shown by subsequent letters mentioning Mrs. Whalley. The mistake was not discovered in time to alter the collocation of the letters.

the actual scene of sorrow. I cannot forbear recommending to you, before winter sets in, to pay a little visit to your beautiful mountain; the pure air and sacred quiet will help to repair your shattered nerves.

Your brother Richard, who is here, desires me to assure you of the interest he takes in your trial.

I believe I have not written so much since I saw you, a rheumatism in my head and face having quite subdued me. Sally is very ill; Patty returned from Cheltenham rather better.

Yours, my dear sir, with true sympathy,
H. MORE.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Wilberforce is so much an invalid, that we could not reckon certainly on him till he arrived this evening, and now, I am sorry to say, he and his family leave us on Monday morning. We much wish you to meet, and he also is desirous of seeing you, and would be happy to visit your paradise, but I doubt his being able. I dare not venture to request the honour of seeing Mrs. Whalley to dinner on so short a notice. We expected he would have stayed long enough to give her a more respectful invitation, which we hope to do soon. But would you and (and if he can eat a homely dinner dressed literally without a cook) perhaps Mr. Heathcote, have the goodness to eat of our plain family meal at a quarter past three, for Mr. Wilberforce's weak health requires this? You will, I trust, pardon this very awkward note, and do the best for us you can; so we do but see you meet in any way, we shall be gratified.

Yours, dear sir, in great haste,
H. MORE.

Favour me with an answer.

MARQUIS DE LA PIERRE TO DR. WHALLEY, SOUTH
BROOM HOUSE, DEVIZES.

Hamptonwick, le 10 octobre 1805.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—La distance qui nous sépare ne me permettant pas de vous visiter facilement, je viens m'en dédommager en partie, mon cher monsieur, en vous demandant de vos nouvelles que je ne puis recevoir icy à époques éloignées que par votre ami de Hampton ; il m'apprit, il y a environ deux mois, que vous étiez absent de chez vous dans une tournée aux provinces voisines. Cette notion me fit ajourner le plaisir de vous écrire, en me faisant conjecturer que vous jouissiez d'une meilleure santé, puisqu'elle vous permet des courses chez vos amis.

Si vous avez pensé à nous quelques moments, comme j'aime à m'en flatter, vous aurez senti que l'aspect actuel des affaires du continent, auquel mon sort est attaché, ranime un peu mes espérances abattues par le traité d'Amiens à bien justes titres. Quoiqu'ancien militaire, je n'aime pas mieux la guerre que vous, mais comme ce n'est que par ce mal nécessaire seul que l'Europe peut être sauvée, si elle est bien faite, je ne suis pas très-fâché de la voir enfin décidée, étant bien convaincu que le ministre habile, qui en est sans doute le principal moteur, prendra ses précautions pour empêcher les différents cabinets et les généraux des armées combinées de répéter les fautes que l'on a païées si chèrement. Il est de sa sagesse de profiter de l'expérience fatale du passé pour les éviter ; il y va de l'existence aussi de presque tous les souverains qui se sont garantis jusqu'icy, que Buonaparte ne fera pas languir longtems, si les évènements d'une première campagne sont malheureusement en sa faveur. Il paroît par les précautions prises pour cacher au despote la marche des armées russes, jusqu'à leur arrivée aux frontières d'Autriche, et par l'énergie que leurs alliés ont déployée par l'entrée en

Bavière sans cérémonies préalables, ainsi que par les marches rapides de leurs forces sur l'Adige, et les principaux défilés de la Suisse, qu'ils luy ont gagné les devants pour l'étriller luy et ses conscripts, avant qu'il aye eu le tems de les aguerrir ; je l'espère du moins très-fortement, regardant cette affaire décisive comme la troisième Guerre Punique, qui, si elle tourne bien, vous garantira non seulement la longue durée de votre existence, mais vous couvrira cette fois de la gloire d'avoir été les sauveurs de l'Europe dans la crise la plus terrible qu'elle ait jamais éprouvée.

Nous avons eu hier dans les jardins de Hampton Court le roy et toute la famille royale ; une personne qui a eu l'honneur de l'y rencontrer, et de luy parler quelques instants, nous a dit, que ses yeux paroissent en aussi bon état que par le passé, et que lui-même est très-content de sa santé. Je ne vous en dirai pas autant de la mienne, ayant fait la mauvaise acquisition d'un rhumatisme en mal de reins très-douloureux et ennuyeux, fruit de mes années, aussi bien que de l'inconstance du climat, quoique Madame De la Pierre ne me permette pas d'en médire. Je m'acquitte avec empressement de la commission qu'elle me donne, de la rappeler à votre souvenir elle, et sa reconnoissance pour vos obligeans procédés, qu'elle n'a point oubliés, quoique ses circonstances ne luy aient pas encore permis de vous le prouver par son exactitude. J'en mettrai toujours beaucoup en mon particulier, à vous convaincre, mon cher monsieur, des sentimens que je vous ai sincèrement voués, et de l'attachement respectueux de

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

DE LA PIERRE.

MRS. L. PIOZZI TO MRS. PENNINGTON.

1805.

My dearest Mrs. Pennington might have remembered that I said I would direct no more letters to her till the name

was changed. I wrote the morning of your marriage, and hardly expected you could mind a word any one said to you that day but your husband, to whom pray make my sincerest good wishes acceptable, as no one can more truly wish you joy from their heart. The girls were delighted with the favours and bride-cake, which last they swallowed in their eagerness, instead of keeping it to dream upon — a trick they say they had never heard of. Anonymous letters did I never receive, or think possible in your case, but perhaps everybody that is married has anonymous letters. I remember being twice amused with that April foolery. My master will write himself, he says, but I am trying to make you amends for my long silence by a popular ballad I wrote for the use of association dinners, &c. Mr. Piozzi has put his name down among the Streathamites. Turn over and you'll find the verses : —

A LOYAL BALLAD,

To the tune of 'Ten times a day hoop her barrel,' in *The Devil to Pay*.

Whilst, with murder imbrued,
Our mad neighbours in blood
Delight their own country to drench,
Let us British boys sing,
'Drink a health to the King,
And ne'er be such fools as the French,' &c.,
And ne'er be such fools as the French.
If enamoured they are
Of young Freedom the fair,
Sure they know not the trim of their wench,
But think Liberty's joy
Is 'sink, burn, and destroy,'
Why, our fleets may do that for the French, &c.
Our fleets may do that for the French.
What bold Edwards begun,
Both the father and son,
From their monarch the sceptre to wrench,
These comical elves
Will now do for themselves,

And imprison their king of the French, &c.,
And imprison their king of the French.

When our brethren and we
Quarrel'd over our tea,

And Lord North graced the Treasury Bench,
Fomenting vexations,
They injured both nations,
Such traitors and rogues were the French, &c.,
Such treacherous rogues were the French.

Now dank Holland they swear
They will render so bare,
They'll not leave her an eel nor a tench ;
But long live Billy Pitt,
And we hope they'll be bit,
While none fish in foul streams but the French, &c.,
None fish in foul streams but the French.

But if this way they drag
Rebellion's curst flag,
In our channel their colours will quench ;
Lest the poison should spread,
Soon lop off the snake's head,
Nor stand still till we are stung by the French, &c.,
Nor stand still till we're stung by the French.
From the tower so high,
Our red cross it shall fly,
And around it we'll dig a deep trench ;
All will arm in the cause
Of religion and laws,
And down with these levelling French, &c.,
And down with these levelling French.

DEAR MRS. PENNINGTON,—I write to congratulate you upon your marriage, and I hope you will enjoy much happiness. Believe me one of your best friends, and I shall never forget your sincere friendship. Pray write very often, as you can give me no greater pleasure than hearing from you. My best compliments to Mr. Pennington, and believe me for ever,

Your affectionate friend,

G. P.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, BATH.

Barley Wood, January 29, 1806.

MY DEAR SIR,—When we requested you to favour us with a line, if any very special circumstance should occur, little did we imagine what that circumstance would be.* It is, in truth, the only calamitous great event which one never thought of calculating upon. I am afraid we of this house have been almost sinful in our sorrow. Patty has scarcely had a dry eye since, and we are too fond of ransacking different newspapers, which our friends have been sending us from town, for fuel to feed our sorrow. To speak soberly, I cannot forbear considering the death of this incomparable statesman, in this moment of public danger, as a token of the Divine displeasure against our country.

It is singular that Nelson and Pitt (I make no comparison between the *great* loss of the one, and the *incomparable* loss of the other) should have been the only two mortals of whom Buonaparte stood in awe, and that one should have died the day fortnight that the other was buried. God, indeed, can raise up as able and upright a minister, but, as He has not done it before, we have no reason to hope He will do it again. Yet perhaps, in infinite mercy, He has taken away the instrument to teach us to look more to the hand that employed him. For us who are left, the event is terrible; for him who is removed, I cannot conceive a more glorious lot. To have been for twenty years the means, under Heaven, to carry his country through difficulties unparalleled, and then to be favoured with a pious and easy death, at a moment when his own bodily sufferings, added to the attacks which were preparing for him by those fierce assailants, whose rancour even his death, I doubt, will not subdue! I assure you I have hardly ever known an event which has made this world look so little in my eyes. In

* Death of Pitt, January 23, 1806.

one sense, we may say that we have seen an end of all perfection.

Your dream, my dear sir, was most extraordinary. Its mystic sense was really very striking. I am as free from superstition as you are, and yet I doubt not but such strange impressions are sometimes made for our good. I own I have great satisfaction in the manner of Mr. Pitt's death, which I could not have felt had he exhibited a mere stoical firmness, and the fortitude of a philosopher. But to see so strong, and, as it was reckoned, so proud a mind, express so much resignation and charity, so deep a sense of his own unworthiness, and such a reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, is a circumstance, not only of much comfort, but of high example.

My health has been particularly bad for some months, and the access of pain has been lately so violent, that I have called up the family two or three times in the night. Bilious obstructions, I suppose; and I don't get good intervals, as I used to do. I was at the worst of one of those seizures when your kind afflicting letter came, or I would have thanked you for it at Hampton. All here are faithfully Mrs. Whalley's and yours, as is, my dear sir,

Your ever obliged and grateful,

H. MORE.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Lichfield, April 2, 1806.

AH, dear friend, what a long date has your last letter! But you will, I trust, impute my silence to the difficulty and injurious influence of the employment upon my obstinate malady; to those continued demands upon my pen, or that of my assisting friends, which demands are in their nature compellant. While dear Clarissa was at Bath, my correspondence with her, engrossed nearly all the power of

conversing upon paper which my disease has left me. You know it is only then that she can hear from me, and you know also how far above their intrinsic worth she values my letters. No one, except my sister, Giovanni, and once, Honora, ever loved or estimated me in equal degree with herself. Your interviews with her have anticipated the replies to your questions on her subject in your last letter; yet suffer me to add, concerning my late silence, that from a consciousness that writing is inimical to your health also, my heart, often wishing to address you, more easily resigned that wish to its impediments; but now, May drawing near, I struggle with the returning force of my distemper to say, that if I should be alive when that month commences, and in a state to receive my guests, I hope and trust yourself and Mrs. Whalley will then give me the pleasure promised to its blooming days. As soon as possible, you will have the goodness to fix, and to inform me of the time, at which I may be looking out for your chariot-wheels.

To my conceptions, no instance of infatuation can excite my wonder more than to find you, my dear friend, amongst the infatuated idolators of his country's destroyer, and the incendiary of Europe, goading it on and on in the bloody paths of its ruin. For one million, which his only wise measure, the Sinking Fund, has saved Great Britain, his system of dark revenge and pitiless slaughter has squandered ten.

That money was not Mr. Pitt's personal coveting is little merit. Paying nobody, he had no use for it, and nothing did he care for the distress of his creditors. If he did not embezzle the public treasures for his private use, he, with perhaps worse guilt, lavished them in bribing others to support his criminal lust of power. You accuse me of hating Mr. Pitt. Filled as my soul has been since the year 1793 with involuntary and unprejudiced horror at the death and

desolation, and cureless misery, with which he has loaded Europe, and blasted the fair prosperity of these water-walled dominions, how can I avoid detesting him? If our aversion ought to be proportioned to the degree of evil which individuals have inflicted, who is there so widely guilty?

The consequences of his last plan of desperation, predicted in my letter, the arguments I brought to demonstrate the moral certainty of its failure, you tell me, in reply, do not deserve either the name of reasoning or of argument! Alas! the event has deeply confirmed their claim to nationality. It appears by the papers, relative to that mad Coalition, which have been laid before the House of Commons, and to which Mr. Pitt's partisans looked for his justification in attempting it, that the instigator himself confessed, the junction of a force five hundred thousand strong, to be assembled from remote parts of Europe, was necessary to give it a chance of success. Was it in common sense to conceive that Napoleon would not prevent the conjunction of such a force? Was he a man supinely to suffer it?

That minister's death should not have been natural but expiatory, who had staked, on such a wild uncharacteristic possibility, the infinite increase of danger to this country, and the utter loss of those small remains of power which his former plans had left to Austria, to the German Principalities, and to a part of Italy. You say this miserable plan averted French invasion from these shores last summer. True; but it was only to find 'short intermission bought with double danger'—a danger which, but for Mr. Pitt, could never have approached these islands. Had he, instead of joining the baffled nations, which had unjustly united to dismember France, as they dismembered Poland, had he stood forth the pacificator instead of the incendiary, and averted the horrid contest, no hostile troops had ever menaced our confines. He has finished his sanguinary work, and it is too

late to save Great Britain, that her true patriots are now called to the helm. Though continued war must destroy us, he has rendered peace, in all likelihood, unattainable. And we are raising statues to his memory! Thus do we fulfil the saying of one of the holy prophets, 'God first makes mad the nation he means to destroy for its wickedness.' The wrongs of Poland, the shocking injustice of the triple alliance against that unhappy country, convince me that I behold the avenging arm of Heaven punishing the murderous Russians, and their scarcely less barbarous ally, on the field of Austerlitz. The wretched Pitt was its instrument in goading them on to their retributory doom, and in avenging Poland upon her foes. Sooner or later, Prussia will be involved in their destiny. Thus is the bloody chalice returned to the lips of the cruel.

Pardon me, my friend, that the miseries I bewail have again risen to my pen. When we meet, if it please God that we ever meet, I will endeavour to restrain the bitter consciousness from forcing itself on your angry attention.

With affectionate compliments to Mrs. Whalley,

I remain, yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

DR. WHALLEY TO MISS SEWARD.

Cheltenham, April 23, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter was sent after me from Bath to Mendip Lodge, and thence hither. As I grow older, contrary to the general turn of the human mind, I become more averse to the bustle and vanities of a public place, and more impatient to return with the first crocus to the liberty and tranquillity of the country. Bath is but my visit, the dear Lodge is my home. Few things interest me in the former, everything in the latter; yet, alas! I am forced away from it, and for the blooming prime of the year,

by the imperious necessity of rebuilding the great reservoir in the home plantation, which supplies the house and gardens with water, and on which our comfort absolutely depends; otherwise, however, we should have passed a fortnight here, and the same time at Malvern, from whence it was our fixed purpose to indulge ourselves with a few social and pleasant days under your friendly roof.

We remove to Malvern Wells House on Friday, where favour me with a few lines to say whether it may be quite convenient to you, and perfectly consistent with your health, to receive us the 14th of May and lodge us till the 19th. We shall then have passed four clear days with you — too long a period, perhaps, in your present invalid state, though we trust you would not think of entertaining us like formal guests, or in a manner that would cause you any additional thought or trouble, but what cannot be avoided by the addition of five persons to your family. Our drivers, of course, will sleep and eat at the inn, where I shall keep my horses.* Be ingenuous—you are so by nature—and say without the least scruple, ‘Come to me for a night, or for a few hours, but the infirm state of my health cruelly forbids even so much attention and exertion as true friends would cause day after day.’

We have a long tour in contemplation; from Lichfield we intend going by Derby, Matlock, Chatsworth and Chesterfield to York; from York we purpose returning home by Nottingham, Welbeck Abbey (my old family seat), Leicester, Daventry, Banbury, Oxford, Newbury, Devizes, &c. We shall see many fine, and some very celebrated and interesting places in this excursion, but nothing will long divert my thoughts from Cara Mia, my nursling and pet, to which we shall return with tenfold delight after so tedious an absence.

* He used to travel with his own four horses and two postillions.

I have received two letters from our beloved Clarissa since my arrival here. She does not complain of her health, and writes in good spirits. The dark cloud that hung so long and so heavily on her bright mind has gradually evaporated. She blazes even now with all her native splendour; she is a most charming and excellent creature, but we will talk fully about her when we meet.

Oh! spare the mighty Dead!

Let not thy rancour live beyond the grave!

It is not your quotation of Mr. Fellows's sentiments, or those of any *fellow* upon earth, that can alter my opinion of our late incomparable minister one tittle. Assertions, bold as they may be, are not proofs, and the outrageously unjust imputation that Mr. Pitt was the root and source of the accelerated corruption of his country, every person who has a right feeling of his virtues, a due sense of his patriotism, a just respect for his comprehensive and unrivalled talents as a statesman, and a deep gratitude for his services, must feel and resent. It is strange, most strange, that people of enlightened understandings and good principles (for both must be taken into the question), should attribute that increase of corruption and change in the national character to Mr. Pitt, which are so palpably attributable to the rapid increase of voluptuousness and its never-failing concomitants, vice and infidelity, with the immense weight added of all the bad humours, and dangerous tenets, and wicked ambition, and principles as new, as insidious, and detestable of the French Revolution. That Revolution has been the seed-plot for wretched and suffering Europe, of every enormity. It has been the very focus of atheism, rebellion, rapine and murder; it has been the cauldron of diabolical magic, and the seething-pot of hell. Those unhappy countries that came in near contact with it have been bowed down to the earth and trampled on, and mangled in its furious and remorseless

career. Though divided from rebellious and apostate France by the sea, yet we have felt its violence, and been deeply affected by its poison. War has, hitherto, saved, and nothing but war could or can even now save us, from being drawn into the dreadful vortex that has engulfed so many nations. Is Mr. Fellows so cold a patriot, or so shallow a reasoner, as to charge Mr. Pitt with tripling the national debt as with a heinous crime? Had that debt been not tripled we should have been bankrupts indeed — bankrupts alike in private as in public fortune — bankrupts, miserable, hopeless bankrupts, in peace, independence, and every social comfort; in the liberty of action and the freedom of opinion.

You would not be sitting at ease in your palace, casting about your firebrands against Mr. Pitt's administration, nor should I sit tranquilly here to defend him. Driven from house and home, wretched and degraded vassals of barbarian and unrelenting France, outcasts and wanderers and beggars on the face of the earth, our religious principles would alone oppose our ardent wish for death, and prevent our putting an end to the dregs of a miserable existence. In credit the nation can never be a bankrupt now, owing to Mr. Pitt's incomparable Sinking Fund,* and his whole admirable system of finance, which his successors dare not deviate from, because they well know it would lead to their own disgrace and the ruin of their country. Do you or Mr. Fellows, your great apostle, think it a little thing that Mr. Pitt's continental Coalition should have dissipated the tempest that had been so long gathering and blackening, and which was ready to burst over our own shores? But for that Coalition, suggested by his patriotism and matured by his genius, havock and the dogs of war might have been let loose on this still free and more than ever

* Pitt's Sinking Fund has still an advocate in Sir Archibald Alison.

glorious country. To that Coalition we entirely owe the inestimable victory of Trafalgar, as it was the apprehension of the operation of ourselves and the Russians in the kingdom of Naples, that impelled Buonaparte to send peremptory orders to the combined fleets at Cadiz to put to sea and push for the Mediterranean. The Coalition which Mr. Pitt so nobly formed for the safety of this country and the emancipation of Europe, I will venture to affirm, would have been considered by Mr. Fox as his greatest glory: as he would now consider it, to reunite and consolidate its fractured parts, and to strain every nerve of his own genius, and all the power and energies of Great Britain, to render it strong and effective. By the victory of Trafalgar, you and Mr. Fellows ought to know that the plan of invasion has been dropped by Buonaparte; because, wanting a covering fleet, the *sine quâ non* of his enterprise against Ireland, he has lost all power and with it all hope of dividing our force, of diverting our attention, and of distracting our councils. This, too, I suppose, goes for nothing in your joint code of policy and creed of patriotism.

When Mr. Fellows so partially accuses Mr. Pitt of tripling the debt of the nation, he should have impartially enumerated the imperious necessities, the pressing perils, and causes for such accumulation. He should have seen and acknowledged that the conflagration which had reached other countries from the volcano of France, was extending its tremendous tide of burning lava to our shores. The case was too strong, the danger too urgent, to admit of palliation or pause: extreme diseases demand extreme remedies, and the power of the medicine should be proportioned to the violence of the case. Can Mr. Fellows pretend to parallel the French Revolution with any other revolution in history, or to amalgamate its principles with those of any empire since the creation of this world? Is there a parity, a fair point of comparison, between the present war and any former one,

to contend with similar rulers, with similar arts, with similar ambition, with similar impiety, or with similar measures? When he talks of Mr. Pitt's burdens, why does he forget his resources — resources arising from his own unequalled genius and calculations, and which, by quintupling the revenue of the country, have alone enabled it to sustain its high credit, and to prevent it from sinking in an unexampled contest to rise no more?

It is easy and natural to prophesy evil of the measures brought forward by a minister whom we hate; yet had Francis II. of Austria possessed one hundredth part of the talents and courage of Francis I. of France, he might have written like him, 'All is lost but honour,' but would not have had reason to hang down his craven head and exclaim, 'Honour and all are lost.' His pusillanimity, as every general in Europe will tell you who understands his trade, has sacrificed his own glory and present independence, and shaken the safety of Europe to the centre. Had he stood firm to his truly magnanimous ally, Alexander, and retreated with him back to the fortress of Olmutz, Buonaparte's army would soon have been put between two fires, as the gallant and able Prince Charles was rapidly advancing to Vienna with a great, victorious, increasing, and attached army, which alone would have outnumbered Buonaparte's before they came in contact. To save himself from so perilous a situation, a hasty retreat would have been his only hope, and, under circumstances, retreat would have been attended with immense loss, present disgrace, and ultimate ruin.

But he will never be so saved from such a situation again, should the flames of war, a very probable case, speedily burst out again on the Continent, owing to his barefaced usurpations and arrogance, and his evident purpose to domineer over the whole of Germany and Italy, with the

addition of Holland, Switzerland, and, if possible, even Denmark and Sweden. Prince Charles has at last been wisely appointed Generalissimo of the Austrian armies, with unlimited command and powers. The effect of this, Buonaparte will sorely feel, should he force the real, legitimate Emperor into a new war for self-preservation. You repeatedly call Mr. Pitt 'the man of blood,' because he, as wisely as intrepidly, made his country the bulwark against French ambition and French destruction. Had he been deluded by its professions, and outwitted by its intrigues and treacheries, he would have had the slavery, the blood, and the utter ruin of his countrymen on his head and his conscience for ever. Brissot assures you (and the testimony of an enemy on such a subject ought to be as incontrovertible as it is convincing), that the first infernal rulers of revolutionary France were determined to embroil her with Great Britain as well as with the Continent, with the idea that it would divert their countrymen from their usurped power, and confirm their reign.

It is well known that Mr. Pitt was the last of all the then Cabinet counsellors to give his reluctant voice for a war, which broke in upon his admirable and progressive plans for the prosperity of his country. Lord Grenville, Windham, Lord Spencer, Lord Thurlow, Mr. Burke, Lord Sidmouth, &c., were urgent with him on this subject. Your premises, therefore, being false, your conclusion falls to the ground.

Were you as able in numerical as you are in poetical figures, and understood the measures of government as well as you understand the measures of verse, I might adopt your political creed, and should respect your political convictions; but as the government of empires has not been in the line of your education, nor have you studied the deep, the arduous, and the complicated science of mathematical

calculations, or the equally difficult system of finance grafted upon it, I must decline being swayed by your authority on these subjects, or being in the slightest degree influenced by invectives which I dislike ; by arguments which are unfounded ; or by decisions which grow out of assertions without proof, and out of prejudice without measure. I could write volumes in defence of Mr. Pitt, but recollect that I must now confine it to the limits, narrow however extended, of a letter. My difficulty has not been to answer your anathemas, but to repress the overflowing tide of arguments in his favour, and to select a few of the most prominent ones, though far from the strongest that could be alleged in honour of his administration.

The subscription for a statue at Cambridge to his memory delights my soul. I feel particularly interested in this generous tribute to departed genius, virtue, and patriotism, not only as a member of that ancient university, but also as a native of it, and as my father filled several of its highest situations with distinguished ability and grace. To this statue I should have been ashamed not to add my mite, though thirty guineas were much more commensurate with my present means than with my wishes. Hereafter, perhaps, I may do something more in another way, in honour of a statesman to whom I feel I owe every convenience and comfort I enjoy, and who, I feel deeply convinced, has had no equal, take him for all in all, in any age or nation. As he can bestow no favour now, such a subscription is an impartial testimony to his merit, and an undoubting and recorded proof that his parts and properties were of no common description. Statues are not erected by a voluntary effusion of admiration and reverence to Neros and Tamerlanes, or Kouli Khans, or Buonapartes, or Richelieus, or Mazarins, or Pulteneys, or Walpoles.

Here let this sore subject rest for ever between us. I hate

all controversy, and especially with a friend. Life at any period is too short to waste any portion of it in such heart-burnings, and at our age the hours are too precious to be sacrificed to useless altercation. Your aversion to Mr. Pitt can never be removed or softened by me, nor can my admiration and veneration of him be diminished by you, nor by any person living. You have all the disloyal, most of the profligate, many of desperate fortunes, and more of infidel principles, besides the numerous clan of partisans, on your side. They are, I allow, a fierce, determined, and formidable host. But I am sensible that I have on my side a great proportion of sound reasoners, able and enlightened politicians, true patriots, discreet moralists, and sincere Christians. With these auxiliaries I am so well satisfied, that I do not envy you your clamorous and heterogeneous host. Had Mr. Pitt been living — oh! that he were! — I would never have replied one word more to your repeated and deprecated anathemas, but it moved me beyond my bearing that you should be impelled by hatred so very far as to pursue him beyond the grave.

So much, and too much for controversy; but the day is fast approaching when we shall meet, I trust, with our old amity, and when all heartburning will be forgotten in friendly and affectionate communications.

With our united best and kindest wishes, I am, in spite of our political sparrings, unfeignedly and invariably your true and warm friend,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

My health is improved here, as I hope and pray I may find yours.

Mr. Pitt's Sinking Fund will operate to diminish the taxes at the appointed time. This I asserted, and still assert.

Though I have not your exalted opinion of Mr. Fox, yet I am pleased to see him our Secretary for Foreign Affairs,

because he is very able, intrepid, and hates the despotism of France. Were I to show him your letter, he would be disgusted and hurt at its virulence against his dead rival. He has done himself honour by evincing on several occasions that he knows how to appreciate Mr. Pitt's merits.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

[Probably April, 1806.]

MY DEAR SIR, —Thanks for the enclosed sprightly letter. Mrs. Buller was an uneducated but very sensible woman, who, by the force of her own strong mind, raised a great iron trade in Wales, which increased her original 300*l.* a year to 10,000*l.* a year, which her spendthrift heir has since her death reduced to what it was when she set out. She traded to all parts of the world, but I do not know whether she paid tribute to the Juggernaut.

I wish I could find the Bishop of St. David's Hebrew Grammar, which he sent me as a present. When I asked him why a friend of mine could not buy it in London, he said he would enquire; but I think he told me Oxford was the place.

Pray remember me kindly to the wit of Brynbellia, Mrs. Piozzi. A delightful friend of ours, Colonel Hallyburton, who left us to-day, has been planting twenty-six hundred thousand (I have not arithmetic to write it in figures) forest trees on his estate at Strathaven, Scotland. Adieu, my dear sir; may health and comfort attend your migration!

Yours most truly, H. MORE.

Sarah, Martha, and myself more than usually suffering.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, MALVERN-WELLS HOUSE.

Lichfield, April 27, 1806.

YESTERDAY'S post, my dear friend, brought me your letter, kindly announcing the fulfilment of that promise whose

revocation would have disappointed me greatly. I am sometimes blest with remission through the course of several days from the heavy pressure of my now long-enduring malady. In a few instances these remissions have extended to four or five weeks. Once it has been so this winter. I entertain hope that I may be thus fortunate during the period in which, if I live, I shall have the pleasure of seeing yourself and Mrs. Whalley my guests. To give myself the best chance for that exemption I will blister my head a few days before I expect you, and, if I find its influence protecting, shall hope to persuade you to prolong your stay beyond the narrow limits assigned. Lichfield is the worst market imaginable; and those who, like myself, do not keep a regular table, are with more difficulty accommodated than those who do; but neither of you, my friends, are epicures, and you will not be disgusted by the plain board of this mansion, so proud of title, so frugal in suppliance, so narrow of establishment.

You surprise me by saying that, 'contrary to the general turn of the human mind, retirement becomes dearer to you than scenes of crowd and bustle, as life advances.' Now, surely that is the general preference of faded health and time-worn existence. I am sure it is the natural one, and the exceptions are only found with the very vainest and silliest of our species.

It has been often observed, that even the soundest minds are sometimes insane upon one subject. That I should find one of the most valued of my friends amongst those instances is to me a more than melancholy, it is an afflicting, consideration. You hold out wild improbabilities, libellous to the common sense of mankind and the loyalty of this nation, and treating them as demonstrated facts, argue upon them with all the sophistry of your deceased idol; but awful truths, ever discernible, and now by fatal experience proved

irrefragable, overturn at once your bottomless structure of delusive arguments. Your contemptuous pun upon Mr. Fellows's name is unworthy of you — but that's a trifle. His opinions of Mr. Pitt are those of all my literary correspondents, except yourself. I have too much confidence in the powers of my own mind to make him, or any other person, what you term Mr. F. — my apostle. My correspondence with him was many years subsequent to those political convictions which are so hostile to yours. This you know. His theologic publications have proved him a deep, a cool, and able reasoner; and his political opinions, totally clashing with his professional interest, evince the integrity of his heart and mind. The reverse of that disinterested integrity enabled Pitt 'so immensely to increase the sum of our national corruption.' You cannot be ignorant that by that expression in Mr. Fellows's letter, he meant the bribes of places, pensions, and titles, to procure blind subservience to ministerial power. To that subservience our national voluptuousness might operate as an auxiliary inducement, but could not be the principal cause. Without that subservience, so dishonestly procured, Mr. Pitt could not have carried those plans into effect to which France and her Emperor are indebted for all their baleful extent of dominion.

If Brissot's assertion, with which I have been acquainted since its first publicity, was *founded*, it proves the discernment of France concerning her own interest, in wishing and endeavouring to procure that external warfare, which could alone avert from herself the dangers and ruin of internal anarchy and division; but while it proves this, it also proves the folly and madness of other nations suffering themselves to become the tools of her policy — the bloody ladders by which she was to climb above the reach of her revolutionary perils. No crimes of hers could justify the assaulting

Powers, who formed the diabolic plan, taking advantage of her disorganised situation, to parcel out her territory as Poland was parcelled out by the wickedness of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. You were aware of their design when, in the year 1791, you assured me that 'France would be annihilated as an operative Power in the scale of European dominion,' so confident were you of the success of the machinators. Brissot's assertion proved that France judged better of the consequences of such interference. Two unsuccessful campaigns had sickened and sown dissension amongst the assaulters. At that period England, till then guiltless of the sin of unnecessary war, became arbitress of the fate of Europe. She might have been its pacificator; she chose to become its incendiary; and the consequences have followed in natural train.

You choose, contumeliously, to limit the powers of my understanding to the art of making verses, and tell me, with as little politeness as verity, that my education has not enabled me to discover truth from falsehood, concerning the interests of states and nations. From the time that the unjust war against our Colonies broke out, in the year 1775, I have applied all the natural strength of my mind to an impartial consideration of the constitution, the connections, and true interest of my country. I studied history for the purpose of ascertaining political truth. I attended impartially to the senatorial debates, in which the arguments on the great question of peace and war were on each side discussed with every possible strength. If such exertions of my thinking powers, through the course of thirty years, may not be allowed to form a responsible education, it would be strange indeed. It is true I have not attended to finance calculations, confining myself to the causes of increased national expense; nor have I sought to tread those blind

mazes which render the Cabinet counsels subtle, to no wise or good end.

Political science, like every other science, must be simplified to be rightly comprehended—must be considered upon the broad and general basis of justice, integrity, and the Gospel precept, of doing to other nations what we would they should do unto us. You pronounce upon my supposed ignorance of those great moral truths, which are the foundation of all the sound wisdom of states as well as of individuals, as I heard an underling creature of Pitt's decide concerning Dr. Parr's political knowledge:—‘Be assured, sir, Dr. Parr is a mere learned man, and knows nothing of politics. How should he? I would lay a wager he does not know the number of votes, which any one town in England can send to Parliament.’

My sex does not disable me from discerning truth from falsehood in the principles of statesmen, and in the true interest of nations, for Queen Elizabeth was a woman, and the execrable Catherine of Russia had unquestionable political abilities. Pitt could never bring her, as he did Paul and Alexander, to active hostility against France. Why? but because she was politic enough to know that all hostility was impotent to restore the old government of France; but she affected to approve that hostility, because she knew it would, in the end, humble and injure Great Britain—a purpose more desirable to her than the demolition of revolutionary power in the Gallic state.

That the Christian religion is on my side in this argument I can bring several express precepts of our Saviour, as well as the whole tenor of his life, to prove; that moral virtue hallows my horror of Pitt's sanguinary system, the avowed principles of the wisest and best man that this country ever produced, Sir W. Jones, be my witness; and, though you falsely class me with infidels, with the disloyal, and the men

of desperate fortunes, who wish to overturn government, you know that my principles are those, which the whole Whig interest of this kingdom have maintained since this wretched war began—all the old families, who established the Protestant religion by expelling James II., who seated the present family on the throne, and who, by the limitation of their regal power, became the guardians of the rights and liberties of British subjects.

If, indeed, Mr. Fox would be disgusted by my expressed detestation of Mr. Pitt's plans and principles, he must, by such disgust, sign his own condemnation, and become an inconsistent wretch. Such I dare believe we shall never find him. But how you can rejoice to see him in power, I marvel much; since, if he had just discernment, the man whose systems he so nobly and so long combated, must have been blind to the true interest of this nation; and if Fox has not just discernment, he is not fit to be trusted with any part of ministerial influence.

The Sinking Fund was a good establishment; but for that, Pitt's other measures must have brought on a national bankruptcy; but he has no other merit on that account, than would result to a desperately experimental physician, who, having reduced a person who had intrusted him with the management of his health, to the brink of the grave, by administering hemlock and arsenic as medicines, should give an antidote to expel a part of the poison, though a sufficient portion of it remained in the habit to prevent all possibility of recovering that degree of health and strength which the patient possessed before he called in the rash empiric.

If the cutting off a king's head, and overturning a mighty though tyrannous government, were, as you seem to suppose, the inevitable causes of the present vast extent of French dominion (and, but for the late coalition, would have rendered her the mistress of these islands), rather than the folly

of that impotent interference, which was the primal ground of the war against a system which, if let alone, involved in itself the seeds of its own much earlier destruction, as the crown of Bonaparte evinces—if, I say, that conjecture of yours be probably, nay, even possibly, true, what an inducement does it hold out to other nations to revolutionise! But all your arguments of defence against the fallen mischief-maker militate against themselves, and against all your former assertions concerning the fate of France.

The victory of Trafalgar had nothing to do with the late Coalition. If that had not taken place, Nelson would probably have obtained an equally decisive victory on the Irish or British coasts. God, in His mercy, grant us the continuance of our naval strength and conquests! They only have hitherto saved us; they only can hereafter preserve us from the totally destroying mischiefs of Mr. Pitt's sanguinary and absurd schemes, the failure of which has fulfilled the assertion of Scripture, 'God scattereth the nations which delight in war.'

You say it is easy to prognosticate evil; but if, through the course of fourteen years, every prediction of the bad effects of Pitt's machinations have been accomplished, and if every contrary assertion has been, by events, proved vain, surely it is more than probable that wisdom was with those who pronounced them ineffectual.

'The tree is known by its fruits;' but if you will persist in pronouncing the Manchineel apples to be those of the bread-tree, they who see and feel things as they are, can only sigh over your infatuation. The majority, I know, share that infatuation. By militarising this country, Pitt has perpetuated the lust of war. Those who love it for their own short-sighted self-interest's sake, will applaud with you the measures which have made it, I am much afraid, eternal—at least, till it end in our total subjection to France.

I fear also that the last Coalition has completed the fatal necessity of its continuance ; that by the vast increase it has given to French power, co-operating with the insane detestation of peace in the minds of nine-tenths of our people, the present Ministry will not be able to effect the blessing of its restoration on terms consistent with our future safety.

I was by no means glad that Pitt died so soon after he had done his worst. His disgrace would have been a much better thing for the country — yet nothing, nothing now can remedy the evils of the war.

And are you still looking to Austrian and Russian resistance with hope? As well might these feeble hands of mine, shake the foundations of the vast Gothic pile on which I look, as any effort of those nations diminish the baleful sway of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany made peace with the Conqueror by that hard necessity, which his rash adoption of the Pittite measures had occasioned.

Your Tory principles stand confest in your condemnation of Walpole, the wisest minister England ever enjoyed, who, by preserving peace through his whole long administration, made the country prosperous, great, and happy.

Henceforth let this dreadful subject sleep between us! and pray let it not embitter — as, if discussed, embitter it must — our approaching association.* A very few years must, in the course of nature, terminate our natural existence. Then will it be shown to you and me, in the face of God and His angels, and of all the victims of this contest, whether those, who would have left to His justice the punishment of French crimes, and by so doing saved the lives of millions, or those who, in thirst of revenge and jealousy of power, caused them to be sacrificed, best acted up to the principles

* Miss Seward returned to Dr. Whalley his letter to her of the 27th April, saying that she could not keep anything from him which savoured so much of unkindness.

of the religion they professed. Let us refer our dispute to that unerring tribunal, and not love each other the less for our widely-differing principles!

In the hope that so it may be, and with affectionate regards to dear Mrs. Whalley, accept my assurance of unabated regard.

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

B. Wood, June 21.

MY DEAR SIR,—Rumour—a lady on whose word I am not apt to depend—says that you are expected (I know not exactly when) at the Lodge. At all times anxious for your health, I cannot help, at this time, feeling an additional concern to learn the state of it after the operations of our *Médecin Militaire*. If, therefore, you can steal time to send me one line, I shall be very happy. You will be glad to learn that, though after quitting Cheltenham I continued very shabby for a fortnight, I have certainly since that time been materially better. I fear you do not come for good, as they say, therefore I have but a faint hope that you will be able to meet us at our Shipham anniversary next Thursday, the 26th. We consider you and Mrs. Whalley as contributing so largely to the ornament as well as strength of our meeting, that we should have postponed it for a week or two on your accounts; but hearing that the Bishop proposes to begin his visitation the beginning of next month, I was afraid of falling foul of some of his lordship's days. I saw him well at Fulham on the birthday. The Lord and Lady of Fulham desired their best compliments, and enquired kindly after you. We all join in most affectionate regards; and I am ever, my dear Sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

H. MORE.

The Ministry have found out that the King is an extremely clever man : they could not have thought it !

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, May 22, 1807.

YOUR last letter, my dear friend, was not dated, but my frequently disappointed wish of answering it convicts me of longer silence than suits the kindness of its contents. Many a malady assists the accumulation of years in laying siege to my constitution, so that I am often incapable of writing, and amanuensis assistance is now no more.

And now must I confess that faint and feeble are my hopes of being able to accept your most kind invitation, together with Mrs. Whalley's, this summer ; alas ! perhaps, never ? Indeed I am not, nor am likely to be, well enough to venture so far from my dear home, dear as is your home to my eye, my taste, and my heart.

Indeed, my dear friend, I never meant to insinuate the slightest doubt of Clarissa's attachment to me. It has been too long and severely tried to permit any distrust on my part. To feel it would be deep ingratitude. She had certainly reasons, though she did not impart them, for keeping the, as she called him, old fool's amorous secret, rather than remove her father's suspicion that his letter was a clandestine epistle from me—a risk I should never, never have run at Harlowe Place. I am most sorry for the account you give me of her injured health, and still harassed spirits. Alas ! I had fully depended that the liberation of her affections, would have enabled her to rise above all the other clouds of her destiny. Why, why is she not married ?

I am gratified that you like my epitaph on George Simcoe. It was written on the earnest and repeated solicitations of his brave friend, and fellow-soldier, my cousin, Colonel Seward, and, on obtaining it, he instantly presented the lines

to Mrs. Simcoe and Mrs. Graves, so that your kind opinion of them, evinced by transmitting them to the latter, would not show her what was new to her eye. Through life I have heard much of Mrs. Graves. In her and the late Mrs. Cobb's mutual youth, they were friends and correspondents, and many letters have I seen from the then lovely and witty Peggy Sphinx, Mrs. G.'s maiden name. She cultivated, by books and lettered conversation, those talents which her uneducated friend, of our town, suffered to remain in their native and wild luxuriance. *Born* a wit and a humourist, she was content to be *only* a wit and a humourist, always trading on her primeval stock, and adding to it the least literary fund; yet did she draw not from a reservoir, but a spring.

What an admirable speech has the young Lord Milton uttered against the lying and self-convicting yell of the present contemptible Ministry!

A fortnight ago, Mr. Scott, of 'Minstrel' distinction, did me the honour of a two-days' visit. He is not less delightful in society than in verse. I would talk much to you about him, if I had room on this sheet.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, June 7.

MY DEAR SIR,—How does your feeling frame stand these elemental shocks? I have suffered much from them. Providentially, we crossed the Severn the only day in which for the whole week we could have crossed it. I hear a Chepstow boat was lost. I am trying to patch up myself to appear (for the first time these three years) at Cheddar Club next Thursday, the 15th, when we shall hope for the honour and pleasure of your company. I know not how to get at the Rector of Chelwood [Rev. Richard Whalley], or whether he is in a state

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of health to comply with my summons. How have your trees escaped? Ours look as if they had either been boiled or roasted. I have felt more for the death of my lamented friend at Fulham* than I ought to have felt, considering he died full of days, and honours, and virtues. He had always prayed to be preserved from the pangs of death, and he literally fell asleep. The dissolution of a thirty years' confidential and warm friendship is no slight thing.

Yours ever, my dear sir, most faithfully,

H. MORE.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, AT — WICKHAM'S, ESQ.,
NEAR FROME.

Lichfield, October 19, 1807.

MOST sincerely do I condole with you, my long dear and valued friend, on your irreparable loss.† I became conscious of it from the Bath newspaper, about an hour before your deeply-affecting letter ratified a paragraph, the verity of which I could not indeed flatter myself with doubting. My strong presentiment for the excellent creature, of health gradually re-establishing, and protracted longevity, has failed. It was built upon that even, though delicate constitution which she seemed to possess, when I had the happiness of being her guest and yours in your terrestrial paradise. That interesting visit enabled me to perceive very fully the solid yet gentle virtues of her temperament, and the energy of her useful and benevolent exertions. Sure am I that you loved her in a degree rarely attainable to the human heart, where the affection of waning years is not the soft yet powerful reflex of youthful fondness. The sincerity and fervour of your attachment to her, which formed the hap-

* Porteus, Bishop of London, to whose memory Mrs. H. More erected an urn in her grounds at Barley Wood.

† The death of his second wife.

pineness of your later years, will throw the gloom of hourly-felt deprivation over some, at least, of those which remain; over all, except another mild and beneficent planet may, after time has balmed this recent sorrow, take its station in your domestic sphere, illuminating it once again.

Yes, dear friend, dark and cureless would be sorrows like those which you have twice suffered, if pious hope did not whisper immortal reunion to the spirit whose dearest blessings the insatiate grave has devoured. But for that dear consolation, how had I sustained one sudden and fatal blow?

My friend, Mrs. M. Powys, is now with me on a three weeks' visit, and in great distress of heart for her long-loved Miss Grace Hardy, on whose preservation the future comfort of Mrs. P.'s life depends. Miss Hardy went, two years ago, a second time, to Portugal for her health. She is now extremely ill there, and too weak to fly from that country in its state of present and imminent peril; and oh, one of the dearest of my friends has lost an arm in that cruel and unjust expedition, which covers this nation with infamy, Captain Hastings,* aid-de-camp to General Pigot, and stationed here with him during the last three years. He is a gentleman of the firmest and yet the gentlest spirit I have ever known.

Mrs. Powys desires to present her compliments, and to

* Captain Hastings was Aid-de-camp to Major-General Douglas Maclean Clephane, in Ireland, Minorca, and the West Indies, who died in the island of Grenada, 1803, after which event Captain Hastings returned to England. In 1807, Captain Hastings was Major in the 63rd, and served at the siege of Copenhagen, where he lost his arm. He married secondly in Scotland, and rose to the rank of Colonel, and obtained a staff appointment as Military Superintendent of the district of Glasgow. His first wife was daughter of a Glasgow merchant; the second wife was a lady of fun and spirit, and on one occasion she invited Capt. Robert Clephane (R.N.) to dinner, where he met Lord Hume; and after dinner she sang a Scottish ballad, commencing,

'Up with the soitors of Selkirk,
And down with the Earl of Hume,' &c.

express her concern for your loss. Adieu, dear friend,
adieu ! Your faithful and affectionate,

A. SEWARD.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, February 6, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a long time that I have been in your debt for a very kind and very informing letter. You will not, I know, expect me to answer it, because my slight head does not plunge itself so deep into the Apocalyptic vision. I am, however, interested in all you say on the subject, and am pleased that my old friend Faber has given birth to so much ingenious and profitable discussion, for I see it very much taken up by biblical scholars, and whatever serves to set Christians seriously thinking, and especially whatever tends to the illustration of so important a part of Scripture as prophecy, must be a very useful speculation, and practical in its effects.

I cordially hope you have had no more returns of those vile nervous spasms, and that you go on with tolerable comfort both in body and mind. The easy, quiet family society in which you are living, without care or trouble, is good for you, and I trust you have the comfort of seeing the health of your friend * improve. Your society must be as great a relief and gratification to him, after his domestic loss, as his can be to you.

You cannot imagine how often we wish for you to talk over the political wonders to which every day is giving birth. Don't you think the Protest was a very unjustifiable measure ? Is it not cruel to clog and perplex Government at a moment when there should be but one wish and one heart in the country ? Don't you admire the pliability and versatility of Lord Sidmouth, always keeping himself ready

* Mr. Chadwick.

to veer about as circumstances shall direct? We hear he is again cherished with the hope of Royal favour; especially it is said, if the Catholic Question should be agitated, that he will be considered as a refuge for the King to have recourse to. Not a very strong hold, I ween. I saw a good deal of our agreeable neighbour* before he went to town. He had not to the last made up his mind on the Copenhagen business. It is made up now, I reckon. We have had a house full of invalids all the winter. Patty has been laid up with pains in her face, caught by the damps of Cheltenham. Sarah has frequently ugly attacks. As to myself, I am much as when you left us, except that I gain strength, but not one hour's cessation from the busy liver. The damps brought on frequent ague-fits, or rather ephemeral fevers, violent in their attack, but lasting only a couple of days. There is, I believe, scarcely any evil in the human body of which bile is not an adequate cause. But I thankfully acknowledge, that to be out of bed and to be able to employ myself, is, after all I have endured, positive enjoyment, though interrupted by as much pain as I can well contrive to bear. I have not been out since the first week in October, it is true; but then who has so pleasant a prison, so many alleviations? And how gentle, how merciful are these warnings and weanings from a world, to which, whatever are our trials, we are still apt to be too fondly attached!

My sisters send kind regards and best wishes, and we all join in respects to Mr. Chadwick. Are there any new books worth reading? I do not say worth buying, for these are not times to spare money for the mind, especially when the body is so costly as mine has been. Pray, my dear sir, if we can neither beg, borrow, nor steal, one load of turf, either from the Pulteney or the Paulett manor, would you give me leave to trespass on your moun-

* The Right Hon. Hiley Addington.

tain for one load, only just to patch our shabby green? May the blessing of God attend you, my dear sir, is the hearty prayer of

Your ever-faithful,

H. MORE.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, February 13, after Summer of 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—If I did not answer your kind letter till now, I have not been inattentive to your commands. I wrote and copied your own words to Mr. Wilberforce, Sir Thomas Acland, Mr. Grant, Mr. Charles Grant, Mr. Hart Davis, on the subject of your petition. Mr. Hart Davis, jun., unluckily has vacated his seat, and is ordered abroad for his health. My friend, Mr. Morton Pitt, is also in Italy. You have my wishes for success in your application. I had hoped to write more at large, but for the last ten days I am troubled with an inflammation in my eyes, so that you will accept my brief thanks for your letter, rather than an answer to it.

The treatment of the Bishop of Gloucester* has been to me a deep cause of sorrow; his elegant and gentle mind, to say nothing of his zeal and usefulness and high qualities, merited not such a savage assault. The only crime his worst enemies can allege is, that he preaches too often and works too hard. If you have not seen the counter protest by Mr. Pryme, barrister, of Cambridge, pray read it. I have heard so much of the artifices, stratagems, and deceit of the person who made the attack, that I can consider the whole in no other light than a deep-laid plot to ruin the fame and fortune of one of the most amiable and unoffending of men.

I was a little amused at your supposing that no particular friendship subsisted between Mrs. Carter and myself. We

* Dr. Ryder.

usually passed three evenings in a week in the same society, and she very often, even at the age of fourscore, walked from Mayfair to the Adelphi to breakfast with me *tête-à-tête*. I have manuscript letters of hers and my own (which were returned to me at her death, with a legacy of a beautiful Spanish Don Quixote) to make a volume, which, however, will die with me. I believe no person living had a stronger affection for me, which was fully returned on my part.*

With Mrs. Montagu's faults I have nothing to do. Her fine qualities were many. From my first entrance into a London life till her death, I ever found her an affectionate, zealous, and constant friend, as well as a most instructive and pleasant companion. Her youth and beauty were gone long before I knew her.

I get so many presents of books that I have almost left off buying any; seeing, however, two works advertised by two old acquaintance, I sent for them—the 'Sexagenarian,' by Beloe, and Bishop Watson's Life. In the first, though bribed by a very handsome compliment, and a friendly allusion to the Blagdon business, I found little to interest, sensibly written, but rather dull, owing to his not having affixed the names to the characters.

As I had frequently met with Bishop Watson formerly

* Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was born in 1717, at Deal, and educated at home. She possessed a great aptitude for learning languages, and acquired Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' was for a long period the receptacle for the smaller pieces of literature of the day; and in 1738, Mrs. Carter's contributions to that periodical were collected together, and published in 4to. Under the patronage of Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, a subscription was raised, which finally amounted to 1,000*l.*, to enable Mrs. Carter to publish a translation of 'Epictetus,' by which her reputation for scholarship was secured. In 1763, she visited the Continent, in company with Mrs. Montagu. She lived in intimate terms of friendship with many of the literati of the day, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Beattie, Bishop Porteus, and, as appears by this letter, with Mrs. More, the turn of whose improving conversation she doubtless felt, in her advanced years, congenial to the solemn prospect of a near approaching eternity. She died in Charles Street, February 1806. Her letters have been published in two volumes.

in company, where he was an entertaining and able though somewhat vain associate, I expected anecdotes of many of the persons I then lived with; but, to my great disappointment, found little besides politics, and those on the wrong side, a continual enumeration of his own unparalleled merits, and a vehement tissue of censures on all who had the temerity to think differently from himself. Two guineas and a half was a great deal to pay for this 'Lenten entertainment,' so I have sent back my books to Bulgin, offering to lose fifteen shillings to any purchaser, but I fear I am too late.

Poor Patty is a great sufferer. In addition to the complaint on her chest, she has now painful whitlows on almost all her fingers. I am enjoying your (at this moment) *Mont Blanc* from my window, while from my own roof I am seeing such avalanches fall *en masse*, as threaten to demolish the treillage. Mr. Addington has been many weeks confined to his bed or room. Not able to think of London. The little girl, hearing me say I was writing to you, said, 'O, tell the Doctor I send a thousand thanks for my Bible, and that I take it to church.' Patty joins in the best regards to Mrs. Whalley and yourself, with,

My dear sir, yours faithfully,

H. MORE.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, MALVERN SPA.

Lichfield, April 3, 1808.

TRUE it is that I thought your silence long, especially as I found *Clarissa* had heard from you more than once in that interval. Now I have mentioned that dear unfortunate, I must tell you how she astonished me by a letter from Bath, which expressed half-indignant alarm, which an epistle of yours had excited on the subject of my thrice amiable friend, Captain Hastings. You told her, she says, that I had found out in him a husband for her. Good Heaven! She might

well be amazed at a design so presumptuous, so unworthy of any person honoured with her friendship. I believe I have convinced her that I never entertained one thought of such a design.

As to my expressed hope of hearing that you had made a third choice, I was perfectly serious there, conscious as I am that the comfort of your future days depends upon an event of that sort. You dote upon Mendip Lodge, and to make that little Eden indeed an Eden to you, it is necessary that you should have a partner in its delights, and that you should have friends around you to partake them also, and to receive from one dear to you those attentions which neither the habits of your life, your health, nor spirits, permit that you yourself should pay. There is a lady of whom, from your youthful days, you have thought most highly, the titled relict of a man of worth and honour; a lady suitable to you in every respect. Clarissa first suggested the idea to me; persuasion is in your accents; and we think it probable you would not sue in vain. You cannot, I think, mistake the person I allude to.

All continues damp and gloomy, I find, in the domestic sphere of our charming friend. To me it is inconceivable that no person appears to rescue our Andromeda from her rock. Heaven! must she live and die on that sterile eminence?

Yes, Miss Fern is established in this mansion. I trust it will continue to be her home while it is mine. The earth could not supply me with a more perfectly eligible companion. To her kind care and attention I look forward, when, as they probably soon will, pain and imbecility shall increase the gloom which heartfelt privation and oppressive maladies, have long shed upon my waning years.

Yours faithfully,

A. SEWARD.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, MALVERN WELLS.

Barley Wood, April 28, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am rejoiced to have picked up, from time to time, accounts of your improving health. I heartily hope Malvern will produce its usual good effects, and that you will come back to a not less beautiful mountain with strength and spirits to enjoy it.

It is so unpleasant to me to refuse the request of a friend and neighbour, that I trouble you to-day at the desire of Mr. Percy, though on a business which would come much more properly from himself, and in which my mediation cannot be of the least use. He has a fifth child born to him, and feels so crowded in his house that he knows not how to go on, yet is so much attached to it that he knows not how to leave it. He says, when he wished to purchase it some time ago, there was, I think, a hundred pounds between you. He would now most cheerfully give the price he then refused, and foolishly took it into his head that this representation would have an increased effect, if I would undertake it. So you will, I know, forgive an application which I could not avoid making, though I told him it was wrong.

This barbarous winter, or rather spring, has been very unfriendly to me. I have been a close prisoner ever since the 1st of October. I have had continued but short attacks of fever, ague, &c. I am, however, getting on now, and I am promised that I shall improve with the weather. It is now a year and three quarters since I have walked round my little plantation.

Mr. Addington, I much fear, will not soon recover the effect of his dreadful accident. He has still the same stupor in his head, and the optical nerves are so injured that he cannot see straight forward, and cannot distinguish whether he is walking on the grass or the gravel. He has been at

Langford some time, and never once attended the House of Commons.

As we obtained a little turf from Lord Paulett's manor, we forbore to trouble Mr. Nash.* He has, however, been so kind to offer us four or five of the smallest of your firs, which are cut down, or rather, I believe, blown up, to assist us in a little difficulty we are in, owing to the misconduct of our carpenter in making a small reservoir. Will you forgive this?

Mr. Leeves, who is dining with us, is desirous to be kindly remembered to you, as does our little party. Patty has been sadly deaf from a cold brought from Cheltenham.

Adieu! my dear sir. May it please God to give you health and peace, and to restore you in comfort to your neighbours, to none of whom your return will afford more pleasure than to your very sincere and faithful

H. MORE.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, REV. GEO. WARRINGTON'S,
WREXHAM.

Brynbella, Wednesday night, May 11, 1808.

It was very kindly and sweetly done of you, dear Mr. Whalley, to write me such a letter. Your continued friendship will bring comfort to poor little Brynbella; which has so long been a house of mourning for lost health, it has nearly forgotten to be a house of feasting. Such company will at least revive our spirits after this long, melancholy, miserable winter, which I thought would never have left us till the longest day. Our longest nights were all passed in pain and sorrow, yet I do think Mr. Piozzi bore the torment of his hands and feet, better than he does the sickness and spasms which now from time to time affect his stomach. We must not, however, choose our own afflictions, but take with patience those that are sent by Heaven.

* Dr. Whalley's bailiff.

Lord Keith* is going to take his wife a tour through Scotland, when all the London gaieties are over. Mr. and Mrs. Merrick Hoare will come here in July and August. God grant us but health to enjoy their society, and yours, dear sir, than whose none is more valued by my husband and by your always obliged and grateful and faithful

H. L. P.

You shall have a good bed, and Mr. Amans† shall be well provided, and the footman will do well enough. Only come soon and come well, and tell me the day we may expect you, though God knows we are never able to stir from home.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, REV. GEO. WARRINGTON'S,
WREXHAM.

Lichfield, May 12, 1808.

MR. SCOTT has anticipated a wish that, being yours, must inevitably be mine. A letter arrived from him last week, in which he says, 'Mrs. Jackson informs me that a valued friend of yours, a gentleman of the name of Whalley, means to travel into our country to be dubbed Doctor. Edinburgh and Glasgow have long declined dealing in this literary simony; but St. Andrew's and Aberdeen still, as Johnson says, have no objection to getting rich *by degrees*. Since Mr. Whalley is stated to be a friend of yours, I will endeavour to assist him, though I confess, his fortune, time of life, and consequence in the world considered, his purpose is an odd

* Viscount Keith, Admiral of the Blue, who commanded the naval forces at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope in 1795, and afterwards had the command of the Mediterranean Station, married in January of this year (1808), for his second wife, Hester Maria, Mrs. Piozzi's eldest daughter. He died in 1823, without male issue, when his English viscounty became extinct, and his other baronies descended to his daughter by his first wife. He had one daughter by his second wife.

† Mr. Amans, a gentleman by birth, was Dr. Whalley's confidential servant, to whom he gave 100*l.* a year, and a separate table. An account of his parentage will be found in a letter written by Dr. Whalley, given in a subsequent page.

one.' So, dear friend, think I, and that you have a right to say with Handel, who was offered a doctorship from our own universities, 'No, no Doctor; me no Doctors. I think plain Handel a higher and more honourable title.'

Major and Mrs. Burrows came to me on the 29th, and do not leave me till next week at soonest. The hurry of company in which we have lived has been very harassing to my infirm health, and the uneasiness and regret I feel to perceive my desponding prognostics for the infelicity of this pair, fulfilled even beyond their extent, sits heavy at my heart. They arose from my knowledge, my painful experience, of her perverse, unpersuadable, and sullen temper, hating society, and melancholy in retirement. He is gay, social, and thoroughly good-natured, but with too much spirit to become the brow-beaten vassal of an imperious wife.

You are very kind to Miss Fern and me in the hint of seeing us next summer at Mendip, but my state of health and advanced life scowl away all hope for me on that interesting theme. That amiable friend remains the comfort of my waning days. I do not forget that it was your advice, as well as my own resolve, that I should persuade her to make my house her home.

I have not sealed my letter to Mr. Scott. You will take a little red wax and seal ere you deliver it.

Oh! my friend, I have just received advice of the death of one I dearly loved, of whom you have heard myself and Giovanni often talk—Mrs. Gill that was, and, unhappily for herself, Mrs. Blore that became. She is dead, at forty-five, of a violent fever, and I have lost the only one who consecrated to me, by recurrent sympathy, my dear Saville's memory. On every fatal anniversary she wrote to me, and clothed in all her eloquence his image, his graces, his sensibility, and his worth. Others forget him, but she never forgot him—no, not for a day—and how soothing to me

that unfading recollection! Oh! she is gone for ever!
Adieu! adieu! Your afflicted,

A. SEWARD.

My best compliments to Mrs. E. Warrington and the accomplished young ladies, her nieces.

If you see anything of the Gwernheyld family, I beg to be most kindly remembered to them.

You remember that the ladies of Llangollen are penitent on your account, and sincerely desirous of making you the *amende honorable*, if you deign to visit them.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, BRYNBELLA, DENBIGH.

Barley Wood, May 27, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot excuse myself from writing to you one last word while you are yet *en pays de connaissance*. You are the object of my envy, both in your present and future tense, Wales and Scotland having always been the supreme objects of my curiosity.

We have been under the most serious alarm on poor Patty's account. She has had an ulcerated sore throat and bilious fever, and very great have been our apprehensions. She is, however, I thank God, gradually mending, but is excessively reduced, and this damp weather, though so excellent for the vegetables, is very trying to the animal world, at least to such sensitive animals as she and myself, and I fear I may include you in the list of those who are 'servile to skiey influences.'

Mr. Percy is much gratified with the success of his negotiation. It gives me pleasure that, by your accommodating yourself to his convenience, so worthy a family will be secured to our neighbourhood.

Mr. Addington was here a few days ago. I delivered your message, to which he desired the kindest return might be made. His sight and health improve, but I a little

doubt their entire re-establishment. The ball of the eye turns inward, and I was concerned to observe that, while he was speaking to me, he was looking another way.

Dr. Lovell has been a long while expressing a wish to get me a little under his roof, that he may better judge of my goings on, and how far I am fit to embark in a little journey, a stage a day. As soon as Patty is able, we think to go to him, and I have been out twice in the chaise, in order to qualify myself for so great an undertaking as a journey to Bristol.

If you are still with Mrs. Piozzi, pray assure her of our kind regards. How I should like to explore her fine scenery! You never told me how you liked 'Marmion.' The imagery is certainly beautiful, and the battle the best that has been fought since Homer. But one wonders 'how the d—l it got there,' Flodden-field having no more to do with the story, than the battle of Marathon. I cannot help thinking this poem inferior to its elder brother, 'The Lay,' though it certainly exhibits the hand of the same great master.

Adieu! my dear sir. May health, peace, comfort, and the blessing of God attend your northern tour, and may you return with increased pleasure to your own Elysium!

Yours, very sincerely,

H. MORE.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Jackson's Hotel, June 17, 1808.

I TOLD dear Mr. Whalley that I would write from Chester; and so I do write from Chester, Wednesday, 15th June; and I do say that when we arrived yesternoon my master's pulse was better than mine, and for that fact Doctor Thackcray is good and sufficient authority; but then I have had a bilious attack, which begun threatening whilst you was at

Brynbella, and has not shown intention of retreating till just now.

Thanks, eight thousand, for the eight dinner pills; they will preserve me from future seizures, and the prescription will be easily made up by good Mr. Moore.

You bade me go see a cottage, and Dr. Thackeray calls me to see a fine house; but I defy either to amaze me as did the County Gaol in this old city I hope you went to see. Now, without any exaggeration, we may call it a model of simple magnificence—the cleanliness so perfect, the chapel so impressive, the baths and liveries to wash and to distinguish the prisoners so well judged. They are fitting up a statue of Britannia in the front, and Dr. Thackeray asked me for a motto. ‘A poet,’ replied I, ‘has already made it in these lines:—

Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St. James’s Hospital may do for kings.’

It must have cost an enormous sum.

It is true that the author of ‘Marmion’ has received from the Scotch booksellers a thousand guineas for a thousand lines. Sure we are running over with money! Yet that fact was told me by no bad authority; and I like ‘Marmion’ very much indeed, though the return to Gothic architecture and tales of the darker ages may not, perhaps, evince true taste, but rather weariness of that which long was deemed such, as poor Graham said of human life, in his neglected ‘Telemachus,’

Hence noble souls,
Tired of the tedious and disrelish’d good,
Seek their enjoyment in acknowledg’d ill,
Danger, and toil, and pain.

Adieu, dear Mr. Whalley! you are treading

Old Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood, &c.

I should not wonder if you met Lord and Lady Keith in

your rambles; they are gone northward, and what Lady Kirkwall told, and you so readily believed, I understand to be quite true. Once more, adieu! and a good journey; and may you never hear worse tidings of my good husband than are now reported by your true, and faithful, and obliged,

H. L. P.

He cannot walk, nor can he eat; yet he certainly does not fright his friends and his wife as when you spent a week with us.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, VANS AGNEW, BOWNESS.

Brynbell, Wednesday, June 29, 1808.

MY dear Mr. Whalley will not wonder to hear what a miserable exploit our journey to Chester turned out. A fine frolic, truly! but, thanks be to God, we are safe home again. I brought the boy back much improved. The apartments were admirable, and one carrying up served for the whole time. My poor hapless husband never moved again till we came away, and now lies on his back with a raging foot—two monstrous wounds in it—and never touches food; but the spasms are gone, and we must be glad of that. You have fine weather and good health, I hope, and are as happy as is wished you by your ever obliged and faithful,

H. L. P.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY.

Lichfield, August 11, 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—By Saturday's post I sent you a few lines, directed to Mr. Ansty's,* Norton, near Stockton-

* Son of his old friend, the Author of the 'Bath Guide.'

upon-Tees, Durham, lest my deplored absence from Lichfield at the period in which you purposed passing through it, might induce you to prefer travelling to Malvern by some other way.

I now thank you for both your letters, but was sorry to perceive my expressed idea, that the title of 'Doctor' could add nothing to the respectability and consequence of Mr. Whalley's character, had not pleased you. The University of Oxford voluntarily be-doctored the late Mr. Grove of Lichfield, but he never used the title. I have known too many leaden-headed Doctors of Law and of Divinity to think a man of genius, who takes it late in life, can be a gainer by the appellation, except he is seeking Church dignities. If Government had knighted you, as it did the fanatic Sir A. Elton, I should not have thought it had bestowed upon you real elevation. I have no democratic aversion to titles, provided they be either hereditary, or bestowed for some public and real service done to the Church or State, 'by compass, pencil, sword, or pen;' but for purchased or for address-carrying titles, I confess no veneration. You must not be displeased that where I find, as in yourself, so much intrinsic value, I should despise extrinsic appendages. In so thinking, I pay you a far higher compliment than did those who stimulated you to seek them.

I rejoice that your late tour proved salutary to your frame, and delightful to the fine enthusiasm of your scenic taste. The hybernal sublimities of Switzerland excepted, I find the Scottish heights and lakes equalling hers, and rivalling the grandest scenery of Wales; even that of 'star-loving Idris,' as Southey beautifully calls the giant hill of Cambria, and of the eagle haunts of Snowdon.

One would wonder that Johnson durst commit his veracity to such certain and public refutation, as to assert that 'no spot he beheld in Scotland furnished trees taller than him-

self;' but whenever Prejudice came in, Truth had no chance with her in the mind of the despot. Her dictates, form a tissue of lies, both in his writings and in the records of his conversation.

At all points, except one, my ideas meet yours on the subject of dear Scott, and his last wild, spirited, interesting and entertaining poem, so rich in bold traits of character, in scenery, and in picture. It has, indeed, many faults, but its excellencies are in tenfold balance. The first lie chiefly, as you observe, in the conduct of the story. The dignified, the mysterious Palmer makes a mere common knight, and poetic justice respecting the two leading personages sinks in his insignificance. He ought to have had much more than cold after-praise for his conduct in Flodden Field. It is he who should have turned back on the foe the ebbing tide of conquest. De Wilton's name, coupled with the shout of victory, ought to have assailed the ear of the guilty and dying Marmion, in the close of that peerless battle: all which succeeds it, is hurried and flippant.

On our point of dissent, I must observe that wiser and juster politics than those of the 'courtier' poet, must have been utterly out of place in such a composition, which ought to have kept clear of every reference to the unhappy politics of this reign, either in respect to its Hampdens, Sidneys, and Russells, or to those ruinous mistakes in the reverse characters, which, whether they concern their proud, obstinate, and unfeeling leader, or the measures themselves, no embroidered mantle of poesy can hide from any reader, who is at once disinterested and dispassionate, and who makes general philanthropy and the precepts of Christ, his criterions of right and wrong in the cause of human bloodshedding.

I can, however, allow for the bias of self-interest, and the weight of personal obligation in Mr. Scott, to the profligate party, and the intentions in his favour of the sanguinary and fallen idol. Col. Barry tells me that Mr. Fox had the

generosity, in consideration of his genius, to fulfil those intentions, and that the first succeeding fruits of his pen was a vindication of Lord Melville's atrocious speculation. This intelligence, obtained yesterday, pained me for the moral rectitude of my friend.

How is it that one opinion, one heart, one wish, prevail through these kingdoms concerning the noble resistance made in Spain to the unjust and tyrannous invader?—yet fear is but too rational which doubts the event. In all the Coalition contests, with his peerless talents and gigantic power, he had the plea of defence against assaillance.

In this instance he has even outdone the injustice of England's attack upon Denmark, who, with pretended necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excus'd the devilish deed.

Not even that irreligious, immoral, and poor excuse remains to the Corsican; nothing but precedents among the villain heroes of former days, who attacked unoffending nations, and spread havoc, misery, and desolation over the earth, that they might blaze the meteors of their period.

I hope it may be found that their twin spirits' devil has played him booty in his attack upon Spain, and in his usurpations on the Pope's dominions. Col. Barry, recently from Ireland, tells me that the last-mentioned tyranny has had the best possible effects for us, in alienating the great body of the Catholics there from the cause of the usurper; and he thinks with me, that if our Government would seize this golden hen, to give them just and liberal emancipation, such as Fox planned in concert with the once coadjutors of Pitt, and which regal folly baffled, the result and benefit to Great Britain would be infinite.

Clarissa solemnly assures me that her heart is free, and has been free more than two years. This assurance was voluntarily given, and therefore, esteeming her as I do, I must rely upon its verity.

A few weeks ago, I heard you were going to be married to a sister of the late Sir William Langham's. I gave no credit to the rumour. I think you will want an Eve in your Eden; if you obtain one, may she be all you wish and desire!

Report says the Hierarchy are alarmed by the dangerous increase of Methodism. The redoubling spread of tenets so absurd and mischievous to morals is very strange, but it is everywhere perceived; everlasting misery, the inherent gift of the Creator to man, condemnation before sin, and the necessity of redemption to avert the doom even to an unoffending infant! What impiety! what blasphemy in such belief! Surely redemption is for the sinner, and not for the innocent. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,

ANNA SEWARD.

MISS SEWARD TO DR. WHALLEY, GALLOWAY HOUSE, BATH.

Lichfield, January 25, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—A month had not passed away without my expressing to you my concern and sympathy on the event you mention, had not your letter found me struggling with a painful and dangerous illness,* after having enjoyed six months of better health than I have known since the death of my ever dear, ever ever-lamented friend shook my constitution to its foundation. I bore travelling, I bore living in public at Buxton beyond my hopes. Thus encouraged, I ventured to pass a fortnight early in October with my friends Mr. and Miss Mitchell, of Park Hall, in Warwickshire. People told me, on resettling at home, that I had taken a new lease for my worn existence. In that flattered state I remained till towards the middle of December, when this violent attack came on.

* This letter terminates Miss Seward's voluminous correspondence with Dr. Whalley, of twenty-seven years' duration. She died only two months after date, aged 62.

My disorder commenced with the Lapland severity of the last five weeks, and, though I have been a close prisoner to the house from that hour, I still shudder and droop beneath its iron skies and sharp blasts, which the thick walls of this mansion cannot exclude. I am afraid it may yet be long ere Nature will remove the pall of snow which she has spread

O'er the dead face of the undistinguish'd earth.

Even as I thought and feared, Spain has lost her noble cause, while the, as usual, blundering plans of our Cabinet have rendered our auxiliarism pernicious instead of assisting. The original and sanguinary guilt of this long and ineffectual contest must, I do very much dread, be avenged by a retributory doom in our country. That it may yet be averted is my daily prayer, for the sake of our unborn and rising generations, guiltless of that dark offence, and for that of those few of our people who strove in vain, by every effort of heart and voice, to restore peace to the groaning and bleeding world, ere that war on which (for us and other nations) Heaven has so long frowned, had laid the Continent at the feet of France.

Our seventh Henry blotted with personal avarice his wisdom and his courage; but justly did he say, when opposing a war with France, to which the ever-restless and jealous English were inclined, 'When Christ was born, peace on earth was proclaimed; and when He died, He left it to the earth—His legacy.' Alas! how has that sacred legacy been spurned in this blood-stained reign!

I can see and allow good qualities in such methodistic spirits as Sir A. Elton, but cannot reconcile them with the impious creed of that sect. They are working grievous mischief in this city and its environs, so long distinguished for happy exemption from the ravings of religious enthusiasm, which assert that the purest human virtues are no recommendations to the mercy and imparted grace of a partial foredooming, and, if indeed it were so, unjust Deity.

An excellent young man, ever sober and industrious, and consequently happy, till he frequented the Methodist Chapel lately instituted here, took arsenic and died, because he could not feel the call of supernatural grace, and had been therefore told by the preacher that he was in a reprobate state, a vessel of wrath, one of the millions destined to damnation, and not of the few selected from the beginning for peace and acceptance. This doctrine I heard delivered, from the lips of the fanatic Newton, in the church of the late gentle and truly pious Mr. Inman, and I beheld sanctioned, in the acquiescent countenances of Mrs. H. More and her sisters. I lately read in one of the Reviews, in an extract from the life of Newton, which was either written by himself, or built upon the documents he left—‘I met the Lord near Bristol!’ Presumptuous fool! In an evil hour was he known to poor Cowper; miserable despondence and thrice meditated suicide were the result of that communication.

Adieu! dear friend. I did not think I should ever again have been able to write so long a letter. With sincerest wishes for the restored tranquillity of your mind, and that of the Crane family,

I remain, affectionately yours,

ANNA SEWARD.

Your military physician has used you very ill in publishing those letters of yours, which, arch and ingenious as they are, you would not like to have laid before the world. I saw them in the ‘Critical Review.’

Surely, my friend, we have too many unlettered pedants, dubbed Doctors, for the title to confer any honour on a man of genius. Grove would never permit any person to call him ‘Doctor.’ There is Falconer, who yet lives, and who twenty years ago accused me of having coined the word ‘refluent,’ and who, after affirming that all poets were either fools or madmen, was asked in which of these classes he

placed Shakespeare and Milton, he replied, 'I don't call them poets—I mean the rhyming scribblers.'

MISS M. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, BATH.

Barley Wood, February 17, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you have the goodness to accept of a line from me, instead of my poor sister Hannah, to express, first, our thanks for your entertaining letter, which highly amused us at breakfast this morning; and, secondly, to wish you a safe and pleasant journey, and that you may be conveyed in a carriage, and not in a boat? I think my sister Hannah had scarcely a worse winter during her famous illness. Her bile, spasms in her head and face, have been dreadful, and this week as outrageous as ever. She is, at last, grown very pale and thin.

So you see the uncommon success and celebrity of darling 'Cœlebs' could not procure her one hour's ease. I still unite with you in opinion, that it was a great error to suffer the work to enter the world without the author's name, and still a greater error not to prefix it to the second edition. She is in such a state of suffering, that flattery, poured in as it is upon her, could never come at a time when it could do her less harm. This great success, however, must naturally be mixed with some censure, in a work, one of whose professed objects it is to attack many prevailing customs, habits, and manners. As to Lady Melbury, she is surely touched with a favourable hand, and her complete conversion, at six-and-twenty, too much destroys any painful resemblance. It is, after all, the Lady Townley of the day.

We have talked repeatedly of the terrible harassing you have had from this horrid man, and heartily hope your troubles are drawing to a close. We hope your health

will not suffer either from that or the excessive damages. Would you believe it, our dear, sweet little roses fought and battled with the snow till some time after Christmas, to Sally's great glory? I hope you will indeed procure some intellectual enjoyment in London, to compensate for the excess of folly and dissipation of Bath, which Mrs. Holroyd had given us some little account of before.

We have been so hard pressed upon the subject of 'Cœlebs,' we now are determined, when a friend asks us, to confess the truth.

Our very best and united good wishes attend you; and, though I am a poor deaf, noodling animal, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my dear sir, your very sincere

MARTHA MORE.

Poor Lady Waldegrave! they think they have found the body, though in a most mangled, dreadful condition. She has sent down her brother to endeavour to ascertain it.

I must set you right about Dr. Haygarth's having the book. It was ordered to be sent by the London bookseller, but without any notice, letter, or message who was the author. It was sent as a customary piece of gratitude for his having always sent her his works, and for his handsome behaviour in sending a little contribution to the clubs at the time when they were so much attacked.

MISS HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

MY DEAR SIR,—Alas! all, I fear, is over, and our poor child ruined, that is, married. Miss Mills met them returning from Gretna Green. The villain presented a pistol to her, and held the poor weeping victim down in the carriage. They found means to escape. Miss Mary Mills returned to Bristol on Thursday, called us up at two in the morning, when she and my sister set off for London, seven hundred

miles, without stopping! It will kill her, I fear. You may depend on the child's innocence—she never had seen the wretch. I know you pity us. Love to dear Mrs. Whalley.

Yours truly,

H. M.

MRS. PENNINGTON TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Hot Wells, May 31, 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is quite impossible to express the joy and satisfaction which the sight of your well-known hand, and the contents of your kind letter, conveyed to my heart!

Better days will, I hope, arrive, and none that we can look forward to with so much pleasure as the period of your kind invitation to Mendip Lodge, which must be in exquisite beauty at this delightful season, notwithstanding all the frosts and blights we have had, which have sadly disappointed the hopes of my dear little garden, the only thing I delight in. Pennington's Clifton Ball will be on the 25th of July, and probably his only ball this summer, for there is an end to everything like amusement below the Hill, and sorry I am to say that things have taken so unfavourable a turn at Clifton, that, instead of above one hundred subscribers at this season, as in former times, they can only muster thirty-one; and it is much feared that it will be found impossible to support the ball, even there, through the season.

They have been indefatigable in their plans for ruining this place, and have effectually succeeded. Could you think, they have even cut down the trees on that pretty walk leading to the Wells, and deprived the poor invalids of the only shade the place afforded, and me of the only walk I delighted in, and which I have often sought for an hour to refresh my weary spirits, but shall never do so with pleasure again? This is done under the pretence of making a towing-path, which they cannot use until they have taken down the Pump-

room, and that, they say, they cannot afford to do for two or three years, if at all. At the same time, they could, at a very moderate expense, have made a path for this necessary purpose on the other side the wall; but the Bristolians would make any sacrifice to their chief idol, gain.

Which, let me now turn from, to thank you for the beautiful and elegant little poem you have had the goodness to send me, over which I have passed an hour of novel and sweet entertainment. And this revives the memory of dear Miss Seward fresh in my mind, on whose splendid talents and social virtues my recollection loves to dwell, with feelings of mingled regret and pleasure.

Whose Muse now will be employed to hang the trophy on her urn? None, my dear friend, surely so fitly as your own, which I earnestly hope will be employed to celebrate those talents you so well knew how to appreciate, and, justly and delicately, to delineate a character beloved and highly valued by many, though not properly understood by all. 'The fair city of Lichfield' will, I should imagine, long feel and mourn the loss of such a 'light.' I greatly wish to hear some particulars of her latter days. I should rejoice to know they were illumined by a proper sense of her situation, and by those hopes and convictions that, I trust, will support and cheer ours. I hear she died very rich;—that all her friends and acquaintance, or at least, I suppose they must mean, those immediately about her, were remembered by handsome legacies, and that, what is very unusual, her will pleased and satisfied everybody! But I think I was still more sensibly affected by the death of Mr. Piozzi, which has cost me many tears. I can only now remember his matchless talents, his kind hospitality, and the many, many pleasant and happy days I have passed under his roof; and I can never forget that I had once a home in his house, and that it was the only happy home I ever knew. I more than ever regret my

unhappy alienation from ever dear Mrs. Piozzi, as I should have had the truest satisfaction in administering to her consolation under an affliction that I am sure she feels very severely; and once, I have the vanity to think, no one possessed that power more than myself. May the Almighty comfort her, and direct her future steps in peace!

My dear invalid and mother join in kind and respectful regards, and in every good wish to you; and I remain,

My dear friend,

Your faithfully affectionate and ever obliged,

P. PENNINGTON.

What a delightful and valuable fund of entertainment has dear Mrs. H. More given us in her inimitable 'Cœlebs!'

MRS. H. L. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Brynbella, July 1, 1810.

DEAR Doctor Whalley has certainly behaved beautifully with regard to our lamented friend, Mrs. Holman. Was it not the first time that she had ever been talked to on the subject? I fear so.

See how good God Almighty is to us all! affording her such a long time for reflection, with her senses all bright and keen to the last minute of temporal existence, while the poor Countess of Rothes* was called away at less, as I understand, than twelve hours' warning. Her death affected me strongly, my mind was prepared for the other; but dear Sir Lucas's lady had been once my friend, once my enemy, and of late years scarce my acquaintance. She had, however, written me a kind letter, something like 'making up' as we call it, which I answered even eagerly, expressing my never-forgotten veneration of her virtue and abilities. She was a truly

* Countess of Rothes in her own right, mother, by her first husband, of George, tenth Earl. She married, second, in 1772, Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart. She died a month before this letter was written (June 2, 1810).

noble creature when I lived in habits of intimacy with her, and had such firm, fixed principles, that I am confident she must have died as she lived. Her husband was ever, like your kind self, good to me on all occasions, 'never swayed with doubt or sagged with fear,' as Shakespeare says.

Miss Thrale writes me word that our sweet Siddons is with her at Ashgrove Cottage, Kent, a heavenly country when I saw it last, towards twenty years ago. But this last rain has really made my own Brynbella so lovely, I can care for little else, except the dear lad of my heart, as you so obligingly, so truly call him; and I am tying up the honeysuckles that they may look smart when he comes home, and fretting that the strawberries will all be gone, &c. You know exactly how. He is really an exemplary child. When we were in town, young Mr. Byng — Edmund, the nephew of Lord Torrington, with whom Salusbury had formed a friendship—asked my leave to let them go on an excursion together, through Scotland and Ireland, and meet me here in August.

I told my boy that I would not deny him such a jaunt, if he wished it; 'but,' said he, 'Aunt, you know if I am to go next March or April to Christchurch, it would be bad for me to shake all these Greek choruses out of my head that are but just putting in, and I am sure you think it would be better for me to stay and study hard with Mr. Shephard, who reads and explains the Greek Testament to us every Sunday, than run dashing about with dear Mr. Byng, whom I like the company of exceedingly, notwithstanding my refusal of his offer.'

Now, though I have passed a full period of fifty years since I was capable as now of judging characters, and though, in the course of that half century, I have seen young people turn out exactly the reverse of what their friends hoped from them, I cannot help forming good expect-

tations of this creature, and with your blessing, which I receive as you bestow it, in all true kindness, I am strong in the persuasion he will be everything his dear, dear uncle wished.

I am very glad that Malvern water does you good. If my nerves fail through the heat of this weather, I will strengthen them in my own blue sea six miles off, and go no farther till London season calls. What a mercy it was not made a scene of distraction when Sir Francis Burdett was liberated!

The 'frantic disturbers,' which is the anagram of his name, were preparing for an absolute saturnalia, as it appears by the newspaper, and what a frightful business is the assassination of a Prince of the blood in St. James's Palace, an event since we parted!

Ah! dear Doctor Whalley, you know better, I am confident, than to believe Sellis was the guilty person. You know that a bravo of his country, will never use a sword while there is a knife to be found; and surely no man of any country, who had just tied up his master's head himself with a thick bandeau and tassel, would go flourishing a sabre directly on the defended part. The dreadful deed seems to me completely the act of a soldier, whose first idea is, cut him down; an assassin used to such work would have struck him to the heart. And an Italian to sever his own head from his own body almost! how unlikely! and for what you know that men of that description will commit any crime but suicide, which no dread, even of torture, ever led one to, here there was nothing to apprehend but hanging, scarcely that, and how firm his nerves were grown all on a sudden; he could not kill the Duke, but he could cut his own head almost off!!

Oh! write to me, dear sir, and write soon, to say that your mind is of my mind's opinion. Can there be a greater

compliment to her who is your much obliged and faithful servant, and will be ever while

H. L. Piozzi.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 45 BAKER STREET,
PORTMAN SQUARE.

Barley Wood, February 8, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some time in December I said, ‘I will write and enquire what is become of Dr. Whalley.’ Soon after we heard of your being ill, but had no conception, till your very kind letter came, how ill. Thank God that you are so happily recovered. How little we know what is good for us ! Being exceedingly bilious and languid with the mild weather before Christmas, I longed for frost, the first day of which brought on oppression on my lungs. I have been confined and very ill above a month ; and, though the cough and fever are better, yet, as usual, they have landed me in all the old maladies of the liver. I really congratulate you on having emancipated yourself from ‘that place of small ideas,’ as Johnson used to call Bath, to a region more worthy of your taste and talents. They say I like extremes because I always declare in favour of London or a lone house in the country — all the intermediate steps I dislike. I rejoice that you are enjoying some of the society in which I have passed so many delightful hours. Among other intellectual debts of thirty-five years’ standing, I am just now in debt to Sir L. Pepys for a most charming letter, but I have not been able to write for many weeks. *Pour surcroît de malheur*, my eyes are so painful that I cannot always read. I wish you had told me how you like ‘Wallace,’ and what new books are worth reading. I rejoice at so good an account of the pleasant and large-minded Mrs. Jackson. You make me long to know your admirable friend, Miss Cornwallis.

Why does she not visit the Lodge? We have had an interesting visit of a couple of days from my very excellent friend the Bishop of St. David's, just before I was taken ill. He is doing wonders in his labours to raise the tone of morals and learning in the Welsh clergy.

He is preparing his bill to Parliament for the erection of his college.

I am going to take a great liberty with you, encouraged, however, by an old kind offer. We have used our old chaise about ten years. It is still strong, but I calculate we can never live to wear out another; we cannot, therefore, begin to be wearing it out too soon. Can you have the goodness to employ your coachman, or any other good judge, to look us out a good roomy chaise with a barouche box (I have the comfort to tell you our one-eyed phaeton is still going). You know exactly, and I have heard you speak of the exact thing. The difficulty will be to get it large; a modish squeezey thing will not hold three, none of whom came from Lilliput. We should like it handsome and in complete repair, but not much gilt gingerbread, or anything which requires nice cleaning. I do like a London-built carriage. You know our wants and our middling sort of style. You know our dimensions, too.

Mr. Whalley, of Winscombe, called here the other day. All well. Patty still sadly deaf. All join in kindest remembrances with,

My dear sir, your ever obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 45 BAKER STREET,
PORTMAN SQUARE.

Barley Wood, March 10, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,—[After thanking him for performing her commission about the carriage, she says]—I wish you

could prevail on my much-valued friend, Sir W. Pepys, to visit Somersetshire. I think, between us, we could show him a country he would not dislike, especially as we have Mendip Lodge for the *bonne bouche*. Our gardening is very backward. Such incessant rains that the world is all mud; no seeds can be sown. Your gardener has given us a few hours to direct the construction of a little grape-house, but the bad weather has made it so late that we expect nothing this year. The Trevelyans, who have been spending a couple of days with us, could not stir out. As to health, I can echo back a sentence which I am sorry you have occasion to use, 'that mine is very infirm.' We look impatiently for a day dry enough to get out in a carriage for the first time since Christmas. The spectacles, which came safely, shall be safely delivered. I had a very good account of Mr. Richard Whalley's health, in an excellent letter a few days ago.

With the best good wishes of this family, I am, ever, my dear sir, your truly obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

I was delighted with my friend Stephen's fine apostrophe to the memory of Pitt. I sometimes receive letters from him, which have as much brilliancy and imagination as Burke. I rejoice for Mrs. Jackson.

MISS H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, 45 BAKER STREET,
PORTMAN SQUARE.

Barley Wood, April 3, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,—April being now set in, I suppose it will put you in mind of setting out. Don't you begin to long to see your Elysium? I was struck the other day, from the road below, to observe that your plantation begins to assume the appearance of a wood, which, together with the emerald brightness of your grass, looked delightfully. I think, however, that with all these temptations, Malvern is

to qualify you for the enjoyment of Mendip. May you long enjoy it in health, peace, and comfort! Apropos of peace, Y—— continues to send me letters. As soon as I see them, I constantly tear them to pieces, without reading a line. This is a sacrifice to friendship which I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to make. What a wretched mind must that be who can delight in reading the malicious and wicked representations of bad men, especially when the object of that abuse is among their best friends! If that feeling had operated in my own case, Bere would not have found so many readers. But too much of this.

I am sure you would be pleased with the four (albeit small) majorities of Administration. One really begins to hope they will maintain their ground. Are you not delighted with my friend Stephen? I really think he is one of the best speakers, as well as one of the most honourable and virtuous men, in the House of Commons. His letters, too, are such as to place him among the very best of my correspondents. Adieu, my dear Sir. I cannot speak of much improvement in my health; but sick or well, I am very truly, your obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

MRS. H. L. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, 45 BAKER STREET,
LONDON.

Cheltenham, February 20, 1811.

I BEGIN by thanking my very dear Dr. Whalley for his kind, kind letter and important communication. It appears to me a good project; lands sell high at present, and if the garden should not prove an incumbrance, that place might fetch a sum the interest of which would increase my income, &c. If I am to live on, as people fancy, and as I sometimes hope, for three years and a half, I might lay up sixpence a year for the child of my age; and, as the Mahometans call an adopted

boy 'the son of my soul,' in contradistinction to the heirs of their body begotten, &c. My agent and counsellor, Charles Shephard, must be consulted as to securing me the life-interest of a capital so obtained, by my permission to sell; and when his advice is added to yours, I will not suffer old prejudices to stand in the way of my daughter's advantage and my own. Such a scheme, too, looks like confidence in the Funds, which is consolatory in these days of doubt and terror. I will come to town before you leave it, if possible, though the people here are most undeservedly and unreservedly kind, and we are fondled and fêted as if we came to confer a benefit, instead of rubbing away rust and chasing away care. I thought it a good place for Salusbury to finish his Christmas holidays in; better than always shooting, &c., and not so senseless a mode of amusement as running from theatre to theatre, from spectacle to spectacle, in London, where no ideas are obtained, no polished manners are observed, in so short a moment as we had to command, for he leaves me next Monday morning, and in this little fortnight I could scarce have entered him into any elegant society.

So much for my own vindication in choosing these boards to make our *petit début* upon.

Is the Prince of Wales seriously ill? and are Lord and Lady Derby going to separate? The one would be a heavy calamity; the other a melancholy proof indeed of the vanity of human wishes.

I rejoice that our charming Siddons is well and gay; I saw Miss Cornwallis here — she seems in better health now, and is laying her fine heart out on a beautiful baby niece. So I trust is Miss Thrale, *ci-devant* Susan; and Lady Keith says the child has been ill. Oh dear! I hope no harm will come to it, meaning Lady Keith's valuable infant.

I did hear something of your having protected a wretched

ill-used lady, but know not the particulars. I knew it was not my dear Lady Kirkwall; her husband is canvassing the borough of Denbigh. I think he wants somebody to take care of him.

My lovely friend Marianne Francis has been almost blind this year; and my old friend, Sir William Weller Pepys, has gone and sat with her for comfortable chat. You should have done so, too; it would have been a nice place, and such conversation would have cured her of caring whether she ever got her eyes again.

Adieu, dear Sir; and pray add to the delights of Cheltenham, that of finding settled here two of the ten beautiful daughters of Raasay, so often mentioned by Johnson in his tour and letters. They married other Macleods, and the beauty of their girls shows that they have no tendency to degeneration. Add another thing to our delights — that we pay three guineas a week for a better and a much cleaner habitation than the *dust-basket* I inhabited last May and June in Welbeck Street, for which seventeen guineas walked weekly out of the pockets of, my kind friend, Dr. Whalley's ever grateful as obliged servant,

H. L. PROZZI.

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY, 45 BAKER STREET.

AMONG all the kind attentions I have received, none has comforted me more, my dear friend, than your invaluable letter. I thank God all my friends are exactly of your opinion with respect to the manner of treating this diabolical business.* To a delicate mind publicity is in itself painful, and I trust that a life of tolerable rectitude will justify my

* No light is thrown in Campbell's 'Life of Mrs. Siddons' on the subject of the 'diabolical business' here alluded to. The letter is without date, but must have been written within two or three years of 1812, when she retired from the stage. It probably relates to a domestic, and not to a public affliction.

conduct to my friends. I have been dreadfully shaken, but I trust in the natural disposition to be well, will shortly restore me. My dear Cecilia is indeed all a fond mother can wish. We hope you will fix an early day to give us the happiness of dining here.

God bless you, my dear friend. I am your ever obliged and truly affectionate,

S. SIDDONS.

MRS. H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

1811.

MY DEAR SIR,—Patty and I are proposing to set off on Thursday morning on a little tour to visit our friend Mr. Gisborne,* in Needwood Forest. I cannot depart without inquiring how you do, and assuring you of the sincere interest I take in your health and comfort. I have never seen Malvern; you have commended it so highly that I have a desire to pass a day or two there. Can you give us any instructions how to pass our time most agreeably—where to lodge and what to see? That our horses may rest, we wish to be on the spot where most is to be enjoyed. We have had our friend Lord Barham.† He defrauded us by his short stay—only from Saturday till Monday morn. He is wonderfully well, and, at eighty-five, as fresh as a rose. He inquired after you. Adieu! my dear sir. I hope we shall have a quiet day together on our return. I go as much in

* In the 'Life of Wilberforce,' we read, A.D. 1790:—'He was now upon his road to Yoxall Lodge, the seat of the Rev. T. Gisborne, a college acquaintance. When there, he sallied forth always for a walk a short time before dinner, amongst the holly-groves of the then unenclosed Needwood Forest, where—

'His grateful voice

Sang its own joy, and made the woods rejoice.'

'Often have I heard its melodious tones,' says his host, 'at such times, amongst the trees, from the distance of full half a mile.'

† Lord Barham, born 1726, died 1813.

quest of sleep as of pleasure: indeed, sleep is pleasure. With true regard, believe me ever, my dear Sir, your very faithful and ever obliged,

H. MORE.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Cheltenham, Thursday Night, March 28, 1811.

THOUGH, as my dear Dr. Whalley says, I have not yet been invaded by the torpor of old age, '*non sum qualis eram*,' in any respect: my mind is worn as thin as an old sixpence, and shines, if it does shine, just as the old sixpence does, from mere beating out. These events, or rather transactions—and I hate a transaction—help to hammer it all away.

We shall meet on Friday next, and that consoles me. Shephard says the assignees will not give up the lease, so we are all at a stand about old Streatham Park, the trees in front of which are, I find, disputed, though I feel sure Mr. Thrale bought them for a small sum of Palmer, the late Duke of Bedford's steward, when the Duke was a baby. My being sure is, however, no proof, and papers were things I was never talked to about in those days.

Lord Keith and Mrs. Hoare were both very bitter to me about these matters, and I wish from my heart the place was sold, and that I were to take my last leave of it, this journey to London. My poor Piozzi laid out 2,000*l.* on the furniture of that place about the year 1790, and hung up some very valuable pictures there, especially the heads of Torquato Tasso and Dr. Beccarelli, by Titian and Murillo. The fine chimney-piece, by Locatelli, too, which caused a long lawsuit in old days between Mr. Locke, then of Norbury Park, and the artist, was purchased by us, and set up in room of the wooden one we found there; and I thought myself very good-natured indeed in leaving them as I have done with her father's furniture, portraits, &c., to Lady Keith. An idea

has, however, been started, I know not by which of the ladies, as if the household goods of both Southwark and Streatham dwelling-houses were not bequeathed to me by Mr. Thrale, except for life, and Charles Shephard is now making out a copy of his will to ascertain this matter, because that will make a difference indeed.

We will see all through when I get to London, so that poor dear Salusbury may have no incumbrances or dormant claims fall upon him after my death, who have so little that I can give him without an appearance of impropriety and disrespect to my first husband's representatives. He is, indeed, an affectionate good child, of an open temper and generous heart, visible in a countenance that makes him friends wherever he sets his foot.

Mr. Hopkins Northey, who brings you this letter, in consequence of his polite solicitation for commands to town, has been very kind to Salusbury; so has everybody, and our ball was much liked.

The news from Spain is indeed truly glorious news. Why, our people fight as they used to do! Cressy, Poitiers, Minden, Maida, and now Barossa. When will the French leave off saying that Englishmen can be successful only at sea? I hope Lord Wellington will follow up General Graham's lesson to their conviction of the contrary. I expect to find London illuminated for Massena's defeat on my arrival, and dear Dr. Whalley's house brightest, as its master's true loyalty is purest and clearest.

Lady Kirkwall's invitations are so tenderly pressing, and her pretty self so partial to me and to my friends, no wonder you love one another. Lord Kirkwall and she will, I dare say, agree to pass their old age together, after cheating one another of their youth—

When love and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone.

But we have all been very silly now for six thousand years, and Hannah More herself will not mend us. What a mind there is! solid and sterling, not light-paper currency of mere nominal value, during the people's fancy to give and receive it as such.

While you, however, and Sir William Pepys, and a very few more partial friends, contribute your help to hold up the falling funds, despair shall not come near

Your still obliged and grateful,

H. L. PIOZZI.

MRS. H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, May 4, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,—I know not when I have inflicted on myself a severer self-denial than in having taken so much time to acknowledge, for I do not presume to answer, your very kind, very interesting, and very comforting, for I will not say flattering, letter. But I have been for the whole winter, and especially for that succession of winters and summers which we call spring, so harassed with bile and pain by day, and so much irritation and sleeplessness by night, that I have been compelled to let a large pile of letters from my best friends lie unacknowledged, while dull, unpleasant, or teasing ones, whose demands were immediate, have swallowed up the little time and ability which have been granted me. I am, however, like the man in the 'Spectator,' who always looked forward to May as the season which was to make up to him in health, the disappointments of the rest of the year. I do not despair to repeat that delightful strolling quiet day we had with you last summer. Your now clothed mountain begins to look delightful, and I admired its growth and beauty as I drove under it through Upper Langford the other day. I grieve

to find your nervous sufferings are not abated. I did not know there were medicinal waters at Hampstead. May you find them salutary ! is my earnest prayer.

Your reception of my book* is very gratifying. I really had so poor an opinion of it myself, fearing that age and sickness had extinguished the feeble spark, that I am thankful for the kind and candid manner in which yourself and other good judges have taken to it. I could have made it better had I allowed myself more time. I see faults and deficiencies, some of which I have endeavoured to lessen. Our friend, Sir William Pepys, complains that it is too strict; but I think you agree with me, that the standard should be kept high. We are, most of us, ready enough to take it down a few pegs in our practice; and if the principle were low, our practice, perhaps, would be still lower. The High Calvinists have made a sort of party against it: I cannot help it. They are many of them very good men; but if I had adopted some of their opinions, I must have falsified my own. This professes to be a book of practice, and not of opinions, which are introduced only so far as the ground and basis of conduct. One of their criticisms really made me smile. They say my calling the sun 'he' is idolatrous, as if I personified him into Phœbus or Apollo. But if you will turn to the 19th Psalm, verses 4 and 6, and to 1st Revelation, verse 16, you will meet with the same idolatry. The pronoun personal is used.

I am glad to find Lord Sidmouth is actually your tenant,† because they are a correct family, and will not turn your house out of windows, nor spoil it with those multitudinous

* 'Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of the Life.' This work Mrs. H. More published, with her name, early in this year. It had great success, going through thirteen editions, making an aggregate of 24,000 copies.

† Dr. Whalley's town house was in Baker Street, No. 45.

parties, which used to put me in mind of the child's play, 'Up stairs, down stairs, in my lady's chamber.' The Addingtons drank tea here last week (we were not up to so large a dinner-party), to meet Mr. Gisborne* and his amiable family, who have been spending a few days with us. Mr. G., which is not always the case, is as pleasing a man, as he is an excellent writer. In point of doctrines, too, we exactly coincide. It was a week of authors in our 'obscure sojourn,' for the two brothers Lysons, my old friends, have been in this neighbourhood. In their histories of the Counties, they are yet but just got over the letter C. I used to tell them that when they reached to Somersetshire I would give them head-quarters; but not only I, but themselves also, stand little chance of living till they have attained to the letter S, if they get on no faster with their vast work.

Patty† has been half blind, and is more than half deaf, maugre incessant leeches, blisters, &c. Poor Betty‡ is better, but will never be what she was; but we have only the common sufferings with uncommon mercies: this we are apt to forget.

I am glad you have been living in such charming society. My old friends long have been falling around me. I have in the generation which has succeeded them many, many kind and agreeable friends, but 'tis not exactly the same thing. They have not read the same books, nor kept the same company. For example, I quoted Pope to a lady one day. The answer was, 'No one reads Pope now; his day is past.' 'Tant pis,' said I to myself, 'for the taste of the age.'

* Thomas Gisborne, author of 'The Survey of the Christian Religion,' 8vo. 1799. Also, 'Enquiry into the Duties of Man,' 2 vols., 8vo. 1797. 'Enquiry into the Duties of the Female,' 8vo. 1799.

† Miss Martha More, whom her sister called Patty, died at Barley Wood Sept. 14, 1819, aged 69.

‡ Miss Elizabeth More died June 14, 1816.

My dear sir, I must rather write at you than to you, not knowing where you are. I shall get our neighbour to frank it to your friend Mr. Chadwick, who, I presume, will know your motions.

All here unite in cordial regards with, my dear sir, your very faithful and greatly obliged friend,

H. MORE.

I hope you are as much delighted with Mr. Percival as we all are. Has he not risen bravely with the occasion?

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Brynabell, December 1811.

My dear Dr. Whalley's enchanting head was not made to talk in a happy hour for me, who sit so much alone, and felt while I was reading it the pleasures of society. It was a sorry trick, though, to show my letter, and I never called her (indeed, I never did call her 'Mrs.' Hannah More, you know. Dr. Johnson turned a stupid fellow out of his room once for calling Milton 'Mister John.' Well, never mind, I have made her laugh before now, and so I have dear Siddons, who still continues to make everybody cry. Mrs. Stafford's situation is an interesting one, and likely to attract attention from the grave and gay, because there is a little private pretension to benevolence still left in this marble age, so hard, so cold, and so polished.

Light-hearted as I seem, the atrocities which roll off other people's minds impress mine very forcibly indeed; and when I look on the deserving lad of my heart, as you sweetly call him, tears of apprehension for his virtue's safety stand in my long experienced eyes. Your profession would have been a guard upon it through life's perilous journey, more perilous by far than in our young days, when guilt was certain of punishment in this world; but now its frequency will, I fear,

take off all due abhorrence. The hideous tale of Hamilton Crofton,* for example, which, as it appears, ended in nothing; and now Mr. Walsh's † business, surely, surely one need not the old man in Horace, to see plainly that things grow worse and worse, with the rapidity of a wheel pushed down-hill, increasing in speed at every rotation; but whilst Britannia herself condescends to live by keeping a brothel in Hindostan, who can wonder at her subjects' wickedness on this side the water? Every sentiment of honour must be lost, as well as every remains of virtue.

* He had lodged at the Crown Inn, Portsmouth, for a fortnight, waiting for a vessel to put to sea, which was to convey him to India, where he was to act as aid-de-camp to a general officer. A celebrated clown, named Bradbury, was at the same inn, and exhibited a curious snuff-box to the company. This he missed the same evening, and asked Mr. Crofton the next morning if he had seen it. The latter replied in the negative, and said he had himself lost property, as several articles of value had been stolen from his bedroom. Shortly after, it was discovered that money and trinkets had been taken from several other apartments on the ground floor, on which Mr. Crofton's room was situated. Information of the robberies was communicated to Bow Street, and an officer named Rivett was sent down, who, after hearing all particulars, suspected Mr. Crofton, and proceeded to examine his trunks. Finding nothing, he demanded the search should extend to his person, upon which much of the lost property was found. The guilty man then attempted his own life, by cutting his throat with a penknife; but when the particulars, from which the above extract is made, were written for the 'Annual Register,' he still survived. As no further public notice of the affair occurs, and Mrs. Piozzi says it ended in nothing, the culprit must have sunk under his wounds, or the matter must in some manner have been hushed up.

† This was an indictment for felony at the Old Bailey, Jan. 1812, when the defendant was tried for stealing twenty-two Bank of England notes, for the payment of 1,000*l.* each, and another for the payment of 200*l.*, the property of Sir Thomas Plomer, Knight. The trial caused great excitement. The prosecutor had employed the defendant as his stock-broker, and having contracted for the purchase of a large estate, directed him to sell out stock for him to the amount of 22,000*l.* This he did; but with a large part of the proceeds purchased American stock for himself, and was afterwards apprehended at Falmouth, from which port he was about to abscond. He surrendered the American debentures and other property on his apprehension, and appeared very sensible of his misconduct during his trial. The jury found him guilty; but as the offence did not, in the opinion of the twelve judges, to whom it was referred, constitute felony, the prisoner was subsequently released under a royal pardon.

Lady Kirkwall* had the satisfaction her dutiful heart panted after. She did cross the wintry seas safely, and find her father alive. Poor, poor Lady Kirkwall! I hope she will call on me coming back; she has with her my friend and hers, that pretty Miss Francis, whose execution of difficult passages in music is only equalled by her skill in scholastic learning. I tell her always she is like a quack doctor, delighting in matters of difficulty: that of making Lady Kirkwall happy is not the easiest among them, whilst her babies are detained from her sight, the counsels of a parent denied her in future, and her husband canvassing a part of the King's dominions, where he has not now a foot of land, having sold Lleweneŷ† before he thought about Denbigh. So now I will release you, and trust to the charming friends you are with to keep lassitude and torpor far away.

They fly from the name of Mrs. Lutwyche. The worthy and amiable master of the mansion will make his house ever agreeable to his guests, and Le Chevalier de Malte will tell you that '*en la cuisine tout se trouve.*' If 'tis a plague to write (which never appeared to me from any of the truly delightful letters I have received from kind Dr. Whalley), stay till you come to monstrous London, then do me the honour of a long account how monstrous grown. I saw the Hindoo superstition of a globe, wing, and serpent, implying dominion, conservation, and destruction, coming into use as an upholsterer's ornament when I was last there; but finding nobody understood me when the remark was made, it was not worth while to repeat it. Claudius Buchanan's book,‡ however, set me o'thinking on it again.

* Lady Kirkwall, née 1780, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of John, first Lord de Blaquièrre. She married, August 1802, John Viscount Kirkwall, only son of Mary, Countess of Orkney, in her own right, and was mother to the present Earl of Orkney. She died 1820. First Lord de Blaquièrre died 1812.

† Lleweneŷ Hall, county Denbigh.

‡ 'Christian Researches in Asia.' London, 1812.

How very awful are these times, dear sir ! Public and private occurrences bearing such a red and menacing aspect, yet knowledge increasing all the while, and Virtue herself, dead as she is, galvanised into momentary exertions. People are shocked, even on the 20th December 1811, at the murders in Shadwell.* Once more, adieu ! and continue for twenty years more that partiality for her and her memory which has for thirty at least been the vaunt and consolation of

Your obliged and faithful servant,

H. L. PIOZZI.

MISS ELIZABETH CORNWALLIS† TO DR. WHALLEY.

Hill Street, May 6, 1812.

DEAR SIR,—I send you Blacket's little book, for the perusal of any friends into whose hands you may wish it should pass.

Blacket is now a dying man, and his little daughter will inherit the *bienveillance* and *bienfaisance* of those who would serve him.

I add a song, by this departing humorist, lately received from Miss Milbanke :—

Bend back thy course, thou rolling wave,
And take this tear with thee ;
Convey it to his surf-lash'd grave,
Who lives no more for me.

* The details of these murders are given at great length in the 'Annual Register' for 1811.

† Miss Cornwallis was the daughter of James, fourth Earl of Cornwallis, and Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, who succeeded to the earldom of the second Marquess Cornwallis in 1823. Miss Cornwallis, so frequently mentioned by Miss Seward as 'her secret friend,' was born March 1774, and died, unmarried, 1813. She used to visit her uncle, Sir Horace Mann, who resided at Bath. Dr. Whalley, in a letter dated from Gand, Sept. 1815, to his intimate friend and legal adviser, Mr. Anstey Calvert, of Bath, says, 'The late Sir Horace Mann has been a loss to me of 300*l.* a year, the circumstances of which I will explain

Bend back thy course, thou blast so dread,
 And take this sigh with thee;
 Waft it around his shroudless head,
 Who lives no more for me.

The little volume will shortly be published, and I know you will encourage the sale of it.

Lord Carlisle has given 50*l.* to Mr. Blacket.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH CORNWALLIS.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, May 25, 1812.

MY dear Dr. Whalley will wonder to see I can write one line steadily by the time he comes to the end of this letter; but I will finish my request before I begin grievances.

The kind reception Mr. Amans* gave my steward, Leak, and the offer he made him of an intelligent substitute, same time that he came to your house with my compliments, induces me to enquire if the person then mentioned may be probably found by next Michaelmas, willing to come to Wales and supply Leak's place during the planting season. I fancy he must be both active and able, as Leak complains of having too much business, and too little health to go through with it. No need to add how necessary, how indispensable is honesty and skill in agricultural concerns. He must likewise have the power of patient endurance, where the people he employs are sometimes stupid and often perverse. They have wearied the last man quite out, and

to you should we ever meet again. I think I mentioned this cursorily to you once before, requesting you, as the old Bart. was gone to his long account, not on my account to blast the fair reputation he had obtained in Bath. I spared him during his life for the sake of his favourite niece, and my dear and lamented friend, Miss Cornwallis.'

* He subsequently came into some property by the death of a relative, and lived in his own house in Connaught Terrace, London, where he died (1827), leaving a legacy of 500*l.* to his former friend and master.

if I should ever be impelled to make Streatham Park a comfortable residence, perhaps Leak, liking England better than Denbighshire, might be more useful to me near London. But, O heavens! how shall I ever bear the sight of Streatham Park? or how will its reversionary proprietors bear the sight of poor H. L. P.?

I fear I have now sinned against them without hope of reinstatement to favour.

Mrs. Mostyn having menaced little Salusbury pretty sharply last summer, what they would do to him if I was to die, and how they would pinch him for dilapidations of their seat in Surrey, Charles Shephard counselled me to repair and reside in it next spring, to show them it was habitable. I therefore recommended Mead, a surveyor whom I have long known, and he selected such trees as were overshadowing and ruining the house, and has cut them down. Down came the ladies, though in high wrath, and terrified the man, and wrote most insulting letters to Shephard, and cruel and bitter ones to poor me, who will have little less than 1,000*l.* to lay out, and reproaches alone for my reward.

Now tell me, my dear sir, why these afflictions, which are really no light ones at my age, should not have produced tears from those eyes that cried over the 'Castle of Montval' the other night, till I believe people thought me hysterical. It was very respectably acted and well got up, and having never seen Siddons in the character, I was content. I am discontented, though, and seriously discontented too, at the thought of leaving this place just as you come to it. I find all these enumerated occurrences concur to make me, who have three good houses, doat on a dirty lodging; but an ass does prefer thistles to rose-leaves, you know, and I can enjoy the trees that grow in Sydney Gardens without caring about their reversionary proprietors.

Mrs. Lutwyche will tell you that I go to learn of a
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memory-master who gives lectures here; was there not one at Athens once? and did not Themistocles tell him he would rather learn the art of forgetfulness?

Nothing new under the sun. The situation of public affairs seems to interest people chiefly from private motives, wanting the Ministry which will patronise their sons, brothers, &c. I see no one sincerely vexed at the thought of our dissensions giving pleasure to the enemy. The removal of Lucien Buonaparte is, however, a sensible thing, let who will have advised it.

Write to me, dear sir, a long and kind letter to Brynbella, near Denbigh, North Wales, never forgetting that you have there a truly old friend and gratefully obliged servant,

H. L. PIOZZI.

What will Cecy Mostyn say? I am afraid to face any of them while they are so angry; but Charles Shephard is practising *l'art militaire* among the Buckinghamshire corps, and will go on courageously.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, AT W. LUTWYCHE'S,
MARLBORO' BUILDINGS, BATH.

Brynbella, Monday, June 29, 1812.

I DIRECT to my dear Dr. Whalley at Bath, though I do believe this anxious evening sees him at London at the theatre. You, who never forget old friends, will feel for our charming Siddons, though your heart is once more taking irrevocable engagements. May they be happy as I wish, and as you deserve! It is impossible to know Mrs. Horneck and not love her—equally impossible not to see that she loves you. I am glad things are to end so; and pray divide my cordial congratulations between you. It will be a fine

holiday-time for Salusbury and me to spend May next at Mendip, after my sullen penance with workmen at old Streatham Park ; but I am talking as if I expected the longevity you have partly a claim to, in right of your good mother. Are the much-tormented ladies of Sir Walter James's family out of their pain yet? I pity the females more than I do him ; however, his company and conversation delight me. Oh, surely that agreeable young Christchurch man will not go (as was apprehended) into a consumption ; that would really be too dreadful.

We are in the midst of our hay here, and make no complaints of our own crop ; but, sure enough, the produce of Mother Earth this year will be but a scanty one, whilst her progeny increase with a rapidity beyond my comprehension. The dearness of corn, however, is good for us farmers, up to a certain degree ; and this is my tithe-settling day, and we are all on a tiptoe. How exactly does my excellent friend describe my character !

I often think my buoyant mind
Is like a bladder blown with wind,
Which, flung upon the angry tides,
Their utmost fury still abides ;
From the high wave, unhurt, can bound,
Often toss'd, but never drown'd.

So, if Brynbella prospers, I will defy the rough estimate of my Surrey expenses, which, at any rate, had better fall on my full purse than on my poor boy's comparatively empty one ; and I may be thankful their menaces led me to enquiry, though the sum I am threatened with is a tremendous one, not less than 1,700*l*.

Dear Dr. Whalley, let me have your good wishes ; and from Mrs. Lutwyche all she can spare—her best go to you, I am confident. Commend me to the kind friend, *l'aimable*

Chevalier ; he felt for me so when he saw me severely fretted, I shall retain a grateful remembrance of him whilst able to subscribe myself

Your truly obliged and faithful

Friend and servant,

H. L. P.

My health is not amiss, yet Mr. Chenevix's Shaksperian declamation does sometimes rise to my lips—

Oh, vain world !

Thy hourly use has shrunk me.

I wish I knew where to buy the 'Castle of Montval.*' I want to read it to Salusbury.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Brynbella, February 8, 1813.

MY dear Dr. Whalley has been sick, Miss Williams says, and I am very sorry ; but you are often ill, and, I thank God, never in danger. Elizabeth Cornwallis † is dead, the papers tell me, and greatly shocked was I at hearing the news. It was put in so oddly, too ; my curiosity is raised almost as much as my concern. What did she die of ?

My diet of weak mutton broth and a turnip keeps me yet in hope of seeing lovely Mendip in May or June, but fasting Welsh women have a strange *vis vitæ* in them, that is certain ; because Mary Thomas, mentioned by Mr. Pennant as a medical wonder in the year 1770, died but a week ago, at ninety years of age, having been bedridden sixty-three revolutions of the sun or earth ! Very astonishing, is it not ?

* The title-page calls it 'A Tragedy in five acts, as it is now performing, with universal applause, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By the Rev. T. S. Whalley. 2nd edition. London: Printed for R. Phillips, No. 71, St. Paul's Churchyard, &c. 1799.'

† She died unmarried, in her 39th year.

—and quite possessed of her intellectual faculties. Hers was a contemplative life indeed, for she could not read anything, or do anything but say her prayers, and be fed once a day with a bit of bread weighing two pennyweights, and a wine-glass of water. There is a woman near Wrexham now much in the same way. Cecy Mostyn says, you know, that as we have no meat in Wales, we have always one of these models of temperance and longevity before our eyes. Pennant tells of one, says she, Dr. Thackeray of another, and I am convinced Mrs. Piozzi will be the third. How comical!

Poor Lady Williams, of Bodylwyddau, will not be one—her limbs are going to resemble Chevalier Boisguelin's, to whom, dear sir, pray make my best compliments; and tell Mr. and Mrs. Lutwyche how happy I shall feel to see you all once again. Oh! if I can but drive away all thought of Streatham Park and its reversionary proprietors, and take dear Salusbury a drive round England this summer, call upon you and upon Dr. Gray, who has been seven years inviting me, I may then be glad to see the place, and look how my money has been spent, at least. When you can write without its fatiguing you, tell me, *un petit peu*, how the world goes; how Buonaparte gets his conscripts in; and when that bubble will break, which has suffered so much expansion, and exhibited such gaudy colours. I thought the Russian campaign must have been his last; but our newspapers give an idea of his continuation in power, and what hope there is now of ever seeing him really distressed I cannot conjecture. My expectations ran too high, and have broken their own necks.

Adieu! my dear Doctor; and never forget the friendship with which you have, ever since the year 1780, honoured your poor friend,

H. L. P.

Hannah More's book has never reached us yet. Make

my best remembrances and compliments to Mrs. Whalley. How is Sir Walter James's health, and how is his peace of mind?

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

No. 11 North Parade, Bath, Monday, May 16, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—Is good Miss Williams quite correct when she tells me our kind friends Dr. and Mrs. Whalley left Bath without having received any letter from their so much obliged H. L. P.? I had the honour to write from Blake's, London, Wednesday, the 5th of May—the 6th of May it was—promising, half presumptuously, to come to Mendip after the 6th of June.

It is the 16th now; and I am happily enabled to repeat my promise. The amiable Lutwyches are wretched from *his* rheumatism, but I hope danger is far away, and that we shall have a cheerful meeting.

London harassed my inside a little, but the Bath pump is doing it a world of good, and I can eat one small bone of the neck of mutton now. Salusbury and I have been separated for a long time, but I expect him this next week. Lord Lyttelton said, you know, as he walked round Ranelagh, that pleasure and comfort always seemed to be in the next box. It has been so with me for these two or three months, I think. May they long reside at Mendip Lodge, and in three weeks be witnessed by dear Doctor Whalley's holiday friends, who mean to be with him and his charming lady some day in the Whitsun week, when these horrible storms are all over.

Till then, and ever, believe me

Your faithful and obliged servant,

H. L. Piozzi.

MRS. H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, QUEEN SQUARE, BATH.

Barley Wood, April 24, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—Accept yourself and offer to Mrs. Whalley our best thanks for the kind sympathy expressed in your two letters, of which I got the last written first. This first breach in our family society* cannot but be deeply felt, though death has seldom appeared more stripped of his terror. She kept her bed but five days: though reduced to weakness, her sufferings were not very great. She slept the greater part of the last week; when awake, her mind generally wandered, but at every interval she manifested a patience and resignation I have never seen exceeded. Not a murmur escaped her, except now and then, that her release came so slow. She was not only willing, but impatient to depart, and has bequeathed us all a lesson, which I pray we may never forget. We know not how very soon we may be called on to put it in practice. May we also be ready!

This severe weather (our ice to-day was above half an inch thick) is against us poor invalids. I am thankful, however, to say that a few days ago I walked out in the sun for the first time since October. Milder skies, I trust, will soon invite you to your Elysium, though I hear a report of your taking an excursion first. I regret this delay the less, as I also (with P.) propose to recruit my strength and spirits with a tour. Lady Olivia Sparrow, who kindly invited me to spend the winter with her in town, only consented to my declining it on condition that I should visit her at Brompton Park. You, I think, know the country: it is only two miles from Buckdon Palace† and Huntingdon. I feel a sort of injustice to give this preference to a more recent friend, to

* The death of Miss Mary More, the eldest sister, which occurred on Easter-day, 1813.

† Then the residence of the Bishop of Ely.

the neglect of my older ones, but this insulated visit suits my infirm state better than my old haunts; I could not stand the fatigue of going as formerly from one friend's house to another, and this charming woman has kindly promised I shall meet at her house some whom I should wish to see. All is uncertain: I have suffered more than usual the last six weeks, but am better just now. Forgive all this egotism. We all join in kind respects to Mrs. Whalley.

Believe me, my dear sir, very sincerely and faithfully,

Your obliged,

H. MORE.

Frederick Simmons was married, and my poor sister buried, within an hour of each other. This is human life!

MRS. SIDDONS TO DR. WHALLEY.

May 26, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Have the goodness to tell me when we may promise ourselves the happiness of presenting ourselves at Mendip Lodge, and offering myself, my daughter, and my friend to Mrs. Whalley's kind regards? I am fearful of intruding upon her arrangements with other friends, and therefore wish to know exactly the time when she will allow us the honoured happiness of passing a few days under your friendly roof. Will you have the goodness to forward the enclosed to your admirable neighbour?

I am, my dear and estimable friend,

Ever your obliged and affectionate,

S. SIDDONS.

MRS. H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Brompton Park, May 27, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—Where you are I know not, but this I know, that my sympathy has followed you wherever you may

be. I cordially condole with you on the loss you have sustained,* and should sooner have given you the outward expression of it, had I been able; but for three weeks I have been incapable of all employment. I write from the house of my sweet friend, Lady Olivia Sparrow. It is filled with good company, but I have only been able to join them twice, and that to my great injury. It is a bilious fever, partaking of all the evils of the reigning influenza. It has been painful to Patty, having herself a violent cough, to have the care of me 150 miles from home. But for the extreme dampness of the air I should now be getting on. This flat country will not renovate me like our dry hills, and I feel a constant sort of depression on the brain, which, if it please God, will mend when the weather mends. Are you yet come to your Elysium? and if so, does Mrs. Whalley retain her sober reason at the first coup-d'œil of such consummate beauty?

My writing powers are exhausted, and I can only add Patty's affectionate regards to those of, my dear sir,

Yours most faithfully,

H. MORE.

HILEY ADDINGTON, ESQ., TO DR. WHALLEY.

Harley Street, Tuesday Evening, June 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret very much that incessant occupations for the last week, morning, noon, and night, have made it impossible for me to express to you sooner my acknowledgment for your obliging letter of the 14th, to which, indeed, I did not consider myself at all entitled from merely having sent you a Gazette account of the battles of the 20th and 21st ult. It was published after the evening papers were gone to press; and I well knew that you would derive satisfaction from receiving the earliest intelligence of the gallantry, at least, which the Allied army had exhibited

* The death of his brother, Colonel Whalley, on the 5th May 1813.

in those hard-fought fields, where they were opposed to double their own numbers. What is become of the Russian army? The supposed amount of it could alone have justified their advance westward, about which I had always misgivings. They don't seem to have at all taken into their calculation the means which a despotic Power, commanding an unlimited conscription, possessed, of repairing unparalleled losses with certainty and effect. In the armistice I can discover nothing to hope, but everything to fear.

My son writes me word from Schweidnitz,* where he arrived on the 27th ult., that the French army, at that time, did not amount to less than 130,000 men, and that the Allies did not exceed 60,000, of which 25,000 were cavalry, independent of Cossacks, who were settled in Germany. Confident hopes were entertained of Austria, in which I confess that I cannot bring myself to participate.

You may be assured that when any intelligence of a welcome nature may arrive, too late for the papers, either from the north or the south,† I will not fail to communicate it to you. It is a tribute due to your well-known zeal in the cause of England, of Europe, and of the world.

* Schweidnitz, near Breslau, in Silesia, in the rear of the Allied armies.

† The battles here alluded to were fought at Bautzen, in Saxony, on the 20th and 21st of May, 1813. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were both present, the former acting as Commander-in-chief. On the first day, the Allied armies were driven from their position on the Spree, and took up a stronger line, strengthened by many formidable redoubts, a little in the rear. The final success of the French in these hardly-contested battles, arose more from the superior strategical movements of Napoleon, than from numerical superiority. Ney, with a powerful corps-d'armée, reached the field of battle on the second day, from an opposite direction, and turned the right of the Allied position. As soon as Napoleon heard the first boom of Ney's cannon, he despatched a courier to France to announce his victory to the Empress. He knew the result was then certain. Blücher, who was there posted, resisted Ney's advance with great firmness, not retiring until his retreat was nearly cut off. Early in the morning of this day, Napoleon rode to an elevated spot near Bautzen, immediately opposite and within cannon-shot of the site occupied by the allied Sovereigns and suite. Lord Cathcart, who was with them as Ambassador for England, clearly distinguished him with his glass, through

I hope to be at Langford Court by the middle of next month, and anticipate with great pleasure an introduction to the acquaintance of Mrs. Whalley, to whom I beg you will endeavour to make my compliments acceptable.

I remain, dear sir,

Your very faithful servant,

T. H. A.

My brother desired his compliments to you, when I wrote.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Brynbella, July 7, 1813.

MY dear Dr. Whalley said I must not write on the road, and the road lasted till yesterday. We are but just come home, and feel impatient to acknowledge the happiness and kindness we met with at beautiful Mendip, a beauty celebrated sufficiently to justify her, if capricious, yet uniformly amiable and obliging. Have you and Mrs. Whalley mended in your health? and have you heard how poor Mr. Lutwyche goes on? No longer poor Mr. Lutwyche, I hope, but walking to Derby as he threatened, and directing his course to Brynbella. Ours ran through Chepstow to Piercefield and Windcliffe and Tintern Abbey and Monmouth, the approach to which town, along the common high road, has never been admired half enough, or I have never read the notes of admiration it deserves.

Through Hereford we drove to Ludlow Castle, and had

which he was examined by all the party with intense interest—(Thiers). The armistice lasted two months, during which time Austria, finding that Napoleon evaded by every subterfuge the basis of a solid peace, at last joined the Allies. The united armies attacked the French at Dresden on the 27th and 28th of August, and were signally defeated. This was, however, the last of Napoleon's triumphs in Germany, and the entire overthrow of his army at the furious contest which two months later raged for three days round Leipsic, drove him finally from that country, and the coalition was never again dissolved till the troubler of the nations was chained to the rock of St. Helena.

the fortune of a fine day for every fine sight on our journey, particularly Tintern Abbey, where the gleams of sunshine illuminating the gloom caused by a growth of ivy somewhat too little checked, felt really very striking. I never had seen so fine a piece of Gothic before in any country, and have not yet done wondering, why such places impress the imagination with ideas of antiquity far more than can the Coliseum at Nice or Verona, though when they were erected Monmouthshire was inhabited by wolves, I trust;* not embellished with elegant and expensive architecture. Well, through Hereford we ran forward to Ludlow, and saw the place where grew the wood celebrated by Milton as the habitation of Comus, which Mrs. Whalley and I represented in the most appropriate manner possible, only the costume was somewhat cold for the latitude of Ludlow, at least its appearance.

Shropshire hospitality delayed us next, and we passed one week with our agreeable friends at Longnor, where, among other chat, we learnt that Lady Eleanor Butler had fractured her arm and dislocated her shoulder; a visit at Llangollen, in our way home, confirmed the account. But she is well and merry, and was not confined to her bed an hour, it seems, so strong is her constitution.

But I am too long talking of anybody but Lord Wellington; his useful efforts will be felt far. The ice is starved, as skaters call it, by the fall of the French in Spain, but the tread will be rendered dangerous to Napoleon in the north, and though his subjects may be contented for a while to see their country made a barrack, because it was so lately a slaughter-house, we may be sure they can't like it long, and peace will be much accelerated by this battle of Vittoria.

* Trust; confident opinion of any event.

'His *trust* was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength!'

Milton, quoted in 'Johnson's Dict.'

Dear Mrs. Whalley has many correspondents who will tell her the particulars of the Regent's fête.* My female friends inform me that the newest occurrence there was the miscarriage of Lady Caroline Wood, who was taken suddenly ill in the ball-room, and conveyed to her home in blankets. *Che mondo mai !* as the Italians express it.

Whilst I continue to make one of the crowd, I will continue to rejoice in the flattering distinction of a friendship so valuable as yours has always been to, dear sir,

Yours, most faithfully,

H. L. PIOZZI.

Dear Salusbury sends a thousand compliments.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Brynbella, Tuesday, August 3, 1813.

My dear Dr. Whalley seems, as far as I can judge, to have told my future fortune very exactly. It will not be a fortune to rejoice or to lament over; and, since this child would not thrust himself forward in the career of ambition, or list under the hard taskmaster Avarice, but prefer the sober path of private life in hope of domestic happiness, what can I do but pray for his success, and promote it as far as I am able?

The family he connects with are, in all appearance, much respected by their neighbours; very honourable, and very ancient; proud Salopians! *plus noble que riche*; but individually well bred and agreeable. He is with them at Park-

* The Prince Regent gave a ball and supper, on the 30th of June, at Carlton House, to a numerous and splendid party. Eighteen tents were erected on the lawn, decorated with artificial flowers, and illuminated with chandeliers at proper intervals. Supper was laid in each tent for twenty-eight persons. At nine o'clock, the Queen and Princesses proceeded in their chairs from the Queen's palace to Carlton House; the company began to arrive after this in great numbers. The Prince Regent distinguished himself among the royal and noble party, for his affectionate attentions and the affability and politeness of his manners.—*Annual Register*.

gate now, on a sea-bathing frolic, and will bring them here on this day sevensnight. I shall receive them kindly, and persuade them to wait patiently, if possible, till an early period in the year 1815.

How many things may happen before that time, indeed, frights me, more than it will fright them. The mind's eye, like that of the body, flattens with age, and drives near objects to a distant perspective, hoping to obtain a clearer view. Youth sees distinctly through purer medium, and must be often deceived, before it can believe deceits exist at all. We must do as well as we can.

My old friend Sir Lucas Pepys is married again; he says three years of complete misery was enough for him, and he will once more try to be happy. I were a monster not to pursue his course, whichever road he takes, with fervent good wishes; and dear Siddons ought to join with me. Give her my best and kindest remembrances. She will not help us to care about Austria's defection, which I dread daily to hear of, but she will be sorry the plague is at Malta, because Gibraltar is so near that island, and we have such constant connection now with every part of Spain.

Mrs. Mostyn is not come home yet. Hannah More does me much honour; she named me to Miss Marianne Francis, who caught her at Mr. Wilberforce's, and enjoyed an hour's tête-à-tête with her. We have been parching with drought here, whilst your beautiful valley was drenched with rain; but

Brynbella to Mendip sends grateful and greeting,
And grieves that such mountains are hinder'd from meeting.

Mrs. Lutwyche has written, but her letter is more kind than cheerful: her good husband's best days are, I see, completely past. Whilst yet he lives he will enjoy a little *jeu de mots*, and, if you see him before me, do tell him how one of our new-fangled poets said to a friend of mine, that

he had really made up a tolerable fortune, and would now marry and settle in the country, where, added he, 'I have already taken one step in my new character, by becoming a magistrate.' 'A magistrate!' re-echoes the merry man, 'a magistrate! why then do, dear sir, put your money in the Stocks, and send your poems to the House of Correction.'

This moment brings me accounts of poor Dr. Randolph's death, the Bishop of London. Now let us see if Fisher stands well with his young princess, whose recommendation — if she enforces it the way we were talking of — must, I should think, be very powerful. He was a charming creature when we knew him abroad, and called him the King's Fisher. Our Bishop Cleaver was the man appointed to show Oxford to Louis XVIII. of France: he commends the King's scholarship and good breeding extremely; but how odd it was, that when they opened a Virgil in the Bodleian, the first line presenting itself should be, '*Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris.*' 'Ah! monseigneur,' cried Louis Dixhuit, '*fermons vite, j'ai eu assez de ça.*' 'Why, my lord, said I, 'were you seeking the *Sortes Virgilianæ* on purpose?' 'No,' replied he, 'nor ever thought of it.' Once more, adieu! dear sir, and continue your partial kindness,

So valued by your

H. L. Piozzi.

Adieu! dear Dr. Whalley, and present me most kindly to your fair and amiable lady, and make sweet Siddons recollect the happy hours we have spent together. Lady Keith is well, and has her youngest sister with her.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Brynella, November 17, 1813.

My dear Dr. Whalley shall have a letter as soon, and as many letters, as he pleases. '*La conversation des amis ne*

tarit pas ;' and we have subjects that we like well enough, public and private. I am glad Louis Dixhuit is at Bath : he will see how we live in our tight little island, as Moreton calls it, and I half wish he had heard Siddons read *Macbeth* at your house in the Square.* All foreigners are deeply impressed with the night-walking scene, and he is really worthy of such amusement. I think very often your kind heart will feel that sweet Duchesse d'Angoulême's melancholy charms presenting themselves before you perpetually.

Buonaparte will not now long dishonour the throne of the old Bourbons. He was just reaching to the summit of his ambition, but the way was so slippery as he went, you see, so wet with human blood, that he missed his foot quite foolishly at last, and now

Down, down the precipice in haste he goes,
And sinks in moments what in ages rose.

Doctor Randolph did not use to be like the High Priest in 'Homer,' a denouncer of mischief and prophet of plagues ; but we shall find Buonaparte in another humour soon. I am glad dear Hannah More is well.

We shall see no two States, and scarce two individuals, agree what terms of peace we shall approve ; but every individual, and I dare say many States, will agree in subscribing to her superior merit ; and I love her the better for listening to our charming Siddons. I wish I was among you, and must tell Miss Williams so very soon, or she will be angry enough, though she knows how true it is, without more repetition.

Poor Mr. Lutwyche's blow was a very heavy one, and these overcharged clouds and heavy rains will add to the weight ; he might recover if he was to winter at Bayonne, under protection of Lord Wellington.

* Queen Square.

My runaway boy has made Shrewsbury-hunt an excuse to go and get a kind look from his Harriet, but he comes home to-morrow. I really flatter myself, dear sir, that you would like her, and that she would love you. Her form of figure reminds me always of Lady Kirkwall; but the expression of her very black eyes is timid and tender rather than sparkling, and 'gentleness and joy make up her being.' I know dear Dr. Whalley would take her to his heart.

She comes of age in January next, but Salusbury must go on counting the moons till September. I think there are no fewer than nine of them. And now who will repeat the old observation, that people living in the world, London or Bath, never complain of the tardiness they find in country correspondents; while the rusticated rogues of two hundred miles distance are always, and with reason, lamenting the few letters they receive from friends at London or Paris? I can always contradict this maxim by showing your flattering commands to me to write away, and not wait for answers or requests.

We country folks are well inclined to think that style is like hay; that which gives most trouble and takes most time in making, is sure to be the worst. So here's a good rick of hasty stuff, which I have just found out is put together on a torn sheet of paper too, — no additional recommendation, but it must be pardoned. Will you, dear sir, do me the honour to claim a remembrance for me from our common friends, and ask Chevalier Boisgelin if it be true that Buonaparte, once walking over Versailles with Abbé Sieyes, the last-mentioned said, 'I think this was the tyrant's bed.' 'Ay! sir,' replied the other, 'and had it been mine I should have slept soundly in it to-night, while you were saying mass.'

These things are probably made for the people, but it was given me as authentic. Are stories of princes ever authentic? not, I hope, those we heard from Langford Court. The

damsel spoken of then lives, I find, in close amity and voluminous correspondence with a lady I just know by sight, of the name and family of her who, I believe, slept in my beautiful room at Mendip Lodge when I left it. Dear Mrs. Whalley will recollect the three-syllable name, beginning with an E. Meanwhile, here is a tremendous land and sea storm, the noisiest weather I ever heard so early in the winter. We begin planting the mountain to-morrow; those who live to see the trees grow up will find this house charmingly sheltered by them, and Salusbury's titmice may reap profit from them besides. I must leave things as neat and compact for him as I can; and as pretty Siddons used to say of her children, I must pray for them, and then leave them in the hands of God. It delights me to hear so much good of her Cecilia.* Adieu, my dear sir, and pray that I may continue to deserve that unvaried friendship with which you have so long honoured your much obliged,

H. L. P.

MRS. H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish we could feed your craving appetite with more novelty. Such as I have, I send; and, that Mrs. Whalley may not burst in ignorance, we have sent the 'Bristol' to stop her mouth. I am not in the press; when Madame Staël occupies the whole reading world, how can such a puny insect as I, think of creeping out of my hole?

With our united kindest regards, I remain ever, my dear sir, yours, most faithfully,

H. MORE.

[Madame de Staël dates the preface to her 'Allemagne' in October 1813; and probably the above letter was written in the following year.]

* Miss Cecilia Siddons was Dr. Whalley's goddaughter. Sir Thos. Lawrence took a likeness of her in crayons, at Dr. Whalley's request, which the Editor now possesses. It is in Lawrence's best style.

MRS. PIOZZI TO MRS. WHALLEY, QUEEN SQUARE, BATH.

Brynbella, May 2, 1814.

My dear Mrs. Whalley is unspeakably kind in sending me those sweet verses; pray, pray, accept my truest thanks, and believe me among the sincerest of them that rejoice.

It was really and apparently the finger of God, because we might have had peace with this strange mortal, had he not been inspired to reject terms which no man in his wits would have rejected; and, for my own part, I doubt his sanity. Let us see how he behaves at Elba, with his title of 'L'Empereur' so oddly continued to him. The island cannot, I think, be bigger than our Anglesey.

From Buonaparte to the dog is a step higher, certainly. Let me request you, dear madam, to send him immediately to Streatham Park, where I have servants now, and will be myself, if it please God, before the Whitsun holidays are over.

My dear Salusbury will probably call me to witness his happiness early in September; and, when all that nonsense is over, I shall hope, at old Bath, to find lodging-houses much the cheaper for the immoderate emigration to Paris. What a grand mercy it was that the usurper did not get in there before the Allies! He would most infallibly have blown the town up.

We have reason now to expect them all in London* for a short time — and a mad moment it will be, no doubt — a short one I sincerely wish it may be, having no taste to

* Allusion is here made to the intended visit of the allied Sovereigns and foreign notables to England, after the peace of Paris. They arrived in London the 7th of June, and re-embarked at Dover on the 27th. They were invited to a Grand Commemoration held at Oxford, where they received honorary degrees, Blucher among the rest, who appeared ill at ease in his academical costume.

crowds and crushing, and no desire to die like the parish clerk of Sittingbourne,*—

Yet not incurious, feel inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.

Adieu! dear madam. Present me most kindly to dear Dr. Whalley, and give my tender love to the fair Queen of Mendip. † I wish some of these noble strangers could see the beautiful lodge and verandah. They have no private property like it; no, not one of them.

Farewell! and forget not her who will be ever yours while
H. L. Piozzi.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Streatham Park, Monday Night, July 4, 1814.

AH! my dear, kind friend! my ever-faithfully attached Dr. Whalley! And must we really part so, without any well-founded hope of meeting again in this world? Your sweet letter would have taken my breath quite away, had not our beloved Siddons prepared me for its reception. Neither she nor I, however, can say a word against your very rational plan. Health is the first thing to be considered, and, as you say, our lives are of consequence to our successors.

I am glad I saw Mendip in its full beauty and glory, very glad. I have now seen the most beautiful place in England, under possession of a friend I must ever love and respect.

* On Louis XVIII.'s triumphant return from this country in 1814, to ascend the throne of the Bourbons, multitudes thronged to congratulate him as he passed, and the street at Sittingbourne being very narrow in parts, a man, not the clerk of the place but of the neighbouring village of Bobbing, was driven over by the royal carriage, and killed. Louis XVIII granted a pension to the widow and children, which, much to the credit of the French Government, malgré the various subsequent changes in the reigning powers, still continues to be paid.

† A summer-house so called.

Let me hear often from you: how else shall I hear of you when in France?

Dear Salusbury is not here; his letter of last week said he was to be at Shrewsbury on Wednesday to see the illuminations, and join in the processions made there for my Lord Hill, the Shropshire hero. To be 'frantic with joy' is become characteristic of English people. London has borne the appearance of a mad town these last weeks, since I have been in its neighbourhood; and rejoicing is not yet at an end, although I suppose money must be at an end, and that very soon, if half is true which I am told concerning the expenses of these truly voluptuous festivities. The dear Lutwiches called here and took an early dinner, and pitied me and admired my gilded millstone. I am yet undetermined about it, but my desire and hope is to keep it in my own hands, spending the winter months at Bath, the summer months here, if possible. No one can guess the expense of my dilapidations and repairs. I will tell you honestly that Meade's bill is 4,160*l.* sterling, of which he has already had 2,550*l.* All this besides the furniture.

Never mind, I will endeavour to get through all, with the help of a faithful steward, but there must be a little pinching the first year. House-rent will probably be cheaper than usual in great towns, when so many people are flocking to France. I expect the Bath folks must lower their prices; but '*nous verrons*,' and you know how little my heart leans to the despairing side of things.

The spotted dog* has lived happily here this long time,

* Dr. Whalley for many years continued a breed of large Danish dogs, spotted white and liver colour, of great sagacity. They were fond of hunting on a hill abounding with rabbits, in the demesne of Mendip Lodge. During Dr. Whalley's winter residence in Bath, two of these dogs, named Duke and Duchess, would absent themselves at intervals for one clear day, and it was ascertained that they spent the time in a visit to the Lodge to enjoy their favourite pastime.

and is at last sent off to his dear master with a new footman, so he will be taken care of upon the road ; and in eight weeks I expect a call to witness the beginning of felicity to my darling boy. There is no reason why those young creatures should be otherwise than happy, except that happiness is not the growth of this world, nor should be sought in it. That panting after future enjoyment, which starts out in the first germ of life, and continues even while that germ is withering, was certainly intended to push still farther than this globe admits, or fancy would not cringe, when quite incapable of raising wind enough to change her place. No matter ; you and I (whatever we may say to others or ourselves) still feel a possibility of clearing out from every difficulty even here, and a hope of dying at home, undisturbed by outward circumstances. May it be so to both of us ! and may our successors be contented with what we have done for them, conscious that we could do no more. I do think the very air of France will lighten the oppression on your spirits, and that my first kind letter will be a cheerful one.

Do not stop nearer than Lyons or Grenoble ; it is scarcely worth while to change for a less southern latitude, and seriously I do think such another horrid winter as the last, would separate us more than a sea voyage will. Be of good cheer, remembering how, among many, many friends you leave behind, thousands of prayers and wishes for your safe return are sent up daily to the Throne of Grace, and none more warm and true than those of dear Dr. Whalley's forty years' attached and ever obliged servant,

H. L. P.

Make my best compliments to Mrs. Whalley.

P.S.—I could not write a longer letter, still less could I write a pretty one. May the God you have never ceased to trust and believe in send you safe home in His good time ! Farewell !

During the residence of Louis XVIII. and his little court in England, he visited Bath, and accepted the civilities of some of the leading people in that city, and none at that time ranked higher than Mr. and Mrs. Lutwyche. He was a Shropshire gentleman; she a daughter of Sir Noah Thomas, a baronet and well-known physician. They occupied a handsome house in Marlborough Buildings, where they kept much company. Mrs. Piozzi, in alluding to his death in 1818, mentions them as a most attached couple. She survived several years. Admiral Sir Henry Bayntun, a resident of Bath, who commanded the 'Leviathan' at Trafalgar, married in 1809 a niece of Mr. Lutwyche, by whom he had a family. When Louis XVIII. ascended the throne of his ancestors, among the numerous English who visited Paris, we find, by this letter, were the Lutwyses and their beautiful niece Mary. Many refugees of distinction had settled during the long war in Bath, where they were kindly received, and the Lutwyses had therefore many friends among the French noblesse; their reception by them, and at the Tuileries, is detailed in the following letter:—

MRS. MARY LUTWICHE TO DR. WHALLEY, MENDIP LODGE.

Calais, Wednesday, September 7, 1814.

YOUR kind, your flattering letter, my dear sir, I only received on the eve of my departure from Paris, and at a moment when my heart was much oppressed by parting from old and very dear friends. I am sure it is needless to say that our good Chevalier de Boisgelin was the one we the most deeply regretted. I will, however, hope that he will be tempted to revisit England, since, though he is for the present pleasantly lodged at his niece's, a good-humoured, pleasing young woman, new relations (for so they may be termed, having never before known them) can never be

compared to old and tried friends. Besides, his health does not appear improved by the air of Paris, which, it must be owned, agreed perfectly with me and my dear Lutwyche, who found himself equal to walking six or seven miles, which you, I am assured, will think him imprudent for doing.

Agreeably as we passed our time in that gay city, he could not be tempted to remain there more than one month, disliking the idea of passing the sea in an advanced season, and I cannot help feeling uneasy that you should purpose crossing to Dieppe so late as the end of September. The road from Calais to Paris is so extremely fine, and the postillions drive so well, that I think you would do well to go that way. You need not stay in Paris, though nothing can be quieter than that metropolis. Whether or not discontent reigns there, I am ignorant; but this I know, that nothing can equal the people's enthusiasm for their good king, and the air is rent by their cries of 'Vive le Roi, vive notre bon Roi!' whenever he appears. The Duchesse d'Angoulême is adored, and with reason, for she is an angel. Their reception of us was very flattering. Ladies are presented on an evening in the following manner. After assembling in the *Salle de la Paix* (a most beautiful apartment), they enter, one by one, into the presence-chamber, where the king is seated in an arm-chair. As they pass him in procession, their long trains sweeping the ground, they mention their names to the lord in waiting, when the king bows, but seldom speaks. On my appearing, he smiled before I had spoken, and holding out his hand in the kindest manner, held mine, whilst he expressed his pleasure at seeing me, and whilst I assured him I was happy now I saw him in Paris.

I then passed on to the apartments of Monsieur, to whom I was presented as he went round the circle in the English style. He asked me if I meant to stay long in

France, and I answered that we only came to make our compliments to the king, whom we knew in Bath.* He then said that His Majesty was delighted with Bath, and with the kind reception he met with. The Duc d'Angoulême, whom I next visited, exclaimed, 'How little did we think of meeting here!' He sent his compliments to Lutwyche, who was presented to them all a few days afterwards. The King asked kindly after him and Mary (Mayhew). The latter being a demoiselle, I thought it better not to present her; but I took her to the gallery through which the King passes to mass, and the moment he saw her, notwithstanding his great cortége, he stopped it all, and taking her hand, called her in English his 'dear Miss,' and spoke most kindly to her, which so affected her spirits, from the contrast of his situation at Bath, and the magnificence which surrounded him, that she burst into a flood of tears.

During my short stay at Paris, I went four times to court, and the dear Duchesse d'Angoulême told both Lutwyche and myself that they owed their change of fortune to our sincere vows and prayers in their favour. Their gratitude to England is unbounded, and the name of English is a passport everywhere. The fête of St. Louis was very magnificent; there was a grand 'couvert' for the first time since the happy change in affairs. We had tickets for it, and, though Mary had not a court dress, our friend, the Duc de Grammont, took her in, and placed her near the royal table, from which, when they arose, the King and Duchesse spoke very kindly to her.

On the following Monday (the 29th of August), the city of Paris gave a most splendid fête at the Hotel de Ville, to the king and royal family, at which between three and four

* Mrs. Piozzi, in a letter given, dated Nov. 17, 1813, alludes to the French King being then in Bath, and wishes he had heard Mrs. Siddons read 'Macbeth' at Dr. Whalley's house in Queen Square.

thousand persons were present. Lutwyche only remained there a very short time ; but Mary and I stayed from half-past two in the afternoon till three the following morning. The *salle de bal* was particularly pretty, and had all the appearance of a fairy palace : the walls were covered with gold and silver gauze, so disposed as to resemble solid metal. Besides the lamps in the centre, I think there were nearly 1,500 candles, and the whole was ornamented by lilies.

Do not imagine that you are forgotten by the gentlemen who attended the king to Bath. The day we dined with the Comte de Blacas, who lives in the style of a prince, I sat near the Duc d'Havre and the Comte Etienne de Damas, with whom I talked much about you. I had just received dear Mrs. Whalley's letter, and I did not fail to mention the interest both she and you took in everything relative to their excellent king. I have not the honour of being known to the Archbishop of Rheims ; but every one of the others showed us particular attention. The Comte de Blacas, of

hom I knew but little at Bath, was extremely kind. He gave us an order to see all the royal residences ; he invited us to a fine concert and supper, where I met several pleasant people, and he lent us his box one night at the opera, and another at the play. His wife is a remarkably pleasing, and, indeed, a very pretty woman, and his hotel is in a style of great magnificence.

I know not how others may find society in Paris, but we were fortunate enough to meet with what was very pleasant. The Chevalier's aunt, the Comtesse de Boisgelin (the sister of the late Archbishop of Aix), is a clever old woman, full of conversation, and always at home, in the ancient Paris fashion. His niece and her husband were particularly obliging ; we saw them almost every day, and went in a party together to Meudon and St. Cloud, both of which are furnished in a style of peculiar taste and

magnificence; indeed, everything is now most splendid, and it is not easy to give a description of the riches contained in all the palaces and public buildings. The horrid tyrant spared no expense in decorations, &c. Apothecary-like, he thought it necessary to gild the bitter pill he made his people swallow. He has, however, been too profuse of his gold, having spoiled the noble simplicity of the dome of the Invalides, by covering it with that precious metal. I own I feel my heart beat high with indignation on seeing, at every moment, the letter N in every part of the palace now inhabited by the best of kings. Some one punned on the occasion, and said, ‘*Il a des N (enne) mis partout.*’* This sounds well, though it does not write so.

I am happy to say that Mr. Seymour is pretty well recovered; he was at Paris during the whole of our stay. We dined with him three times. At our last visit, which was the Thursday before our departure, we met there Mr. Leman,† and our friend, the Bishop of Cloyne, who were also to leave Paris last Monday, and return through Rouen to Calais. They, too, wished to see Normandy, but would not venture to take the long voyage to Brighton, which I heartily hope you will not think of doing.

I met with an accident that evening, which might have been a very serious one. I quitted Mr. Seymour in a hurry, in order to take my leave of the king, which Lutwyche had done in the morning. Walking fast into the Tuileries, my foot caught in my petticoat, and, after staggering a few steps, I fell on my face on the marble, which made my nose gush out blood. My servant and the soldiers helped me up, and gave

* The pun is so good, that, but for the date of this letter, we should imagine it invented after the conspirators had brought back Napoleon from Elba.

† For many years a well-known inhabitant of Bath, residing in the Royal Crescent. He was fond of the game of whist, at which Dr. Whalley used to sit down at his house, once or twice a week, during the winter season. They used to play for half-guinea points, but always broke up early.

me water. These operations prevented my seeing the king; but, notwithstanding my red and swollen appearance, I waited on the Duchesse, who, as usual, was all kindness.

On Saturday we left Paris, and travelled the new road by Beauvais to this place, where we arrived early on Tuesday, and where we purpose remaining a few days before we embark. What is to become of us if we arrive safely on the opposite shore, I cannot yet tell. We may perhaps visit the Webbe Westons near Guildford, or may turn our faces towards Bath.

We purpose stopping a night at Hales Place to collect various articles we left behind. Sir Edward and his family quitted Paris on the same day as ourselves, but intended remaining a short time at Boulogne; they will not, consequently, be at home to receive us. We all lodged in the same hotel, but had separate tables and carriages. The misfortune of not being able to speak intelligibly prevents his mixing in society, and she is too good a wife to leave him. Their time was therefore passed at the theatres, and in seeing the various curiosities contained in that interesting capital. These are, beyond description, fine, and it would require volumes to give an idea of the treasures of the Louvre. The gallery, 1,300 feet in length, is filled by the finest paintings, stolen from the most celebrated collections: down stairs are the statues, where you, who have been in Italy, would find several of your old acquaintance, such as the Venus de Medicis, and the beautiful Apollo of Belvedere.

Thursday, September 8.

I could not contrive to finish my letter yesterday in time for the post, and perhaps it is fortunate I could not, since I can now tell you that your friend, Mrs. Siddons, arrived last night at Calais. I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance; but I saw her seated at her breakfast, looking very

well, and a young person by her, who is, I suppose, your goddaughter.* Lutwyche met Mrs. Siddons at Mrs. Piozzi's, during our visit to London; and should he see her in the garden, in which we are both lodged, he would certainly speak to her. I wish it might be the case, for it is not easy to describe Mary's curiosity to see so justly celebrated a character. When I think of dear Mrs. Piozzi, I feel quite ashamed, for she wished me to write to her from Paris, and I certainly should have been happy to do so; but strange as it may appear, I had not a moment to myself. Immediately after breakfast the carriage was at the door, and when we returned at night we were so tired, that our first care was to sacrifice to Morpheus. During the whole of our stay at Paris I never opened a book, and excepting a few lines to Sophy, and poor afflicted Lady Collier, with one letter of business, I never took up a pen.

I know not whether you remember my old friend, Miss Sayer, who married Mr. de Pougens, and lives near Soissons. We were very impatient to see her and her husband, and, inconvenient as it would have been, we intended to have visited them before our return; but they kindly spared us that trouble, and took a journey of sixty miles on purpose to embrace us. We were fortunate enough to procure a room in the same hotel, and had the pleasure of their society for the last ten days.

You judge rightly about Mary. She was greatly admired, and it is a happy circumstance that vanity is not her reigning foible. At the fête at the Hotel de Ville, people crowded around her, and were quite loud in their expressions of admiration. Were she less pretty, that might equally have been the case; for the Parisian ladies are not very charming, and their sugar-loaf heads, and their great display of forehead, are not calculated to improve their beauty.

* Miss Cecilia Siddons.

The Duc de Harcourt* is, I understand, expected in Paris the latter end of this month. I saw his son and daughter-in-law, and like them much. I likewise saw Madame Alexandre de Boisselin, sister of the Mons. Harcourt who married dear Mrs. Whalley's cousin. Pray tell her how uneasy I have been about the circumstance of the dog's licking her face. I cannot, however, believe she was really mad; and now that I have received your letter, and you mention nothing of the affair, I must think that all is well.

I am going to write to our dear Chevalier, and will tell him what you say about Orleans. Whatever he can do to be useful to you, I think I may venture to promise, you may command; but I doubt his long absence from France may leave him more the will than the power to oblige. From what you say of Dijon, I am almost sorry you do not decide on choosing it for your place of residence; but what you mention of remaining on the Continent till 1816, really grieves me. This, indeed, is a long absence for people at our time of life to reflect upon. I will not, however, give way to low spirits, but wish you, in my own and in my dear Lutwyche's name, every possible happiness till we meet again. Your letter came to me by the post, and you see I am determined to revenge myself by sending a long one in return.

Amie kisses your hand. God bless you! my dear sir,
prays your affectionate

M. L.

Mrs. Lambert, the writer of the following letter, was a friend of Dr. Whalley during his first gay days at Bath. Miss Burney mentions going to a party at her house in 1780, and calls her an easy, chatty, sensible woman of the world.

* Mrs. Whalley, who survived her husband a few years, left the money she had to dispose of to the Duc de Harcourt, whom she claimed as her relative.

She was the sister of Sir Philip Jennings, and at that time a widow, her husband having held the rank of General:—

MRS. LAMBERT TO DR. WHALLEY, 45, BAKER STREET,
LONDON.

Clifton, September 13, 1814.

MY DEAR, MOST WORTHY FRIEND,—Your letter, which arrived last night, wounded my feelings more than words can express. To think of you wandering alone in a foreign climate, in a state of health you describe, without a friend to smooth your pillow and soothe every care, destined alone to seek a quiet and lonely retirement! With a mind full of affection, sentiment, and love like yours, what situation can be more distressing? I must beg of you, my dear sir, to give me by letter frequent intelligence where you are, and the effect change of climate may produce. I have not long to look forward to, and am in a very distressing state, without severe pain or suffering much; but when arrived at the period of labour and sorrow, we can only hope, through the mercy of God, to make a quiet and happy release. I have had a life of severe heart-felt suffering, but our heavenly Father has not left me without the consolation of his Holy Spirit, and many more advantages than I could be entitled to for any merit of my own.

Your publications will be my most interesting study. If there are any you would point out to me which I have not, be so good as to inform me. I see to write this without the help of spectacles, which, bad as it is, I am very thankful for, and willingly compromise my failing ears for the amount of eyesight I enjoy. So long as I am able to write, I can never fail to subscribe myself, most truly,

Your affectionate friend,

E. LAMBERT.

My daughter desires her good wishes and regards.

DR. WHALLEY TO ARTHUR ANSTEY, ESQ.

Orleans en France, October 10, 1814.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—You and dear Mrs. Arthur will be glad to know from myself that I am still in the land of the living; and it is well that I am, for I was so dreadfully shaken by the rough paved roads from Montrueil to Versailles, that I was obliged, by serious illness, to travel by short stages, and to lie by several times on my long journey. The road from Versailles hither renewed and increased my complaints, so that I was half dead on reaching Orleans. Five days' complete rest and cooling and emollient medicines have much lessened the torment in my back and kidneys, so that with quiet and care, I hope to get patched up sufficiently in a month to pursue my journey to Nevers, the capital of the Nivernois, about 100 miles south of this city, and the road to which, I am assured, is less rough than that from Versailles. Nevers has been strongly recommended to me as a pretty and populous city, affording good and cheap accommodation, with a fertile and beautiful country around it, a charming river flowing almost at its foot, and blessed with a mild atmosphere in the winter. Orleans is a large, venerable and interesting city. There are not many fine buildings in it, but the *tout-ensemble* has a grand imposing air. The two front towers, however, of the cathedral are singularly majestic, and of such light and elegant workmanship, that though they have lasted several ages, one would be inclined to believe that a violent storm would blow away their pierced battlements, and the slender open pillars by which they are surrounded. The bridge also is simple, massy, noble and of a great span; but the river is not beautiful, being broken into various channels by great sand-banks. The whole soil about Orleans and the whole way (seventy-three miles) from Versailles is an immense

mass of deep sand, and it was this detestable sand which obliged us for many miles together to rattle over the pavement, the vast ruts preventing the postillion from driving by its side.

I saw Laxton in town ; he looked extremely ill, and was so, in consequence of having slept in a damp bed. I ordered him to take no further steps respecting Mendip Lodge till April ; and when you write to him, pray direct him, when the time is ripe, to refer any person who may be inclined to purchase it, &c., to you for a card to view the premises ; such card, signed by you, will induce Mrs. Naish to show it off to the best advantage. When Whitley remits you 800*l.* on my account, you will keep 300*l.* for your own use, and pay my debt (which hangs on my mind) to Mr. Farrer with the remainder.

I shall be rejoiced to know that your business increases, but fear that till peace is concluded with the Yankees, which I think cannot be far distant, there will be but little chance of your selling your property at Bushy, or your house in Park Street. Inform my wife, with my affectionate remembrances, that you have heard from me, and desire her from me always to write on a small sheet of thin paper, as they charge letters in France by the weight, so that for her letter, owing to its being written on a large thick sheet of paper, I paid four shillings postage from Calais. With my most affectionate regards to dear Mrs. Arthur, not forgetting every other member of your family, I am, my dear Arthur, your invariable and very affectionate friend,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

Amans is an unspeakable comfort to me in my very infirm health and dejected spirits.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Bath, November 19, 1814.

MY dear Dr. Whalley, both absent and present, ever highly valued by his oldest and best-judging friends, must at length receive the intelligence he expressed himself kindly desirous to read—the marriage of my good boy with the girl of his heart.

After a hundred frivolous and teasing delays, occasioned by the will of dear Piozzi's surviving trustee, we at last prevailed on Mr. Cox, his heir-at-law, though by no means his executor, to sign the deed of reconveyance, which he wished to avoid doing, and he did avoid till the first counsel in England said he must do it, because, being freehold property, he made himself amenable when he took his father's landed estate. We therefore went to church on the seventh of this month, and the happy younglings jumped into their carriage and away to their own Brynbella, leaving me awhile to comfort Mrs. Pemberton, at Condover Park, Salop, for the loss of her Harriet Maria. From that magnificent dwelling I drove hither in a few days—

From apartments of eighteen feet high, where they dine,
To a chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine,

Goldsmith says; but 'tis big enough for my little establishment and straitened income—straitened by the surveyor and the furnisher of Streatham Park—always a gilded millstone round my neck, while you will acknowledge 6,500*l.* a dreadful heavy debt on any dowager. Much, however, is already paid, and the rest shall be paid, if God lends me life, for I will leave nothing for my executors to discharge of expenses on my account, except funeral ones, and they shall carry me home to Dymorchion, die where I will.

Your running to France was a cruel stroke to me; I

applaud the deed, however, and only marvel why you do not go farther towards the south. Lyons and Grenoble are such places to winter in; a very few considerations restrain me or I would go myself.

Siddons is come home, I hear, but not from her. What she has done with herself and Mrs. Mostyn during the course of their tour remains in darkness; but they are dear creatures all the party of them, and no doubt delighted with their frolic.

Sir Walter James, too, is gone, and Bath looks very empty when I go anywhere; but it is only to the Lutwyches and to church that I do go. Pray tell me whether our Anglican Church is openly tolerated since the return of the Bourbons.

There are always Calvinists about Grenoble; but those who are fluttering about Paris know nothing but the dimensions of the gallery at the Louvre, and the price of a good dinner *chez les restaurateurs*.

Nevers is an interesting place to me, as the birthplace of Maitre Adam, whose *chevilles* nobody reads but myself. The entrance to the town is, however, famous for its striking beauty: and the Duke of the district! oh, how well do I remember the thin, tall, slight-made, but very elegant person coming over here to settle, as ambassador, what was called the Peace of Paris. Charles Townshend, to whom all *bons-mots* in those days were ascribed, said, humorously, 'Why, here are the actual preliminaries of a man sent over to dictate to us the preliminaries of a peace.' If, however, this airy figure did actually survive the horrors of Robespierre's reign, remaining unsuspected and untouched through a revolution effected by assassins, and ended by a superior demon who crushed them all at once, he was indeed a wondrous mortal, and deserved at least to see the rightful family restored. My heart tells me, however, that Le Duc

de Nivernois died about two years ago. You will not die abroad, I am confident. Like your excellent mamma's, your constitution will, with care, outlast hundreds who appear strong and well-bodied; but we uncomplaining creatures live only because never attacked by illness, like

The friend that is true, because none will confide,
And the nymph that is chaste, who has never been tried, &c.

The moment I am taken seriously hold of by disease I shall despair of my own life, and that disposition will give more power to the enemy. There was a Mr. Hay, an apothecary, here at Bath, who said that was the natural feeling and conduct of all the Welsh people he had known, and so it certainly is.

Have you heard how our English world is improving? Marianne Francis tells me that, by dint of perpetual teaching and learning, we make rapid approaches to a happy time. She does not give instances, but I shall ask her this evening whether 'tis in religion or morality that we are getting forward so. If Lady Roseberry and Sir Henry Mildmay* are mending the manners of our nation, surely Mr. Howston's pamphlet and Mrs. Joanna Southcote's advertisements do no less in the cause of religion. I never felt my ears tingle as they do of late with these stories, which, even at seventy-four years old, are actually new to my dear Dr. Whalley's ever-obliged and faithful

H. L. Piozzi.

DR. WHALLEY TO ARTHUR ANSTEY, ESQ., HARRINGTON
PLACE, BATH.

Nevers, January 17, 1815.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Your long, interesting, and most friendly letter reached me on Monday evening, and I lose no

* Mrs. Piozzi is here alluding, satirically, to the scandal of the day. The marriage of Henrietta Bouverie, niece to the first Earl of Radnor, with Archibald, Earl of Roseberry, was dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1815.

time in answering it. Your friendship I never doubted, or can doubt; but every fresh assurance of it, especially at this distance, and among strangers in a foreign land, is soothing and consolatory to my heart.

Amans could have no object in intercepting and concealing my wife's letters, to his own loss, dishonour, and shame, and my uneasiness; and she forgets that, though it was his misfortune to be reduced to service by a thoughtless and extravagant father, his birth and connections are quite equal to hers or mine, and that he would have inherited a considerable estate, had not his unnatural grandfather, Mr. Slade, revenged his mother's refusal to marry her cousin, the Duke of Bolton—marrying Mr. Amans against his consent—on his grandson's innocent head. Through some savings, and various handsome legacies (one of 500*l.* from the late Mr. Slade, of Marlborough Buildings) Amans is independent of me, and kindly consented to accompany me to France for my comfort. I should be very unjust, unfeeling, and ungrateful not to have added to that independence by my will. Set Mr. Farrer, &c., quite right about the supposed intercepted letters.

This severe weather, for we have hard frost and a deep snow, almost kills me. Added to the constant weakness of my chest, I am suffering from under the pressure of a heavy cold, which threatens to reduce me to keep my bed till the atmosphere is milder. I feel that I must travel much farther south next autumn, should it please God to preserve my life till that time. The sale of Mendip Lodge, &c., would be a great weight removed from my mind. This would induce me to return, if able, for three months to England—probably my last visit to my native land and friends. I am, alas! more and more sensible of, and more and more injured by, cold.

The Neverians are very attentive and kind to me, espe-

cially Count Coëtlosquet, the general of the district, who is full of talents, gaiety, frankness and fire. He has the finest countenance I ever beheld, as open and dignified as handsome. His carriage, his cellar, his library, and his society—the best of all—are at my service. Remember me most kindly to your dear wife and every member of your family, not forgetting the amiable Rookes, who you know are favourites with me. I rejoice in their great accession of fortune—they are truly worthy of it. Adieu! my dear Arthur, and believe me ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

Give my love to my wife. I wrote, the end of last week, to her, and made it clear that I had received the three letters she had directed hither.

MRS. HANNAH MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, À NEVERS.

Barley Wood, February 2, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken the latitude you gave me of not writing to you till I had done with my Apostle [St. Paul]. Happily for me, that period is come. I have despatched the last sheet, and I hope we shall publish in a week or two. I shall not let slip any occasion which may be found of conveying to you my last printed memorial of friendship. Many thanks for your very kind, very interesting, and very informing letter. With pleasure I walk with you through the streets of Orleans, after sympathising with your dislocated limbs and weary bones in your most fatiguing and laborious pilgrimage thither. But with most satisfaction do I sit down with you in your spacious and splendid apartments at Nevers. We all rejoice that you are so surrounded with the domestic comforts, so essential to such veteran invalids as you and I are. To be sure, we could not hear without envy of the cheapness and excellence

of your abundant provisions. My remarks against French emigration, in the last chapter of my new book, do not in any measure apply to you, and to such as you, whose motive is health, and whose pursuit is a better climate, but to those who so impetuously rushed into the dissipations and vices of Paris, under pretence of seeing pictures and statues, for which they might have waited a little.

I think, my dear friend, you will unite with me in thanking God for the marvellous deliverance He has wrought for me. I was standing in my room alone about noon, near some books, with one side to the fire. I was providentially wrapt in three shawls for a bad cold. I heard a sort of a roaring behind me, which I concluded was the wind in the chimney, and did not look round till I saw the flames dancing on the ceiling over my head. I then found my clothes were on fire. In vain I tried to extinguish it. Against my custom, I had locked the door; this caused a little delay. I did not attempt to run down stairs, thinking it would fan the flame, but stood at the top, calling for help. When I saw them coming up, I walked back to my room. I was become behind one sheet of flame! A dear, generous friend, Miss Roberts, took me up, as if I had been a child, laid me on the floor, and thrusting both hands into the flames, tore off my clothes. Of one shawl not a thread was left; the other was nearly reduced to ashes; my other clothes much burnt and scorched; but my deliverer's hands were so terribly burnt, that she could not feed herself for some weeks. Thanks to a merciful God, we are both quite recovered. Another minute, and nothing could have saved me. I have been under great affliction for my very good and attached friend, Mr. H. Thornton. A wife and nine children are not the only mourners; hundreds of poor will long lament him.

What say you to that Ephesian matron, Mrs. Percival? I

feel a horror at her. Such a man! * such a death! so recent! a daughter three-and-twenty. Have you seen Mr. Wilberforce's letter to Talleyrand? It produced a great sensation in Paris. Lord Castlereagh presented two copies to every sovereign and negotiator at Vienna; and Duke Wellington, who has taken a warm interest in the business, saw one given to every legislative member in Paris. It was written with all the force and depth of truth. My friend, Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle, is dead. He had just made the place quite perfect! The Addingtons are gone to town, he not quite well. I believe poor Bere died before your departure: a more dreadful death I never heard of—fits of insanity frequent—shrieks so dreadful that his nurse, who said she could stand anything, could not stand this, but left him. I hope he made his peace! He had my hearty forgiveness. Henry Leeves is gone to Madeira, and I hope will get the chaplainship.

Your account of your *fille* and your *menage* amused us much. The complete quiet, a little relieved by the easy and pleasant society you describe, are good both for your health and spirits. I trust we shall, both you and I, find it useful to our best interests to have some interval between the world and the grave. May we meet, if not in this world, which yet I hope we may, at least in a better!

Is the prayer of your very sincerely obliged

H. MORE.

The following friendly letter communicated to Dr. Whalley the general defection from the Bourbons, when Napoleon landed from Elba (March 1st), and urged on Dr. Whalley the necessity of immediate flight.

* Mr. Percival, Prime Minister, was shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons, May 11th, 1812.

COMTE DU COËTLOSQUET TO DR. WHALLEY.

Mars 1815.

MON CHER WHALLEY,—Je ne puis sortir pour vous aller voir. Voici le dernier conseil d'ami bien sincère que j'aurai peut-être à vous donner. Partez de suite, et le plus tôt possible sera lent à retourner en Angleterre, sans vous arrêter. La situation des choses est telle que la guerre civile est infaillible. Si la fortune de mon Roi est malheureuse, vous me reverrez peut-être en Angleterre. Adieu, mon ami,

A vous pour la vie,

COMTE DU COËTLOSQUET.

MRS. LUTWYCHE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Friday, March 31, 1815.

IT made me very happy, my dear sir, to have it in my power to relieve the anxiety of my kind friend Mrs. Whalley, by immediately sending her your letter, which I only received yesterday. On my return home in the evening, I found one from her expressive of great uneasiness at not having had any intelligence about you since the 15th, when you were still in that sink of iniquity, from which give me leave to congratulate you the advice of your friends induced you to escape. One day longer, and the arch fiend might perhaps have prevented your departure. It is not in the power of words to describe what we have felt since the news arrived of the monster being landed in France. My good husband could neither eat nor sleep, and my nerves have been in a most shattered state. Dear Mary, too, I never saw her so much affected before. Dreadful certainty has now taken place of cruel suspense, and nothing but the firmest trust in Divine Providence could in the smallest degree support our spirits. One horrid feeling has at least been spared us, that of disappointment; for the moment we found that he had been received at Lyons, we were convinced that

all was over. Indeed, we began to think, with some degree of reason, that the affair had been planned, even before his pretended abdication. One hope, however, still is left us, that the Allies, convinced of their error, will never a second time be influenced by mistaken lenity. Their proclamation speaks them determined, and we may still see the Usurper punished; but, were I the good king, nothing should tempt me to re-enter a country which so decidedly prefers the government of the angel of darkness, to that of the angel of light.

Our minds were greatly relieved on knowing our good Chevalier had left Paris on the 14th; we have heard from him twice—once from Mons, where he rested two days, and once from Brussels. My good husband wrote to him directly to press his immediate return to England, and we are all impatient for his reply, for it is impossible not to be terrified lest any attempt should be made on the Netherlands.

We immediately made inquiries about the man-servant you mention, who attended upon Mr. Leman and the Bishop of Cloyne, during their last summer's visit to Paris. They found him a good *valet de place*, but Mr. Leman by no means recommends him as a servant, and appears to think him a *mauvais sujet*. I understand he lived with him formerly for some time. Of this answer you will make what use you think most prudent.

I have not seen Sir Henry Bayntun and Sophy this morning; when I do, I shall not fail to acquaint them with your kind remembrance. You will certainly soon write to dear Mrs. Whalley, and I am sure she will have the goodness to acquaint us with your plans, for Mons I should imagine to be much too near the French frontiers. I beg you to accept the best wishes of my husband and niece for your safety and happiness, in which they are sincerely joined by, dear sir,

Your obliged,

MARY LUTWYCHE.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, MONS.

Bath, April 8, 1815.

WHETHER in England, France, or Flanders, my dear Doctor Whalley is ever the same kind friend and agreeable correspondent. I like your residence at Mons extremely, for, though you did run away from Buonaparte, there will be no need to run away again, I dare say. The French will be '*convaincus de leur erreur*,' et le tout will soon, perhaps, be over. We are all here on tiptoe for intelligence; every eye full of fire, every tongue full of argument, every pocket full of pamphlets. There will be little else, I do think, in any of our pockets. My poor income, already sequestered to the surveyors and furnishers of Streatham Park, so as to leave me but 600*l.* a year, is to undergo further taxation, they tell me, and our mutton is ninepence the pound, while you are paying only twopence farthing.

The country is beautiful besides, and the spring forwarder than usual. Brussels, where we spent such happy hours in each other's company,* is not far from your present place of abode, and, if you would write those charming long letters often, I would show the activity you tell me of by running down stairs most swiftly to meet the post. Dear Salusbury's correspondence is now not worth a pin; he is thinking of nothing but his little wife, and she is thinking of nothing but the little child she intends to bring in the course of this next summer and autumn.

There has been a sort of contagious sickness at both our universities. I rejoice my boy is no longer a boy, and at neither of them. We had a curious account of the Duke d'Aremberg's family in our public prints lately. Is it true that they have all been so marked out by

* In the year 1787.

misfortune? and was the charming lady you made verses on, which verses my poor husband set and sung, was she guillotined? I never knew it till lately. Lord bless me! what things has France done and suffered within these last twenty-five years, and not weary yet!

Oh yes, I hope these are the last convulsions of her lunacy, and that restoration to common sense is at hand. It is exceedingly disagreeable, meanwhile, to hear our own people say that Louis dixhuit is too good a character for the present times; when more energy, meaning more wretchedness, is necessary to royal well-being. He is right; however, in saving his soul, if he cannot save his country; but if the Usurper is brought to him (which would not now much amaze me) he must not let him go as the fools did who had him in their power last year about this time.

The sandal tree, which perfumes the axe that cut it down, is the best emblem of Louis XVIII's behaviour to his marshals.

Mrs. Lutwyche has really suffered pungent sorrow on this occasion, and Dr. Browne Mill; but we are all reviving, and hoping, and half expecting good news every day. If you have any compassion for our earnestness, write, dear sir, and tell what conjectures we may form, and what glimpse of clear sky may be seen through the present suddenly-raised fog.

We have no occurrences to relate. Bath goes on as it used to do: now a coffin pushing you off the pavement, and now a bass-viol case. Poor little Doctor Bowen was buried last week, after a miserably long illness of sixteen weeks. I think that an unhappy fate indeed. Whatever door is opened for our departure, let us pray to God that it may not hang ajar, as the vulgar phrase is, for sixteen weeks! Dr. Murray, too, is very ill, but old Harrington, immortal Dr. Harrington, still lives, and still composes good music; his setting Shakespeare's words of 'Look, love, it is the nightingale; no, 'tis

the lark,' for three voices, has really an admirable effect as a glee.

We have the Roscius, too—Mr. Betty, a good actor; and dear Miss Williams has got her niece and nephew, Mr. and Miss Williams, of Bodylwgddau, in the town. They will add ten years to her life, I do think.

May yours, dear sir, be long and happy! and may we once meet to rejoice in the final comforts accruing from this fermentation in the best spirits of Europe.

Ever and truly yours,

H. L. PROZZI.

We have now received the newspaper with our Regent's resolution to arm: it will, I hope, be followed by his resolution to act. I will not grudge my last guinea. Miss Williams comes in and bids me add her compliments.

The following is partly an abstract, partly a copy made at the time, of a letter written at Louvain on the day after the memorable 18th of June. The original has not been found. An account of a battle, written by a civilian in a private situation, the day after the event, at a distance of twenty miles from the scene of action, would necessarily be inaccurate in its details. This inaccuracy would be further increased when we take into consideration, that, both on the 16th and 18th, two distinct engagements were fought within sound of Louvain, whilst the anxious listeners supposed that the roar of artillery proceeded on each occasion from one and the same battle-field. The two conflicts on the 16th are known as Quatrebras and Ligny. In the former, the Allied army, under Wellington, was attacked by Ney; in the latter, the Prussians, under Blucher, were assailed by Napoleon. The two fields were eight or ten miles apart, and, as mentioned, upwards of thirty from Louvain, Ligny

being the more distant of the two. The engagement did not, in either instance, begin early in the day. Blucher, defeated at Ligny, retreated towards Wavre, and thus kept open his communication with Wellington. Napoleon, believing him much more thoroughly beaten than was actually the case, detached Grouchy with a corps-d'armée of 33,000 men and 96 guns * to pursue him and complete his utter discomfiture; whilst he, the Emperor, with the bulk of his army, marched against the Anglo-allied force, with the determination of giving them battle as soon as he came up with them. With this view, he marched on the 17th to Quatrebras, whence the British retreated in excellent order to the plain of Waterloo, where they took up a strong position, which had been previously surveyed by their commander. The result of the next day's conflict, on the memorable 18th of June, it is needless to mention. Grouchy, meanwhile, mistook the Prussian line of march, and did not come up with them till nearly four o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th, when Bulow's corps, correctly mentioned in the letter, and three divisions of Blucher's army, were already well on their march in a different direction to join Wellington. Theilmann's corps alone remained behind, and was favourably posted at Wavre, but was so weakened by the succours sent to the Anglo-allied army, that it scarcely amounted to one-half of Grouchy's force. A vigorous cannonade was immediately commenced across the valley, in which lay the town of Wavre, by the two contending parties; and it was the roar of this artillery, proceeding from a new and distinct combat, not twelve miles distant, adding its thunder to that from the more distant cannons of Waterloo, to which Dr. Whalley alludes, as 'growing louder and louder' during the afternoon of this day, and consequently implying that the British were

* 'Waterloo,' by Col. Charraa.

giving way. Hence also the confused accounts brought to Louvain of the success of the French, and their close approach to the city.

It is singular that Doctor Whalley should make no mention of a cannonade in the early morning of the 19th, when the French crossed the Dyle, causing the Prussians to evacuate Wavre, and advanced in the direction of his city of refuge, which was then in much greater jeopardy than on the previous evening. It was only on Grouchy's receiving tidings of the utter overthrow of his chief on the preceding evening (intelligence which did not reach him till eleven o'clock on the following morning) that he relinquished his pursuit of the Prussians in their retreat towards Louvain. Probably the artillery was but little engaged either by the advancing or retiring party, and the report of the small arms of the skirmishers would not reach far : —

ABSTRACT AND COPY OF A LETTER FROM DR. WHALLEY
TO MRS. WICKHAM, FROME.

Louvain, June 19, 1815.

RUMOURS were in circulation, that Buonaparte had taken the Prussians by surprise, that they were without arms, or powder, or cartridges,* and were even unexpected

* There was at least some foundation for the report that the Prussians were deficient in ammunition. Capt. Siborne mentions in his history, 'that despatches were sent to Maestricht on the 17th, and other cities in the rear of the Prussian army, for the immediate transport of ammunition' (chap. 8). The Editor made acquaintance many years ago with a Dutch gentleman of Maestricht, who mentioned that when he was a boy, he was watching some English officers who were at this date busily engaged in despatching stores to the allied army. As they had great difficulty in expressing their wishes in Dutch, and he understood English, he assisted them with an occasional modest word. They soon found his value, and made use of him for some hours to their mutual satisfaction, he being flattered with their attention. At length, growing weary, he requested permission to retire, when he was most politely informed that his services could not be dispensed with, and that the sentry at the door had orders not to allow him to leave. After being kept prisoner during the greater part of the night, he was permitted to depart, with abundance of thanks and civilities.

to Lord Wellington. The Prussians were dreadfully butchered; and he (Lord Wellington) instantly adopted measures for reinforcing the Prussians with that coolness and activity which are so peculiarly his own. In less than three hours, nearly ten thousand troops of various nations, who were fortunately quartered in Brussels, marched rapidly towards Fleurus. Lord Wellington accompanied them to Gemappe, half way, where he halted to send off different orders, especially for the Belgians and Dutch army to advance by a forced march, and form a junction with the troops from Brussels. They all arrived near Fleurus early on the 16th,* and had scarcely joined Blucher's army, and set themselves in battle array, before they were furiously attacked by the greatly superior French army. The conflict was terrible, and lasted from between six and seven in the morning till the close of night. The Prussians were very roughly handled and beat from the ground, though not absolutely put to flight. The Belgians, &c., who formed the right, resisted every attack so firmly and nobly, that they not only kept their position, but at last forced the left wing of the French to fall considerably back, but their loss was severe. A fine battalion of Belgians, whom I often saw at Mons, was destroyed to a man, after an heroic resistance.†

* The hard-fought engagement of Quatrebras is here reported as a combined part of the battle of Fleurus or Ligny, whereas, though not so remote from those places, as the extremes of the battle-field of Solferino, it had no strategetical connexion between them. Menzel in his 'History of Germany' absurdly accuses Wellington of purposely withholding his succour from Blucher, and retiring with superior forces before Ney, at Quatrebras.

† The native reports of Belgian valour must have been singularly vain-glorious to have caused Dr. Whalley to speak of it in such terms. The Prince of Orange had under his command at Quatrebras 7,000 infantry and 16 guns, and some of the Dutch militia fought well; but at Waterloo the Dutch-Belgian force amounted, inclusive of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to upwards of 17,000 men, and the service they rendered was so scant, many regiments being with great difficulty kept on the field at all, that, in computing the comparative effective strength of the English and French armies, the former should be reduced by almost the full amount of this contingent.

A fine Scotch regiment, also, part of which I saw at Brussels, was nearly cut up.

Though distant above thirty miles from the field of battle, I distinctly heard the roar of the artillery for twelve hours, and could perceive that it advanced and became louder on the left, where the Prussians were so far defeated as to fall considerably back. Night luckily came to their assistance, added to the extreme exhaustion of the French, to whom some hours' repose became absolutely necessary. Meanwhile, our incomparable general had arranged his plan, viewed the ground near Gemappe, and chosen good positions for his own and Blucher's armies.

Certainly it was at his suggestion that Blucher began retiring, while the French still kept towards the little river of Dyle and a village called Wavre, which gave him the power of not only concentrating his with the Duke's army, but also of forming a junction with a strong corps of Prussians, under the brave Bulow, who had advanced rapidly to reinforce him from the neighbourhood of Liege, having gained some miles on the French.

There was no affair on the 17th except between Blucher's rear-guard and some French cavalry and light troops. Meanwhile, the Duke had reinforced his army with two of our best regiments of infantry, cantoned between Brussels and Termond, with nearly ten thousand of our matchless cavalry, and with seventy pieces of artillery. Many other regiments, it is said, joined him in the course of yesterday, a day that will be famous in the annals of history.

How the dreadful and bloody conflict began, whether the Allies attacked or were attacked, is not known, so stupid and confused are the newspaper accounts here; but the latter, I think. The field of battle, not being more than five little leagues from Louvain, the thunder of artillery and musketry shook the windows at which I stood,

attentive and anxious, all ear for the tremendous contest. From three to five the momentary roar of war grew louder and louder; from five to seven it neither increased nor diminished; from seven till half-past nine it became, to my great joy, fainter and fainter. But while I was assuring the loyal and worthy family in whose house I lodged that the French were evidently beaten and retiring, various persons, some of them very intelligent and respectable, came in with haggard looks and confidently asserted that the Prussian army was entirely routed, and that Lord Wellington was slowly retiring, though disputing every inch of ground, to Brussels. While I was reasoning with these messengers, and expressing my disbelief of their bad reports, a receiver of the taxes, a sensible and gentlemanly man, came in, full of terror, on purpose to urge my speedy departure, assuring me that a French column was within three miles of Louvain, and that orders were being executed for the immediate removal of the magazines and heavy baggage (this was true) to Antwerp. They added that twenty-four pieces of Bulow's artillery were arrived at one of the gates, to be removed to a place of safety.

I now began to think that my ear had greatly deceived me; and, as I could fly but not fight, I had been foolhardy in placing such implicit confidence in the Duke of Wellington for my protection, and in not leaving Louvain the day before. My active Swiss set about packing up my things, whilst the obliging master of the house went to secure post-horses. My things were soon packed, and my carriage soon ready, but neither post nor job-horses (so great was the consternation and so general the flight) were to be procured for love or money. However, the post-horse masters obligingly sent to assure me that I should have post-horses at four this morning to convey me to Malines, if the French did not enter Louvain before that time. As necessity has no law, I threw myself humbly on the protection of the Almighty, and

submitted with trembling to my fate. Fatigued, agitated, and harassed, I was preparing to go to bed, when the post-horse master and another gentleman, kindly came to assure me that I might sleep and stay here in peace, as certain news had arrived that the great French army were defeated at all points, and retreating in the greatest disorder. Never did I see such, &c.

The entire plunder of Brussels, as well as Louvain, Malines, &c., was promised to Buonaparte's ferocious soldiers, to stimulate them to desperate exertion.

Buonaparte had collected all his best troops, one hundred thousand men, his Vieille Garde, &c.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, LOUVAIN.

Bath, August 13, 1815.

MY firm persuasion that dear Dr. Whalley never received a long letter from me at Louvain makes me write again, that we may at least talk over some of the wonders we are living amongst before we part for ever. An odd expression, say you, when we are separated by seas and lands. We are so; but still, inhabiting the same little planet, our feelings are as yet alike, and the consequences of what now passes will, while we stay in it, affect us both, and both in the same manner.

What scenes have you been witnessing! Mrs. Whalley, to whom I sent for fresh directions the other day, tells, you are become a connoisseur in firing! skilful to know at distance the different modes of dealing destruction round them, adopted by friends and enemies. Dear sir! what an accomplishment! Your ear, so particularly nice in poetry and music, will have had heavy complaints against your feet, for marching it into such horrors; but I can easily comprehend how positive the people were, who, like the spectators

at Homer's chariot-race, all watched with agitation the coming in of the victors, and all were sure that their conjectures were the true ones. Well, the wonders that I have to relate are, that this Man, this Buonaparte, whom to dethrone such torrents of blood were willingly spilt; whom to depose, such treasures of money had been willingly spent, no sooner surrenders himself than we make an idol of him, crowd round for a glance of his eye, and huzza him as if he were our defender; officers revering *him* as emperor, who had pronounced his own abdication; and sailors protesting him a fine fellow, &c. Had not Government prudently prevented his touching shore, hundreds, nay thousands, would have drawn him up and down in triumph; they were waiting in wild expectation of the sport.

But, as I went over Westminster Bridge last week, I saw we were building a new mad-house twice as big as old Bethlehem Hospital; and sure no building could be so wanted for Englishmen. And now to what carried me over Westminster Bridge. You have, my dear sir, frequently advised me to make an offer of Streatham Park, my life and interest in it, with the contents, books, pictures, &c., to Mr. Thrale's four daughters; and two months ago a Scotch gentleman in that neighbourhood said he was sure my Lord Keith would give 6,000*l.* for it, if I would speak first and invite his acceptance. I did so, but none of the ladies ever writing a syllable on the subject, and the negotiation having dropped from Mr. Dalgleish's hands into those of two attorneys, it seemed dying away, and I feared my solicitor might have given offence by considering a copyhold of 50*l.* per annum up in the village, as a separate article, so I resolved to go myself, and drove suddenly up to Mr. Merrick Hoare's in Baker Street, who married Sophia Thrale. She was ten miles out of town, at her maiden sister's cottage; but he received me with cold civility, said my offer was a very

liberal one; and when I assured him that money should not part us, for that they might take the 50*l.* a year, giving me something or nothing, as they liked best, he promised to write Lord Keith word, and I entreated an early answer, because a Mr. Anderdon, the bank director, had talked of making overtures, which, if they refused, I must accept, because I am in something too much like real distress. So he lent me his arm, and I walked down to Jermyn Street, Blake's Hotel, where my maid was; and nothing more did I ever see or hear of any of the family, except a cold dry note, saying Mrs. Piozzi was at full liberty concerning Streatham Park, with which Lord Keith would have nothing to do.

This was after Mr. Anderdon had got another house. All my scruples and delicacies are therefore at an end; and if you hear, when in Italy, about May or June 1816, that H. L. P.'s house is advertised for public sale, believe it; for I will get all I can now, unless such taxes are imposed as will break down the very dividends; and if so, it will be best to keep a spot of earth out of which one may dig potatoes.

Meanwhile, here are public reports abroad such as to make one consider private calamities as nothing. God's judgments are most certainly falling at last on sinful France; and this odd retardation of Buonaparte's departure, his letters picked up by one of our Bath tradesmen, and the frantic fondness of our unaccountables here in England for the person of a man they sought so sincerely to destroy at Waterloo, fill the mind by turns with terror, admiration, and surprise. I almost wish I was nearer the source of intelligence; but that is like wishing oneself nearer the crater of the volcano, when one hears Vesuvius roar.

My health I say nothing about. After running seventy-five miles without stop or stay, and then walking from the top of Baker Street to Blake's Hotel, complaints would come with an ill grace; and 'tis no matter if they hear I am able

to live and see to my own affairs. They deserve that mortification at least.

Your triumph of mind over body is delightful; dear Dr. Whalley has no enemies to vex by his superiority over common mortals, but many friends to render happy. The Lutwyches are at the Lakes just now; pretty Mary Mayhew making drawings, and I trust making conquests up and down. Chevalier Boisselin looks well in the face, but is more than ever, I think, *perclus de tous ses membres*. Our best joke going is how the Bellerophon* has once more taken Chimæra. Ah me! that vile chimera was *Ante* Leo, I remember, *retroque* Draco, and I am so afraid he will slip his long tail out of whatever confinement they put him in; but many who have been at St. Helena say 'tis impossible.

Well! now here is a long letter, and not one word of dear Salusbury in it; but he is safe, well, and happy, and will soon be a father. He was in too much haste, but security from vice, and its consequent evils here and hereafter, is such a thing! No purchase was deemed costly that bought such a treasure, at least by a mind constructed after the old fashion as was that of, dear sir, your ever obliged, and grateful, and faithful,

H. L. PROZZI.

We have a beautiful harvest here in England, smiling and copious. In France, next year, there will certainly be famine. How can any nation maintain half a million of foreign troops without feeling it most severely? It alarms me, because, though I wish them punished, I don't wish them starved; and, besides all the rest, there is a danger of contagious fevers following scarcity, which Sir James Fellowes' new book has put into my head, and makes me very glad

* The Bellerophon was the ship commanded by Captain Maitland, to whom Napoleon surrendered himself, July 16, 1815.

you are going to dear Italy. It is the safest place at present; but before you go, write to me, dear sir. 'Mrs. Piozzi, Bath,' is sufficient.

MRS. H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY, LOUVAIN.

Barley Wood, September 7, 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I will not fill up my paper with apologies for which no occasion ought to have been given. Incessant interruptions from without, and much family sickness within, will be some excuse; but the true reason for my silence has been the hearing of your intended removal, and the uncertainty of a letter reaching you. Mr. Addington and I have, however, determined on risking this to Louvain, though we hear you are talking of Aix-la-Chapelle. We all felt for you on being driven, in your weak state, from one place to another, with the dread of that monster [Buonaparte] at your heels. To what you must have suffered, even your animated description would not, I dare say, do justice. Thank God! you are out of his reach. But if Lucifer is chained, there are a thousand petty demons left in France who, I fear, if they have not all his power, have all his will to do evil, and against whom I fear the quiet virtues of Louis will be but a slender protection. It is a comfort, however, to know that 'the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,' and that when this bundle of rods have done their errand, they will be broken as their leader is. Yet still, while he breathes, I fear there will be no complete security for the rest of the world, though I have seen several people well acquainted with the rock to which he is confined, who say it is impossible, if the people are honest, that he should escape; but if he was chained to his rock as firmly as Prometheus, I should dread even then his wily arts. He fascinated all our sailors!

I presume you get the newspapers, so as to be informed of all public events. You would be astonished at the death of Whitbread. The dreadful manner by which this catastrophe was effected, by proving his insanity, has partly accounted for the violence in Parliament of his uncontrollable spirit. His sister, Lady Grey, with Sir George and their family, were all here on a visit, in high spirits, only three days before his death. It is remarkable that my friend and favourite, Mr. Stephen, the only man in the House who was at all his match, had retired from Parliament, just before, on a pique. I am sorry for it, as he was one of the ablest supporters of the Ministry.

I had, in the spring, the misfortune to lose three distinguished friends within three weeks of each other — three men, too, singularly attached to each other: Mr. Henry Thornton, young Bowdler, who was within a month of being married to Miss Gisborne, and Dr. Buchanan. Mr. Henry Thornton left nine children and a widow, who, I fear, is following him to the grave! We and our neighbours felt not a little indignant at Amans for quitting his kind master in a distant land and in bad health. His successor, I hope, continues to act his various parts in the domestic drama with the same skill and fidelity you at first gave him credit for. Your report of the cheapness and goodness of the necessities and luxuries of life makes one a little impatient at the state of things here. Wheat, however, is very cheap. The clamour now is not about war, but poverty. The farmers cannot pay their rents; the gentry are now the poor. Mr. Dickenson* and several others declare, that if they had not floating money, they could not live from their estates. Trade is bad; bankruptcies frequent. A great banker told me yesterday there were sixty millions of money not in cir-

* For many years one of the representatives in Parliament for Somersetshire.

culatation. All these things make me fear for our country, notwithstanding the unequalled elevation on which she stands.

We have had a good many of our friends this summer; among others Mr. Wilberforce, the Bishop of St. David's, and the new Bishop of Gloucester,* who, I am happy to say, retains with that promotion his deanery at Wells. I have promised to visit both bishops at Wells next week, if Patty gets better. Her health is very declining, and I am not a little anxious about her. Betty, I believe, is immortal, for she has recovered from a mortification in her leg. I have been sadly vexed never to have found a conveyance of my Essay on St. Paul to you. I wish you could point out a mode of sending it.

Patty was enchanted, '*comme pour la première fois*,' with the beauties of Mendip Lodge, when she lately carried our good friend Dr. Lovell to see it. He was perfectly wild with delight, and I know few men with a better taste for the picturesque.

Here I was called down to a visitor calculated to excite singular interest — Sir Gore Ouseley, just returned from Persia, where he has been ambassador for five years. This is the second visit with which he has favoured us. In my life I think I have never been so entertained. His information is so new, and the countries in which he has been, so unlike anything of which we have been accustomed to hear; his diplomacy of so extraordinary a nature; his manner of detailing all he has seen and heard so lively and so able, that whole hours do not weary one. He liked the king, but detests the people.

I have, I thank God, rallied a good deal in my health this very fine summer; but, my dear friend, we are all approach-

* Rider.

ing to the boundary of human life, and I often wish for more retirement than I am able to obtain, and to obtain which, indeed, I settled down in this place. You, I believe, have taken the wisest measure to redeem time. May we both employ the days which remain to us to the best purpose, that of acquainting ourselves with God and with our own hearts! an acquaintance with which, in the turmoil and busy frivolousness of the world, we are commonly too little desirous to cultivate; yet is it of more real importance to our eternal interests, than all the knowledge which books can bestow without it.

‘Wraxall’s Memoirs of his own Times’ inspires universal disgust. It was a rich subject, if he had known how to make use of it. I disliked him when a young man, and he is one of that large class whom age seems not to improve.

Adieu! my dear Sir. I am charged by all here with the most affectionate regards. Assure yourself of those of your very obliged and faithful friend,

H. MORE.

DR. WHALLEY TO ARTHUR ANSTEY, ESQ., AT BATH.

Gand, September 8, 1815.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Your long and friendly letter was a great ease to my mind, which had conjured up various blue devils as the cause of your silence. The idea of your being prevented from writing, according to your promise, by severe illness, tormented me more than all the rest. Dwelling in a strange land, with nerves trembling at every sound, and an imagination too apt to take alarm, I am a prey to anxious thoughts and sad forebodings, when expectation is disappointed in receiving intelligence from those whom I love, and on whose affection I rely for all my future gratification

in this world. That you have had no offer for the purchase of my Lodge, &c., is no disappointment to me, as I have never flattered myself with the hopes of selling that beautiful property this year. Public affairs are at present very adverse to the sale of estates in general, and particularly so that of a property which must open the purse through the fancy, and where beauty of situation, and the singularity of arrangements and ornaments, must so captivate taste, as to prevent the influence of cold calculations as to good interest for the purchase-money required.

Perhaps, and too probably, my dear friend, I may not live long enough to have the satisfaction of selling a property which would give me the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing what I have to bequeath among various dear relations by blood or marriage, and of settling all my earthly affairs. Alas! while unsettled, and while they weigh down my thoughts and occupy much of my time, with the concern and cares of this world, I cannot attend so exclusively as I ought to the great affair of my salvation, nor do my utmost to propitiate my Saviour and my God by continual and fervent supplication, and by hourly contrition for all my vanities and follies, as well as my deeper transgressions. Had I no regard but to my personal comforts and conveniences on the side of fortune, I have much more income than I want, or than I ever wish to spend. But my affection and my duty make me anxious to contribute to the comfort and independence of others; and such have been my sacrifices and losses within the three last years, that without receiving a reasonable price for Mendip Lodge, and some savings besides, my certain property would not nearly cover the bequests in my will. Could I sell my Lodge, &c. for 30,000*l.* (and it ought to fetch 35,000*l.*), and it should please God to preserve my life four or at most five years, all my legacies would be paid, and there would be a sufficient recompense, or rather bonus, left for my two

residuary legatees. It is this that makes me have the sale of my Lodge, &c., so much at heart.

Should you ever be so fortunate as to sell my Lodge, &c., if possible avoid having any of the purchase-money on mortgage. Never propose one. I have a great aversion to mortgages.

My affectionate regards to Mrs. Arthur and all your family.

Yours always faithfully and affectionately,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

I intend removing to Bruges in sixteen days for change of air. This atmosphere, Gand being intersected with rivers and canals, is too humid for me.

DR. WHALLEY TO ARTHUR ANSTEY, ESQ., AT BATH.

Brussels, November 15, 1815.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—There has been a great, and, as you wished for an immediate answer, an *unlucky* delay in the receipt of your letter, which only came to hand yesterday. It was sent from Bruges to Gand, and from Gand hither, but not post haste, or it must have reached me ten or twelve days sooner. Bruges, on consideration, I thought too damp for my relaxed frame, and the same cause made me quit Gand, but not till I was very ill. I determined, while any strength or spirit remained, to procure, if possible, commodious lodgings in or near the Park here, which is situated on high and dry ground, and from the elastic air of which I many years since derived great benefit. I accordingly wrote to my old and steady friend, Mr. Mullins,* on the subject, who, in answer to my letter, insisted on my occupying a handsome spare apartment in his large house on one side of

* Afterwards the second Lord Ventry.

the Park, which is the most spacious and beautiful square in Europe, with a large public garden in its centre, planted with stately trees, where the *beau monde* assemble for exercise, chat, and flirting every fine day. Here, then, I have been domesticated for three weeks with friends who pay me the kindest attention; and being relieved from all cares of housekeeping, I should live more at my ease than for years past, but for the disease which torments my poor feeble and frightfully emaciated frame. I trust that I shall continue to support it with a manly temper and Christian resignation to the dispensations of that all-wise and merciful God, who best knows what is good for us, who can pour balm into our wounds, and who often turns our afflictions into blessings.

All those little delicate attentions which women of polished minds and feeling hearts apply with such discernment and grace, are particularly flattering to my old age, and soothing to my sufferings, in the lovely and amiable Mrs. Mullins, the extent of whose merit, and the excellence of whose temper, I was ignorant of till domesticated under her roof. Young* Mullins is a genteel, pretty, and high-spirited youth, in his eighteenth year. There is so great and gay an English colony here, that those who attend all their assemblies, balls, and suppers, may fancy themselves at Bath, where amusement and dissipation go round and round with unceasing course. Lady Belmore and her sister, Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot, and their charming daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins Northey, and some other families of my old acquaintance, are among the fashionables of Brussels. The natives of *ton* are thrown into the background by the more numerous and expensive English, into whose society they make interest to be admitted. I believe that the

* He died before his father, who was succeeded in the peerage by his nephew, the present Lord Ventry.

Mullinses will reside here till his avaricious father's death, who is eighty-two, and at whose decease his son assures me he is to come into possession of a clear 32,000*l.* per annum.

I pass my evenings quietly at home, as does in general Mr. Mullins, who hates assemblies, suppers, and late hours. Mrs. Mullins is universally liked, and greatly considered here. She and her son join all the gay parties. I have no hope of selling my Lodge till next summer.

I hope your brother Thomas received the long letter which I wrote him from Gand, with every particular of a pretty ready-furnished house, which I thought would suit him in that large, noble, and cheap city. I am in daily expectation of his answer. Remember me kindly to him, his wife, dear Mrs. Arthur, and all your family.

Yours, my dear Arthur, faithfully and affectionately,

THOMAS S. WHALLEY.

I hope you have let your house in town, and found a purchaser for your cottage and land at Bushy. You have, I think, judged wisely by furnishing your untenanted house in Bath . . . Your letter must have been detained a scandalous length of time either at Bruges or Gand, in spite of my precise directions to the careless postmasters. Be exact in the directions of your letters, writing them in a large Roman hand, especially my name.

Direct to me at No. 1040, Rue Ducale au Parc, Bruxelles, Pays Bas.

MRS. PIOZZI TO DR. WHALLEY, BRUXELLES.

Bath, Thursday, December 13, 1815.

MY dear Dr. Whalley is very kind indeed in remembering me so tenderly and wishing for my letters. How shall I make them worth his acceptance, by saying how glad I am

that this *Urticariæ* has been, and that it will never be again. Those irritating diseases never shorten life—they are, in my eyes, a promise of longevity; and, though I adhere to the weak mutton broth, my medical friends do make me drink a glass of wine or two more than usual. I tell them 'tis because I tell them old, odd stories, and set them laughing after dinner. Meanwhile, I keep on paying all my money away, and leaving myself ne'er a shilling—just like Dr. Whalley; and, like him, I pick up friends that help me on, seldom suffering me to endure much solitude. I am glad you are at Brussels; 'tis a place I know so well, and where we were once happy all together.

Do you remember Mr. Merry, whom they called 'Della Crusca'? He was of our society; and you said he looked like a sly intriguer; and I thought what a rough husband he would make after having been so smooth a lover to ladies of high quality. Not a bit: a person who knew his whole conduct and course of life in America, and watched his death too, poor fellow! protests that he expired a willing slave to a pretty wife, sister of Lady Craven.* Are you not sorry our dear Mrs. Siddons had to act again for her son's distressed family? It is really a great pity, and when a young successor has possession of the public favour!—that fine Miss O'Neill. Oh, how the news did vex me!

Everybody is pleased, however, at the final destination of Maréchal Ney; † and the King of France's ministers, if made permanent, seem likely to content all honest readers of the public prints. We have had an elegant young physician here, a Doctor Holland, who was of the Princess of Wales's suite, and who perhaps inspired her Royal Highness with the modern passion for a journey to Greece, because he has seen the Ionian Islands, and written an account of them, but is

* She was a Miss Brunton, of Norwich.

† Posterity has not given its approval to the execution of Ney.

now determined upon pursuing London practice, exchanging the Cyclades for the *sick ladies*, as say the wits and jesters. We have another equivoque going. Dr. Harrington's very respectable son-in-law, Mr. Thomas, canvassed our corporation in hope of being successor to old Phillot, as Rector of Bath. By one vote alone he lost it to the young son of a well-known apothecary. The joke is, therefore, that we wanted a pastor or shepherd, but obtained nothing but a Crook.

I am glad you are on the Continent; these rapid changes of weather will not be so rapid nor so death-doing as they are here. Mrs. Haygarth fell a sacrifice to them three days ago. That the blind Duc d'Aremberg, who I remember so well, should have outlived all the storms of state, and all the horrors of ill health, seems strange. My poor dear Venetian friends have sunk under the French Revolution, to rise no more in this world.

Memory Rogers, as we call the banker who wrote the 'Pleasures of Memory,' told me when in London that he had himself seen the Foscari holding her hand out for charity; and when I asked a cantatrice, just come from Italy, last night, how she left them, no account could be so dismal. All the noble families swept away; the literary friends chiefly deceased, and some with circumstances of great horror. Want! cruelty! every affliction! pursuing poor Bertola, Pignotti, &c., to the grave's edge. The Pisani house empty! The villas on the banks of the Brenta tumbling down! Oh! what a picture! Oh! what a portrait! I am sincerely grieved for them.

Now the fourth side of my sheet of paper has come to an end, my heart assures me your last letter was replied to; but there was some mistake in the address—Louvaine, perhaps, written for Ghent. If Mr. Mullins remembers me, make my best compliments acceptable to him. Mrs. Mullins' beauty, when

Clara Jones, cannot be easily forgotten. I never saw her since her marriage, or could have believed that she had a son eighteen years old, had you not told me so. Oh! sir, how the time does fly! Miss Wroughton is not come; she has been less brushed, or less hurt by the brushing of his wing, than most of us; and Mr. Lutwyche has rallied in such a manner since we parted at Mendip, you will be amazed when you see him. He can now walk seven miles a day; but walking is all the mode; and I am so weary of the pedestrians, that I am ready to say *allez promener* to them all. Adieu! dear sir, and continue your partial kindness for poor

H. L. P.

Dear Salusbury, and his Harriet, and his Hester Maria, are all well and happy. If I live till July, I will go see them. My maid is convinced I answered your last kind letter. She took it to the office, and paid the sum for foreign postage.

MRS. PENNINGTON TO DR. WHALLEY, RUE DUCALE, AU
PARC, BRUXELLES.

Hot Wells, December 17, 1815.

PENNINGTON has been writing to you, or talking of it, some time; but, though his operations in this line are always fair and well executed, they are too slow for my patience, who wish to tell you, ever dear friend, that I do indeed most sincerely pity your present grievous sufferings, and should feel myself too happy in the power of contributing in any degree to your relief. Besides, I know that he will not leave space on his sheet to say half that I wish to communicate on the subject.

The complaint in my ears was not exactly of the same nature as your cruel malady; it was decidedly erysipelas,

but not attended with that burning heat, pain, and smarting. However, I will have the prescription of an ointment I used, copied on this paper, which, after a variety of different applications, seemed to effect my cure, though it might be that the disease had previously worn itself out; and the surface of your complaint being so much more extended, must render any application of that sort more difficult. The way I used this ointment was in a spoon, heated over the candle, and applied warm with a feather on the parts affected. But there is a remedy, which in your case I should rely upon with implicit confidence, from what I have seen of its effects, and that is Spilsbury's Drops. A friend of mine had her arms completely covered by a cutaneous complaint for above a year, and tried everything that the regular faculty could devise, to the injury of constitution, and without any relief. At last, she was recommended to these Drops, which she persevered in taking for several months, which not only cleared her of the complaint, but strengthened her digestive powers, and restored her general health. Nor has she had the least return since; and, convinced of its efficacy, she has, in her own neighbourhood, administered it to the poor, though at great cost, and always with success.

I am so satisfied of its powers, that, had I the means, I would certainly send you some bottles; but, though I could get the medicine in Bristol, I should not know how to convey it. But if you are tempted to make the experiment from this strong recommendation, as you have, doubtless, correspondents in town, you could get any quantity over without difficulty. The proper mode of taking it is to begin with six or seven drops, and increase them to twenty, or even thirty, as you find them agree, three times a day, with your meals, in order to mix with the food, and in beer, wine, and water, tea, or whatever beverage you make use of.

It is very remarkable I have heard much of this complaint lately. I trust that your present torments will prove an

effort of nature for the relief of your constitution, and that this remedy may be unnecessary ; and, ere this reaches your hands, that your English physician may have completely operated your cure. All your friends will rejoice if the spring restores you to this country and to them in improved health.

We have suffered much in this particular since Mr. Pennington wrote last. For many weeks, towards the latter part of the summer, I thought we must have lost him, but it pleased God most wonderfully to restore him. I have had my full share of corporeal sufferance ; but one of the advantages of being deeply and continually occupied for others is, that it considerably lessens the weight of self-interest. My poor mother was indeed released, in mercy to us all, more particularly as Mr. Pennington's subsequent illness would have rendered the double burden insupportable to me. Yet, such is the force of habit, that whatever has occupied our daily cares and attention, when withdrawn, leaves a painful blank behind ; and I often find my hand on the lock of the chamber door she so long had possession of, with a feeling of disappointment that its usual tenant is no longer there !

At Weston-super-Mare, where we passed a short time, with the happiest result, for the benefit of Mr. Pennington's health, I met with the lately acknowledged daughter * of my old friend Mrs. Provis. She was on a visit to her uncle

* We have very frequent mention of Mrs. Provis in the first volume of this work, as a gay lady moving in the fashionable circles of Bath. Mrs. Pennington, when Sophia Weston, was for some time an inmate in her house, and afterwards alludes to the questionable character of her reputation. Her husband, who had made a considerable fortune by the manufacture of cloth, resided almost entirely in the country, and left his wife, who was very handsome and attractive, to amuse herself with the society of the town. At his death, believing himself to be childless, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to his eldest nephew, who some time afterwards was greatly surprised to find his inheritance disputed by a young lady, now first heard of as the daughter of his uncle and aunt. Whatever claim upon the property she might have had, was relinquished for a valuable consideration, and she afterwards formed the matrimonial connection alluded to in this letter, and became the mother of a large family.

Wadham, who is very fond of her; and she is really one of the most pleasing and apparently amiable young women I have met with a great while. I was introduced by him as the particular friend of her once dear and too lovely mother. Our meeting was affecting on both sides, but that leading circumstance soon removed all reserve, and rendered our acquaintance interesting. She has a most striking likeness, in the lower part of her face, to Mrs. Provis. It is impossible for any one, intimately acquainted with Mrs. P., to hear this young lady speak and not be immediately reminded of that sweet mother; while her person and the upper part of her face, particularly the eyes, as closely resemble her father, of whom I have the most perfect recollection. This blended likeness has in it something very remarkable. I understand she is soon to be married to the natural, or as some will have it, the legitimate, son of Sir Hugh Smyth — a combination and connection of circumstances altogether as extraordinary! I cannot help feeling strongly interested for this young woman, and hope she will be happy; but whoever has had the charge of her education has done ample justice to the trust. She is highly cultivated and refined. The gentleman's education, I hear, has been very confined, and his habits and manners, I understand, altogether rural. I congratulate you that peace is once more restored to us; but little of the spirit of peace seems to prevail in the world. The imbecility of the French Government, the prevalence of Jacobinical principles, which seem as prevalent as in any part of the Revolution, together with the bigotry of the Bourbons, so uncongenial with the spirit of the times, is against the permanent establishment of this blessing; to say nothing of the rancorous and turbulent dispositions of our American brethren, and of the powerful aid they will obtain, in all their mischievous designs on this country, from the French exiles who will take refuge there.

Present my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Mullins. I can never forget the beautiful Clara Jones; and perhaps she may recognise an old acquaintance in your ever faithful and affectionate

P. PENNINGTON.

You will hear from dear Pennington in a few days. We have already had a great deal of uncommonly cold weather for the season, and are threatened with a long and severe winter.

MARQUISE DE LA PIERRE TO DR. WHALLEY, RUE DUCALE,
BRUXELLES.

Hampton Wick, February 25, 1816.

IF I wrote as often as I think of you, my dearest Dr. Whalley, both your eyes and purse would be annoyed at the frequency. It has been far from the case, you'll say, and I allow it; but were I to tell you half the reasons that have prevented my answering your last kind letter sooner, it would be so like filling one with excuses, that you would be tempted *d'envoyer promener* both me and them, as I have often been in such cases. We were delighted, my dear friend, to learn your health was so much better, and hope you will continue to give us good accounts of it: ours, thank God! are better than tolerable, till within this last fortnight, when I brought back with me from London a violent cold and cough, which have much tormented and fatigued me, but are now on the decline. We went there to put my house in letting order, and I happily succeeded in disposing of it for a year, and by that avoided my annual fever, which never failed about that anxious time. A friend of mine, who lives opposite me in Baker-street, called my bills at the window my 'blistering plasters,'—and so really they were.

How comfortable you must feel now, to have none

of those *casse-têtes* ! but I should suppose that you cannot brag of the cheap living at Brussels, as you did at Nevers and Louvain, for everywhere, *où John Bull se place*, as money gets in, cheapness gets out. I wish you had fixed at any place on the road to Paris, as in that case it were not impossible we might have embraced you in the course of this summer.

You know the *terre* of La Pierre is situated in France (Pays de Gex), sold, resold, and consequently irrecoverable. And I am sorry to tell you that the same system is adopted in Savoy and the rest of the King of Sardinia's territories. It has been suggested to me, that perhaps by some powerful protection here and at Paris, I might perhaps get something in the way of pension or a sum for my children as an indemnity ; and as those affairs are better managed in person than by proxy, that I owe it as an indispensable duty to those children to leave no steps untried for that purpose. Could I be certain of success, I should not hesitate, as you might conceive ; but to spend money for nothing, quit my life of repose, now my only comfort, get again into that wretched trap and modern Babylon, and live among reports of factions, insurrections, conspiracies, &c., I own, frightens me to death,—and you'll allow I have had experience enough to make me a coward. *Mais il faut voir venir*, and when I am decided you shall know. In our poor Savoy (how much dearer to me than ever is the remembrance of that once happy country !)—as I told you above, the system of France is followed *à la lettre* ; what is sold, *is* sold, what is confiscated remains such. The King says, his finances will not allow of his following the dictates of his heart, by indemnifying his faithful subjects ; but he gives all the best employment, both civil and military, to his Savoyard and Nisard subjects who are capable of them, and none are forgot, neither in the army, the senate, in the government, or at

court, and in that he behaves with more apparent feeling and gratitude than Louis XVII.

You will say a smaller number are easier provided for than a greater, *et c'est vrai*. Had my dear marquis lived, he would have had his share, but hitherto his children have been unnoticed and seem forgotten. My brother, the Abbé de Massingy, presses me to go and settle there; but how could I bear to see the ruin and desolation of my property? No effects or home, and nothing but sad remembrances; besides, I own, with all its inconveniences (and especially to such narrow means as mine), I love my country, which is still dearer to me from the sacred ashes it contains, and which, when God pleases so to ordain, I hope to join.

Here is some detail I have lately had from Chambery, which may amuse you:—‘*Les trois premiers aumôniers de service à Turin sont MM. les Abbés de Salin, de Massingy, et Donjon de la Chambre (all of whom you know), le Comte de Mareschall et Dunoyer, gentilshommes de la chambre, le Chevalier de Revel (Nissard), Gouverneur de la Savoie, le commandant le Comte de Salmour, le premier président le Comte Caecia, &c., tous gens d'esprit, maisons-montées, &c. Le sénat de 18 membres est très-bien composé, la garnison sera de 3,000 hommes, que peut contenir la magnifique caserne bâtie par les François dans le clos des Ursulines. Le matériel de la ville a beaucoup gagné, toutes les portes étant abattues; le fauxbourg de Montmélian est une continuation de la Croix d'or. Beaucoup de maisons neuves autour de la ville; le Vernai augmenté du triple, ayant une terrasse plantée d'arbres le long de la rivière; le boulevard, promenade de deux rangs d'arbres depuis le Vernai jusqu'à la porte de Montmélian, est très-fréquentée le soir en été, parceque l'air est toujours sec.*’ I think all this must have embellished the locale, and it wanted it, you will allow. Dunoyer père is no

more; the Marquis de la Chambre and Madame de Casera, Baron de Montfort, Comte de la Perrous, &c., and many more of your and our acquaintance.

The present conversation here is engrossed by the future royal marriage. Every one agrees that Prince Leopold of Saxony has a most prepossessing figure and manner. *Sera-t-il heureux?* Time will show. The Queen goes to the Pavilion of Brighton to-day (where the Regent is still confined with remains of gout), to settle the formalities of the wedding. They are to have 100,000*l.* a year, and Mrs. Montagu's house, Portman Square, for town residence. The Regent has been very ill, and there remains a settled weakness in his limbs, which prevents his removal to town. A thousand lies have been circulated in consequence, as palsy, &c. Our friend Blomberg has also had a most severe attack of it, which has left an unusual sensation in his feet: it prevented him going to Brighton, and confined him in Yorkshire, whence he is only expected in town this day. My sister is well, but he is the same spoilt child of fortune as ever, and verifies the proverb of 'Lightly come, lightly go.' I will now offer you the kind affections of your friends at the Wick, and particularly of

Yours ever,

DE LA PIERRE.

Adieu, mon ami!

MRS. H. MORE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Barley Wood, April 16, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely glad that I have at last a chance of conveying to you the long-intended book. I wish it were more worthy of having been so long waited for. I have been sadly annoyed by piratical booksellers, who are

printing all my early things, poetry especially, to the great injury of Cadell, who paid me very handsome sums for them many years ago. These needy pirates, taking advantage of the Act against literary property (a most unjust one, I must say) are sending me forth in all forms, especially in Lilliputian volumes, decorated with vignettes, and prefixing most impudently 'With Memoirs of the Author.' This is too bad.

I have lately had the pleasure of receiving your long and very kind and entertaining letter. We think the accounts of your health are as good on the whole as could be expected. It was a very pretty circumstance to meet at Brussels with so many interesting friends. I begin to think, if the rage of migration continues, home will be the only place where we shall not be able to look for a friend. Health is a most justifiable reason for going anywhere in quest of it. Curiosity and a desire of seeing the world is also a natural and reasonable motive; but I own I lose my patience, when I see so many of my acquaintance going abroad for the avowed purpose of educating their children. I tremble to think of the effects of French education, especially on girls who will not perhaps have a thousand pounds. But there is no sacrifice which the generality of parents are not willing to make for the acquisition of the French language, or rather for the opportunity of speaking French; for the people I have in view, not being studious, scarcely take into the account the acquaintance with French literature. I could find some excuse for this, being myself very fond of it; but girls in middling life have few calls for conversing in any tongues but their own.

Your little details were very interesting, particularly those in which Cambacérés figures. He makes out the man-monster, who lately governed not only France but all Europe, except England, to be even a worse being than one

thought, by the addition of brutality to his other vices.* I wish he may be safe, even now. Sally says he will throw a bridle over a wave, and make his way to some other shore.

We have had a most tumultuous House of Commons. Brougham's speeches are inflammatory past endurance. I wish he would confine his genius to his ten-guineas-a-sheet mischief in the 'Edinburgh Review.' His personal treatment of Mr. Vanittart is most offensive, coarse, and insolent. Surely some confidence, some civility at least, is due to Ministers who, under God, have been the instruments of giving ease to the world, and who have not only landed us in safety but glory.

We have a spring which bears all the character of winter, and the winter was unhealthy. I had an influenza, as it is called, for want of a word that has more meaning, for three months, and neither Patty nor I have been over the threshold since the middle of September,—now seven months. We are

* Cambacérés was Minister of Justice under the Republic, and when Buonaparte, in December 1799, was chosen First Consul, Cambacérés was selected to be his coadjutor, under the title of Second Consul; Lebrun forming the third member of the triumvirate. Thiers says of the former, 'Il avait acquis une grande réputation parmi les personnages politiques du temps, par beaucoup de savoir, de prudence et de tact.'—Livre i. When, in 1802, Buonaparte was made First Consul for life, he obtained the same duration of office for his colleagues, with an annual pension of 1,200,000 francs. The consolidation of this triple power in one, as it was a much easier affair than the destruction of the famous Roman Triumvirate, so it was unattended by any disastrous consequences to the colleagues of the victorious Cæsar. Cambacérés was appointed Archchancellor of the Empire, and Lebrun Archtreasurer. Thiers observes of the former, 'N'ayant plus rien à désirer, plus rien à craindre dans cette position élevée, il devait être, et fut en effet, le plus sincère, le plus vrai, le seul influent des conseillers du nouvel Empereur.'—Livre xix. On his leaving France for the war in Germany of 1813, Napoleon appointed Cambacérés head of the Council which was to advise Marie-Louise in the government of the kingdom, or, in other words, confided the government to him. In speaking of him upon this occasion, Thiers calls him 'un homme dont le bon sens était sans égal, l'expérience consommée, et le caractère un peu moins faible qu'on ne le supposait généralement.'—v. 47. The instance of 'brutality' alluded to by Mrs. H. More, probably referred to a story told by Cambacérés to Dr. Whalley, that on one occasion Napoleon put an end to a dispute between them, by kicking him down stairs!

looking out for genial western breezes for our enlargement. The winter has been unpleasant in all respects. Our neighbourhood has been full of complaints. The rich have no money, and the poor have no work. This is the 15th of April, and Mendip was this morning covered with snow; so you are well where you are. It must be a paradox to other countries that peace and plenty have brought want and distress on this. Things, however, will come about if we will but have patience. My friend Mr. Davis is maltreated by his constituents at Bristol for voting for the property-tax; he writes me that he sacrificed his political and his personal interest to what appeared to him the call of conscience. It will probably lose him his seat.

I am much pleased with the spirit of Princess Charlotte, who told her father that, if he made a public marriage for her, she would run away. I hope this dislike of ostentation, on an occasion which seemed to justify it, proceeds from modesty or affection, or both. A very good judge, who knows her better than any other person, told a friend of mine that this marriage promises far better than the Dutch one which was broken off. The Prince of Orange, he says, was her inferior in intellect, the Prince of Cobourg her superior. Very favourable expectations are formed of him. May he answer them!

You would not think that the person to whom the Prince Regent paid most attention this winter at Brighton was Mr. Wilberforce. Seeing him shy of accepting his repeated invitations to dinner, he told him, if he would come, he should never hear or see anything at his table which would cause him the smallest degree of distress. He went repeatedly, and never met with the least impropriety. I mention this not to the honour of Mr. Wilberforce, but to that of the Prince, who showed good sense at least.

I shall be disposed to envy your visit to Rome. France

has never greatly excited my desires, but for Switzerland and Italy my appetite has always been very sharp-set, though it is now too late to think of appeasing it.

Our neighbourhood is not very fertile of events. The Addington family have spent the winter with the head of it in town. Henry is returned to Zurich.

Lord Byron would, if it were possible, sink as a poet as fast as he does as a man. That elegant, young, accomplished, well-born, well-bred, well-portioned young lady, who was imprudent enough to marry him, he has already turned adrift with her infant. He asked, when he saw the latter, if it had a cloven foot?—else, it was not his! A gentleman of great fortune was here the other day, whose son lives within visiting distance of Lord Byron in Nottinghamshire. He dined there lately. After dinner, he handed round the skull of his grandfather, set in silver, to the company. They all drank except my acquaintance, who not only refused, but has discontinued his visits. Poor Lady Byron, I understand, bore all till he brought home an actress, whom he keeps, to dinner with her. She ordered her coach and her child, and took her final leave. I forgot to say that all the bones of his ancestors are dug up by his order and lie about his domains. I have not seen his last poem, but hear it is blasphemous, obscene, and silly. What an account will his be! What talents abused!

All here join in kind regards. We are a veritable ‘Hôpital des Invalides.’ But we must expect it. The day is far spent, the night is at hand: may we all be prepared, for we know not at what hour our Lord cometh!

I had a letter last week from your brother,* the first for a long while. He says he grows weaker and weaker, but

* The Rev. Richard Whalley, Vicar of Chelwood, Somerset. He died on the 17th of November in this year, at Yeovilton, of which parish his son was then rector, and where a monument is erected to his memory in the chancel.

hopes to look in upon us once more. With all his infirmities he is more the object of my envy than pity—he is a genuine saint.

Adieu! Believe me, very faithfully and truly yours,

H. MORE.

MRS. PIOZZI TO J.R. WHALLEY.

Bath, May 13, 1816.

My dear Dr. Whalley, when he reads in these letters how long his poor old friend has been doing penance in two rooms of New King-street, with two maids only, and ne'er a man, will not wonder, nor I hope feel indignant, that I have at last proclaimed an open sale of Streatham Park, so many times offered to its future possessors, so constantly refused. The hot boiling water this business has kept me in, must likewise account for my long silence. In vain Bruce Hutchinson and Sir Robert engaged other people's attention. I, poor soul, could think of nothing and nobody but H. L. P. As vainly Lady Byron dismissed her husband, and he begged a reconciliation in beautiful verses. I could see no letters in the alphabet but those which composed the words Streatham Park, of which place I am at last taking leave for ever. No requests, no inducements, could tempt the ladies to buy it, so the public have managed for me. I have sold the pictures, bronzes, &c., and some Mr. Elliott takes the naked house and grounds, standing to all repairs, tithes, taxes, &c., and pays me 260*l.* a year for life. I shall now discharge the debts which till this hour have been weighing me down, and which no economy of mine could reduce, while the Surrey property drained every penny from my purse, and, after 4,500*l.* paid for repairs, brought me in bills for hothouses, greenhouses, &c., to the tune of 500*l.* more. Now, dear sir, wish me joy that I have shaken off this load

of splendid misery, that I have by these means set my income free, and enabled myself to live in a decent style, such as neither of my husbands would be shocked to witness.

Dear Salusbury must content himself with what he has, and pray for my life, as nothing else will so much benefit him. And now, if you please, let me drive away egotism, and tell you that Mrs. Lambert still lives and asks for you. Mary Mayhew is in a piteous case, lying on a *chaise-longue*, permitted neither to speak nor eat. How changed from her who ran races with Salusbury and Cora at pretty Mendip! Mr. Lutwyche, however, seems to have gained what she has lost of health and strength, and they talk of going abroad when their interesting invalid is able to bear the journey and voyage.

Miss Wroughton looks very grave, and I am told feels sadly deserted by the loss of a mother whom many beauties would have thought an incumbrance; but she has a feeling heart, and is a most affectionate relation,

What else shall I tell you? — that I walked through the snow to church yester morning, a strange thing even were we living in Sweden, *mais il court des mauvais bruits du soleil à ce qu'on dit*, and the spots on his disc are said to be larger than our whole earth. No wonder we are starving, and the mezereon bushes out, just like March. Meanwhile death was never so frequent in England, particularly Bath, and baby sufferers quite innumerable; mourning the only wear, and the long funerals blacken all the way. You were a wise man to prefer the Continent, and I hope next winter will find you in dear, dear Italy.

A new book says the Jews will congregate and go home in 1822; nor would that prove impossible, if this extraordinary, if this intended crusade against Turkey should take place, and three great Christian powers, of three distinct persuasions, should cooperate against the now very feeble

sovereignty of the Ottoman Porte.' I think there is an account somewhere, that Harvey, who first discovered the circulation of the blood, did, in the year 1580, tell, in some long-forgotten treatise of his, how an Eastern prophecy had before then assured mankind, that a second attack of united Europeans would be decidedly fatal to Constantinople.

Before such gigantic events what pigmy triumphs are those of our valiant men at Waterloo! How invisibly small the conquests of whiggism over the Ministry and the income tax! Yet these occurrences employ our mouths, — ay, and thoughts too. When I was half frantic about Streatham Park, I could read nothing but Ducretelle's 'History of the French Revolution,' and 'The Battle of St. Jean,' by a *témoin oculaire*. They are written as if on purpose to withdraw attention from everything but the subjects they discuss, the adventures they relate.

I must, however, return to self and Streatham. The portrait of Dr. Johnson sold for 378*l.* sterling, and I am told that Dr. Burney bought it. That a scholar of the nineteenth century should be able and willing to give such a sum for a scholar's portrait who was the man most approved by the eighteenth century, is pretty and proper, and we must rejoice it is in such hands. Garrick fetched 175 guineas; Edmund Burke, 220: but you will see it all in the 'Courier.' I kept dear Murphy for myself. He was the playfellow of my first husband, the true and partial friend of my second; he loved my mother, and, poor as I am, Murphy remains with me. Write to me, dear sir, and you will delight the heart, if you do not disapprove the conduct, of your ever gratefully and faithfully attached friend,

H. L. PROZZI.

Mr. Anstey has kindly added to my letter, and now accept our united compliments and best wishes, and *addio*!

SIR WALTER J. JAMES, BART., TO DR. WHALLEY.

Berne, May 23, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Brussels must be a particularly rainy region, for finer weather never was than what we experienced for a whole fortnight upon our road hither. The roads were too frequently bad, but the inns never failed being good; and though I find cheapness is everywhere a chimera, yet in Switzerland I find a compensation for many disappointments. I shall rejoice to find you arrive amongst us at Berne, and await the event with some impatience and much hope. We entered upon our new plan on Monday, and have accomplished it with much difficulty. A suite of rooms, vacated by the Prussian envoy, admits us *en pension* to a Mademoiselle Wagner's, where we shall be well accommodated in all respects. There will be room for you and your servant in the same house, and I have no idea but we shall be comfortable and happy under this same arrangement. There is in the same house *une table d'hôte*, with a select society; and though we more regularly are served in our own apartments, yet I shall often for my pleasure dine with the society in question, and imagine you will do the same. I have hired horses and a coach, and with my present servants and a *laquais de place*, I shall be quite established.

There is a numerous society of little *diplomats*, all of whom are here called ambassadors; in fact, they are more like secretaries, and resemble not at all a *corps diplomatique*; they are nevertheless likely to prove an agreeable society, as they all seek company and seem to solicit amusement. I am to say now, with truth, how much I regret your papers not arriving; it is dreadful to be worried, perplexed, thwarted, and embarrassed thus by the unfeeling people whose laziness and neglect alone create such vexations: by this time, however, I will hope and trust your mind is quieted and your

business ended. May your journey be rapid and prosperous ! and your reception will be hearty and sincere.

I have had a letter, in words most unequivocal and decided, that my dear son's illness is nothing of the least importance ; the letter is a joint one from Dr. Bailey and Dr. Warren, who declare the case is not anything organic, but merely some secreted bile, which will yield in a month to medicine and attention ; and upon this subject, thank God, my mind is now perfectly at ease. Brussels was becoming the hot-bed of slander and the tomb of reputation before I quitted it, and I am sure the backbiting calumniators you mention will soon fire the whole place, and get well singed themselves. Brussels was becoming a bad Bath, and unless the society shall be much changed, I shall never like to much remain there amongst them. Young H. A. calls often, and is civil ; but he is a puppy, and not knowing how it is to be genteel and well bred, he is all that is dapper and vulgar. I rather wonder at this, as he is a gentleman.

I hope you will make little excursions with us in and about these regions. I intend not to begin them till next week, by which time you will probably join us. England is all cabal and high party spirit, inflamed with anger and acrimony amongst leaders and opposers of Government. I as ardently wish for internal peace as ever I did for cessation of outward war ; but I am convinced that England is delivered over for a season to much trouble and some tumult. I am pleased to be out of it ; and having suffered so much in it, I would never more see it, did not business render my going thither again unavoidable. The dreadful conflict with my sister, the death of my eldest son,—above all, the death of my most beloved daughter, my vexatious lawsuit, and, to me, the very unwelcome marriage my son has made,*

* John James, Esq., only son of Sir Walter James, married in 1814, Lady Emily Jane Stewart, daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry ; he died in 1820. She married secondly Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B. — Peerage.

have, one and all, been events so following one upon another, that I can safely say I have not known real peace or actual enjoyment for these last twelve years.

Should I live to see England again, it will be a visit, therefore, of mere arrangements, to so settle matters for the future, that I may quit it, without being ever forced again to return to it. All here send you love and affection, together with commands and orders that you repair hither to head-quarters and your assured and faithful friend,

W. J. JAMES.

BARON DE CHATILLON TO DR. WHALLEY, À TURIN.

Chatillon, 26 7bre 1816.

MON TRÈS-CHER AMI,—M. Panario est venu à Chatillon. Il nous a dit que vous aviez fait un très-heureux voyage, et que votre projet étoit de passer l'hiver à Turin. Vous aurez, sans doute, à vous féliciter de cette détermination par les rapprochements, l'intimité et l'aisance qui règnent dans cette jolie ville, joints aux avantages qui peuvent offrir les grandes cités. Quoique l'air y soit plus tôt tempéré, je doute qu'il convienne autant à votre poitrine que celui de Florence, imprégné d'un baume qu'on respire sans cesse, dont la douceur en fait un des plus vitals et beaux climats de la superbe Italie, et où les chefs-d'œuvre de l'antiquité y semblent doubler l'existence par la jouissance actuelle du génie et des arts qui ont enrichis les siècles passés. J'espère, néanmoins, que vous vous trouverez bien de votre séjour à Turin; nous le désirons tous bien ardemment.

J'ai dès longtemps banni de mon cœur le désir des choses que je ne puis réaliser: regardant ces vains projets comme l'ennemi du repos actuel et de le délice de l'avenir. Malgré cette résolution, mon cœur souffre que je ne puisse aller passer trois mois près de vous, et braver là, le noir Borée, inaccessible à la douce chaleur de l'amitié. Oui, mon digne

ami, c'est surtout dans cette circonstance que je me sens accablé sous le poids de mes infirmités et des entraves qui me privent d'une des plus vives jouissances que j'eusse encore pu goûter, — jouissances que je n'aurois pu refuser au besoin de mon âme, toujours constante dans ses justes affections. Mais, hélas ! il n'est plus pour moi que des plaisirs sédentaires, et circonscrits au petit cercle dans lequel je végète, si fort embelli par les courts instants que vous lui avez accordés, par les souvenirs délicieux que vous y avez laissés, et la douce espérance de vous y revoir au printems. Cet espoir est le plus riant de nos dieux pénates, celui que nous évoquons tous avec le plus de ferveur. C'est dans la solitude que l'âme éprouve et conserve avec toute son énergie la vivacité des impressions qui l'affectent, et qu'elle nourrit sans distraction le charme touchant d'une sensibilité qui lui est chère : c'est là que toute notre existence lui appartient.

Des souffrances presque continuelles, les habitudes qu'elles nécessitent, ne me permettent même guère d'espérer pouvoir passer à Chambéry quelque tems cet hiver. Cela me fâche pour ma femme et ma fille, qui alors y resteront moins, et que la funeste expérience du monde n'a point encore désabusé sur ses puériles illusions et le vide dans lequel elles nous abandonnent. Pour moi, entièrement détaché de ces brillantes chimères, je sais qu'il n'est de bonheur un peu stable que dans une invariable constance dans le système qu'une sage et prévoyante réflexion nous a fait adopter. Le chemin de la vie se réduit à si peu de chose, quand on en déduit l'enfance, les souffrances, le sommeil, l'incertitude et la vieillesse.

Un vain tourbillon n'a plus d'attraits pour moi. Après une longue et orageuse navigation, un vent favorable m'a conduit dans un port tranquille. Ne seroit-ce pas le comble de la folie que de m'exposer de nouveau à un naufrage toujours

plus inévitable? Chaqu'âge a sa place, ses plaisirs et ses dangers; au mien le passé, le présent, sont bien peu de chose comparés à cet avenir où la pensée et la raison jouissent du charme consolant d'une douce et sublime espérance. De quel secours peuvent être de vains et fugitifs prestiges quand cet éternel avenir approche? La retraite allège alors le poids des chaînes qui asservissent l'homme du monde. C'est un heureux refuge quand les goûts, les plaisirs de la société ne sont plus les nôtres; que l'ambition, l'intérêt, qui l'agitent nous sont étrangers, et qu'éloigné du logis des passions dangereuses, des intrigues de l'ingratitude, des tracasseries de l'envie, l'on veut consacrer un court reste d'existence à réfléchir, au moins sur le bord de l'abîme, un instant sur soi-même, la vie, son terme, et enfin porter aux pieds de l'Eternel un souvenir un peu distinct des jours qu'il nous a accordés.

La méditation de tels objets est préférable, à mon âge, à une agitation insignifiante qui glisse sur l'âme ou n'y laisse qu'une impression, qui finit par ajouter à l'accablement de la vieillesse la privation des frivoles habitudes d'un monde, qui nous abandonne dès que nous n'avons plus de sacrifices à lui faire, ni d'offrandes à porter sur ses autels, dont l'ingratitude et l'oubli, sont les principales idoles.

Celui qui, comme vous, mon digne ami, sent le charme de la société, et sait en jouir avec l'aimable raison qui permet d'en user sans danger, ne peut s'y refuser, il s'y doit tout entier; mais peu de personnes ont ce privilège. C'est pour votre ami une vraie jouissance de penser que Turin vous offrira, à cet égard, des ressources d'autant plus précieuses qu'elles y sont vivifiées par la douce influence d'un gouvernement si paternel, qu'il doit résulter une union et une cordialité vraiment fraternelles parmi les sujets indistinctement heureux.

Ma femme vous dit les choses les plus tendres et affectueuses. Camille, qui ne cesse de parler des bontés que vous avez

eu pour elle, vous offre ses respects, ainsi qu'Anténor, qui entre dans ma chambre avec des épaulettes et des guêtres en papier, le râteau du jardin en guise de fusil. Adieu, mon cher, ancien, et digne ami ; un reste de la douleur au poignet, qui ne m'a pas permis de vous écrire plus tôt, vous fera excuser mon griffonnage. Croyez à la sincérité de votre tendre, affectionné et inébranlable ami,

RAMBERT DE CHATILLON.

MRS. WHALLEY TO DR. WHALLEY, MODENA, ITALY.

Autumn of 1816.

I HAD written to you, my dear friend, a very few days before I received yours from Turin, dated the 13th of September ; since which I have had a most melancholy meeting with the poor Lutwyches. On the 14th of October, the pure and innocent soul of the dear and interesting girl was released from her bodily sufferings, which were indeed long and most severe. The medical people said they had never seen any case exactly similar, for she lingered so many months in a state of such extreme debility, that her continuing to exist was wonderful ; and nothing but the constant attention and unremitting care with which she was watched, day and night, could have prolonged her life. From the period of her going to Sidmouth, Mrs. Lutwyche scarcely ever saw any one, and never went anywhere from the very beginning of her illness. She very seldom spoke ; and if she suspected her danger, she never expressed it till the very day of her dissolution, when she requested to receive the sacrament, and died, without a groan or struggle, in ten minutes afterwards.

On that very day, they had the additional affliction of the intelligence arriving of their good old friend the Chevalier Boisgelin's sudden death, which probably you have seen in the papers. He had arrived safely at his sister's in Brittany

(she is, I believe, a *chanoinesse*, and was delighted at having him with her). He appeared to have a common cold, for which they had put a blister on his chest, which had been dressed; and he was sitting in his chair, conversing quite cheerfully, when he leant back and died instantly. They had him opened, and found the cause was an enlargement of the heart. I felt very sorry for him, as a friend I had known so many years; and I the more regretted him as, after all his difficulties, he had a prospect of passing the remainder of his days in peace and comfort, made easy in his circumstances, and had obtained the rank of *maréchal de camp*.

Mr. Lutwyche called here the morning after he came. He is well in health, and looks so; but his afflicting account of his dear niece's last moments, on which he liked to dwell, affected me very much. He begged me to go to Mrs. L., which I did in the afternoon, and found her, as I had been informed I should do, very much changed—grown very thin and pale. They stayed only six days, and are now, I suppose, on their road to France, as they meant to make a very short stay in London, and will proceed immediately to St. Germain, where the Bayntuns reside. They talk of going to Saxony in the spring, but I think that doubtful.

I have had Mrs. Piozzi to drink tea here. She had kindly offered to come to me some evening; and I asked her friends, Mrs. Holroyd and Dr. Gibbes,* to meet her, Miss Williams, and Mrs. M. Sproule, and Mr. Spence. It is uncommonly entertaining to listen to Dr. Gibbes and Mrs. Piozzi; for though their conversation was above our flight to join in, it was both instructive and amusing. You would love old Spence, if you could have heard his eulogium on sweet Mary Mayhew. With his usual rattling manners, I did not conceive that he was capable both of appreciating the virtues

* Better known as Sir George Gibbes, for many years an eminent physician in Bath.

of her character and expressing himself so well on the subject. This day se'nnight I was most agreeably surprised by a visit from Mrs. Wickham and Caroline. They spent that day and part of the next with me; and I really can, with great satisfaction, assure you that Cary is quite a different being from the fragile invalid I saw her last. She is not only grown tall, but strong—her face much fuller, her eyes very bright.

Your brother, my dear friend, has been ill, and I deferred writing for a few days, that I might have the satisfaction of informing you that I have now the most comfortable accounts from dear Mary. I could not bear to write while I was under any alarm respecting him, as I felt how painful suspense must be to you at the great distance you are; but I am now quite easy on his account. I sent him some soda-water and some baked apples, which he fancied. It was a feverish cold which attacked him at Yeovilton, and our sister and Miss Wickham are there likewise. Mrs. Wickham is quite well, and was so kind as to write me a delightful letter from her son's at Horsington, where she passed some time. She was likewise so good as to send me a fine pheasant, and dear Hyde sent me a brace. So you perceive I have been feasting most luxuriously. Mrs. Piozzi has got the house in Gay-street the Misses Baynes lived in, and likes it very much. I forget whether I told you that Miss Shawe was married in the summer, very much to the satisfaction of her family. The gentleman's name is Williams, eldest son to a Welsh baronet. I am very sorry to add, that poor Mr. Shawe went down to visit the young people, and, on his return, died suddenly at an inn on the road.

Madame de Sommery is lately returned from town, looking quite handsome. She is very good to me, and calls often of a morning. Her sister, Madame de Vandreul, has taken one of her daughters to live with her, who had been brought

up at Paris, and came to her mother on her father's death, but never had a day's health in Langford.

You will be very sorry to hear that Dr. Parry has had a paralytic stroke, and has lost his speech and the use of one side. It is feared he cannot live; and the shock has almost killed poor Miss Monck, whom he was attending in very bad health.

Did Miss Seward ever tell you the solution of the enigma for which she left a legacy in her will? * Some person has, ingeniously enough, made the word 'Litchfield,' but I have not heard whether the executors allow the claim made good.

My letter seems a catalogue of melancholy events; but you will be glad to hear that I am better. God bless you! I sincerely hope your friend is now with you, and better, and that you will write soon to

Your affectionate and faithful,

F. W.

Belvoir Castle is nearly destroyed by fire, and some of the very finest pictures burnt.

* There appears to have been a general delusion on this point. The Editor wrote to a friend requesting him to ascertain the truth at Doctors' Commons. The following is the answer: — 'January 31st, 1863. — I have been to Doctors' Commons this morning, and have seen the will mentioned in your letter. It purports to be the will of "Anne, otherwise Anna Seward, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Seward, Canon Residentiary of Litchfield," and was proved at London with two codicils on August 2, 1809. I have been carefully through both the will and the codicils, which are very lengthy, but there is nothing in either which in any way refers to "an enigma" which could be so construed. It would appear by a pencil note in the margin of the book into which the will is copied, that some person has searched the will before to ascertain the terms of the enigma, but without finding the enigma. Miss Seward several times speaks of her friend and correspondent Walter Scott of Edinburgh, the author of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and early in the will there is a payment of a mourning ring to her friends "Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby of Llangollen Vale."' "

MRS. WHALLEY TO DR. WHALLEY, CHEZ M. DE TOURS,
À L'HOTEL DE L'UNIVERS, TURIN.

Bath, March 27, 1817.

SINCE I wrote last, I have had the pleasure of a visit from Madame d'Arblay. Indisposition in her family, and on my part, had prevented our meeting before. At last she came alone, and a hard rain kept her for an hour and a half. She was extremely entertaining, and, I think, very amiable in her manners. She talked a great deal of Madame de Staël, and on many other amusing subjects. I understand she has given up writing romances, but is now engaged in arranging a variety of papers which old Dr. Burney left, chiefly consisting of his correspondence with literary characters of his time. But it will be two years at least before this mass can be assorted and prepared for the press. General d'Arblay I have never seen. Mrs. Holroyd tells me, that he has been very handsome, and is very clever. The poor man is now a miserable object with the jaundice; and I fear they are far from comfortable in their circumstances, and are living with the greatest economy, to enable them to support their son genteelly at the University.

I have left this open to the last moment, but no message from Mr. Anstey. I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Hannah More has been busily engaged in writing songs. Don't doubt me, real songs, not hymns—and very good things, and for a very good purpose—to counteract the evil and seditious tracts and infamous verses given to the poor deluded people.

Adieu! dear friend. I am, in great haste,

Ever affectionately yours,

F. WHALLEY.

Pray write as often as you can.

DR. WHALLEY TO A GREAT NEPHEW, 11 YEARS OLD.

Portland Place, Bath, July 20, 1818.

YOUR letter, my dear —, gave me pleasure which I must always feel from every proof of your remembrance and affection. I intended writing to you sooner, but one thing or another prevented me. The house seemed dull after you left us, and would have seemed duller, had you been more chatty and lively. The next time you are our guest, which I hope will be during your Christmas holidays, I must exhort you beforehand not to be so very shy and formal—hanging down your head, and bowing, and seeming afraid to answer your aunt or myself when we speak to you. At least when you and I are only together, you may talk freely, and not be saying ‘Sir,’ and ‘If you please, uncle,’ whenever you answer me. It is well to be pretty behaved, but you need not be so very bashful to your fond old uncle, nor look when he speaks kindly to you as if you could not say boh! to a goose.

Let your tongue loose then, my dear —, when we meet again, and make me amends for your late silence by talking away at all rates, and being as full of frolic and fun as if you were chattering and gambolling with your brothers or school-fellows. I will provide some nice salted cold pigs’ feet to encourage and inspire you; but I hope they will not make you pigheaded—a word to the wise.

Your aunt has suffered much from the persevering hot weather, and it has made me very languid. I fear that your weak nerves and tender spirits have been affected by it; but hold up your head and brace up your high jumping crackers, and above all take care to trim up your white gills, and arrange properly your black silk neckerchief, and then you may brave wind and weather.

F. and E. paid their compliments to proud Galigantus, who was dressed in his robes of gold and white brocade, trimmed

with gold fringe to receive them. He was attended by his whole seraglio of wives; but the numerous young princes and princesses—his progeny—had their separate establishments. The youngest ones were rather shy and timid, like you; but the elder ones were as gay and familiar as I wish you to be, gathering and fluttering round and feeding from our hands. I have not seen your pleasant and kind friend P. since you left, but I intend calling on him this morning. Mind you do not forget him when out of sight.

I trust, my dear, that you will not forget me. No friend can ever love you as much; and fond as you are of pigs' feet, I do not think that, swinish as is your palate, you ever have a grunting temper or a torpid heart. The joys of school days are approaching, but I hope they will leave a little vacancy in your heart for the future joys of, and the pleasures which, a week's visit to Portland Place (with your parents' permission) may afford you.

Remember I shall expect to see a bold Grecian, though not perhaps quite so fierce as Ajax, or so wise as Nestor, or so quarrelsome as Thirsytes. Your aunt joins me in love to all out of the kitchen. Phillis* bids me say with her duty that she will be your hat-bearer. Duchess charges me to add that she will be your guard at night. If you do not write to me soon from school, I shall call you a savage, an infidel, a Turk, and a Jew, but not a beau or a Cupid. Far be such cruel injustice from the heart of my dear —,

Your affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW, AT SCHOOL.

Bath, September 9, 1818.

MY DEAR BOY,—Your dear father, I doubt not, sent you my little letter with the pigs' feet and cakes, and the former,

* Favourite dogs of Dr. Whalley's.

I hope, gratified your heart as much as the latter pleased your palate. Your very affectionate letter gave me great pleasure. To be loved by those we love, is the more gratifying in proportion to our experience of the insincerity and deceitful professions of many selfish and hollow-hearted people in our passage through life ; but on your warm and faithful affection I can depend.

God has blessed you with an open, an ardent, and a grateful heart, and that heart, I trust, will never suffer itself to be chilled by the dissipation or corrupted by the vices of the world, when you are of an age to mix in gay society, and in danger of being misled by agreeable but giddy and ill-principled companions. Keep the virtuous example of your excellent parents constantly in view, together with your duty and your responsibility to them and to God, and the reflection will keep you in the right path, and preserve you from tempting indiscretions, rendered more alluring by the example and persuasions of youthful acquaintances.

Should the Almighty preserve my life to see you grow up to manhood, in favour both with God and man, it would be a great comfort to my last days. My heart has chosen you as its best beloved among my numerous nephews and nieces, and should you deceive its confidence and its affection, great would be its disappointment, and severe its affliction.

I have passed two days at Mendip Lodge since I received your dear letter, with Sir Walter and Miss James, and Mons. and Madame Lerber (his youngest daughter and her husband), who were delighted with the house and the walks, and the beautiful and extensive prospect. I wished for your company to enliven them with your chat and pranks, and to show them all the terraces and beauties of my mountain, which my infirmities rendered me incapable of doing. Next winter I hope to make you well acquainted with Sir Walter and Lady James and their daughters, who, I am certain, will

like and be very kind to you. They are among the number of my oldest and dearest friends.

Time, my dear boy, passes insensibly on, and but too fast at my advanced age. Autumn is begun, winter will follow, and during the first month of old hoary Hyems you will see me at N. H., God willing, able to pass a couple of days cheerfully there, and then drive off with you to Bath, where I hope you will be as well and as gay and as contented as you were last July. The moment you find your old uncle's society dull, or you grow home sick, tell me so, and I will carry you back to the house of W. Galigantus has lost his old tail, but intends mounting a new and much finer one against your arrival. The sons of the giant are all in high spirits and feather. They do not divine that a certain cannibal, called —, already licks his lips at them, and hopes to devour two or three of them during the merry feasts of Christmas. Alas! sad day for them who are to be feasted on, instead of feasting! And so with your aunt's love to F. and you, and my particular greetings to your gills and high pushing crackers,

I am, my darling boy, your very affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

Phillis, Duchess, and Rover wag their tails at you. I am sorry to hear your new friend proved false. It will teach you not to trust hastily to fair appearances and professions. True and valuable friends are difficult to find.

The following letter was written by the Austrian Archduke Francis, fourth Duke of Modena. By the Treaty of Paris, he was recognised as the heir, through the female line, of Ercole Rinaldo of Este, the last of that illustrious house. He was born in 1779, and died January 1846, when he was succeeded by his son Francis V. On the outbreak of the war of Italy, 1859, the latter duke quitted his dominions

and joined the Austrians with his little army, not on the battle field, where he would have come in direct collision with his subjects, but within the walls of the stronghold of Mantua. By the treaty of Villafranca, the so-called 'rights' of Francis V. to the Duchy of Modena were recognised; but not so by the *vox populi* and the fortune of war.

The Arch-duke Maximilian, the bearer of the letter, was the duke's second brother, and was born in 1782.

FROM THE GRAND DUKE OF MODENA TO DR. WHALLEY.

Modène, ce 27 septembre 1818.

MONSIEUR,—Je profite de l'occasion que mon frère l'archiduc Maximilien d'Autriche d'Este entreprend un voyage en Angleterre, pour vous remercier du souvenir que vous conservez toujours de ma femme et de moi, en écrivant à Madame la Marquise de San Saverio, et pour vous exprimer ma reconnaissance pour les belles choses que vous avez envoyées d'Angleterre pour moi et mon épouse. Je m'intéresse toujours à sçavoir l'état de votre santé, et j'ai appris avec plaisir que depuis votre séjour à Modène votre santé est meilleure; car l'estime particulière que j'ai de vous (ayant eu occasion de connoître de près vos mérites, et votre loyal caractère) me fait prendre le plus grand intérêt à ce qui vous regarde; et vous m'obligerez en me faisant sçavoir de tems en tems de vos nouvelles. Si mon frère va à Bath, je lui ai écrit de s'adresser à vous et de tâcher de faire votre connoissance. J'envie à mon frère cet intéressant voyage, mais mes devoirs m'empêchent pour à présent un si beau projet. Votre médecin le Professeur Fattori est très-malade dans ce moment, ci-ayant de nouveau craché du sang: j'en suis très fâché, car c'est un homme de mérite. Soyez bien persuadé de ma particulière estime et considération, avec laquelle je suis, Monsieur,

Votre bien-affectionné

FRANÇOIS.

MARQUISE DE LA PIERRE TO DR. WHALLEY, BATH.

Rue du Helder, No. 6, Paris, October 18, 1818.

YOU will be surprised, my dear Dr. Whalley, at the date of this letter, as well as at my silence on my projects of coming here; but it was the affair of a week to let my home at Hampton Wick for three months, and follow the advice of some friends here to come and try at getting something from the government for the loss of the *Terre de la Pierre*, situated, you know, in France, and the property of a subject to another prince. I came with a recommendation from the Regent, and with the most sanguine hopes; but though I have been here since the 29th of July, my affair does not take *une belle tournure*; so to avoid a later passage across our formidable Channel, I was determined to set out (with Mrs. and Miss Birch, who are with us) to-morrow, the 20th, and leave others to get me out of the hobble as they could; and on my arrival to write to you, my good friend, the relation of our journey, and to hear some news of our valued friend. When, last Friday se'nnight, the Sardinian minister here came to inform me that his sovereign had taken the determination of giving something in the way of indemnity to those of his subjects of Savoy and Nice, who had lost their fortune by the French Revolution in their country, according to such and such proportions, deductions, &c., by an annual *rente sur l'état*, or pension, for which he had put by 8,000,000fr., or 200,000*l.* sterling, the interest of which would be allotted to that object, he advised me, being so far on the way, to go there immediately (to Chambéry), where the commission is to be directly opened, till the 1st of January, after which term no claimants whatever can be admitted. He added, that it would be much preferable to go ourselves, than to employ any agent or *gens d'affaires*, and if I

consented, he would give me all the facility possible, in recommendations, &c. &c.

Think, my dear friend, what a task for me to return to a country, though only for a few months, where at every step my wounded mind would suffer afresh, and to see the property of my family in the hands of the national purchasers; for in that respect the king has been forced to follow the example of greater States, and to ratify and sanction the national sales. The perturbation of my mind and spirits for a week cannot be conceived; but at last I have determined to wave self, and do all I think right for my family. They think the affair will be decided at an early period; but as the season will be then too advanced for travelling, I shall stay till the *formats* are passed, and be happy, as early in spring as possible, and delighted, as well as my dear girls (who are of the same mind with me) to regain dear England, and our still dearer friends.

This is my history, and I think you will allow I have done as I should do, and whether it turns out well or ill, shall have no reproach to make myself. I will find out some method of writing to you from thence, if possible; but the posts go badly, and I hear are enormous; *nous verrons et jugerons*.

I will not give you any detail of our abode here, having neither time nor spirits to make it amusing. A great number of English, some worth knowing, more of the contrary description; great luxury in dress and house furniture, the rest a clash, as has ever been the French character; and though certainly as a capital Paris beats London hollow, I would not live in it for the world. My girls were struck at first with the glare of all that is to be seen, which our friends here have made a point of showing them; but I believe have now pretty nearly enough. They desire, one and all, of their very best, to their dear Dr. Whalley, in which I, of course, most sincerely join, with many compliments to Mrs. Whalley,

who I hope has quite got the better of her rheumatic complaints, and that this late continued warm season has had the effect on your chest of an Italian summer. Mrs. and Miss Birch desire their compliments; and

I am, dear Dr. Whalley, ever yours, truly and affectionately,
D. DE LA PIERRE.

Poor Blomberg has hurt his leg again, and a splinter is working out of the old wound. They write word he bears it with great patience, and keeps a strict diet, which he can better do at Kirby Hall than at Carlton House. Adieu.

The name of Dr. Blomberg has often turned up in the course of the preceding correspondence, and we find it mentioned here in connexion with Carlton House. His intimacy with the Royal Family arose from a very remarkable circumstance. His father was a British officer, and in the earlier part of the reign of George III. he was quartered in the West Indies, together with Major Torriano (mentioned vol. i. p. 247), but in different islands, the latter being in St. Kitts. One night, as Major Torriano and another officer were lying in the same room, they suddenly saw Blomberg standing before them. On expressing their great surprise, he informed them that it was only his shade which they saw, as he had just fallen a victim to rapid disease; and was permitted to appear, in order that he might request them on their return home to make diligent search in a certain house in Scotland, where, in a chest, documents would be found which would put his only son, then young, in possession of a small property. The officers gave their promise, and the ghost disappeared. In the course of a few days intelligence reached St. Kitts of the death of Blomberg on the night in question; and in due time search was made for the papers, which were found, and the boy obtained his property. The

story being much talked of at the time, came to the ears of the Royal family, and Blomberg was sent for by George III. to be brought up with the young princes. There was apparently nothing remarkable in his character to call forth a special providence in his behalf, as he was only distinguished for his taste and skill in music. He was brought up to the Church, and under Royal favour obtained various pieces of preferment. Latterly, he was Canon of St. Paul's, to which he was appointed in 1822; Chaplain to the Queen; and incumbent of the valuable vicarage of St. Giles', Cripplegate.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

Bath, November 26, 1818.

No! I can never forget that I have a dear young Dandy, alias a pretty chattering Jackdaw, at W. The fact is, my always darling boy, that both illness and a great deal of worrying and fatiguing business have prevented my writing to you as soon as I wished, though nothing shall ever prevent my thinking fondly of you hourly. Your last dear letter has particularly delighted me, as it is so genuine and warm a proof of your affection. May you through life preserve the same open, generous, good, and grateful heart, and never may it be led astray or corrupted by artful and unprincipled associates, or by the vanities and vices of the world. In me, my dear —, you shall never fail to find an anxious friend and a kind adviser. Never conceal, therefore, from me your wishes nor your troubles, nor even your errors. Should youth and high spirits and gay and thoughtless companions lead you into actions which are unworthy of your heart, and which your conscience must disapprove, you shall find in me a kind mentor, but never a sour and severe censor. You are now a boy after my own heart, and that heart has chosen you for its own, and I am convinced that you will always

give it reason not only to be satisfied with but proud of you.

The Christmas holidays approach, and I look forward to them with pleasure, as I hope your kind parents will permit you to pass half of them with me and your aunt. Her health is very feeble and precarious; but I trust that it will not be so bad during your holidays as to prevent our receiving you. As to my health, were it ever so bad, your dear society would comfort and enliven me. Your KNIGHT, not *Night* (as you spell it) of the Comb, will comb your saucy head for you, especially if your hair is not spoilt by abominable close cropping, for then there will be nothing worth combing. I hope to see your hair as long and as wild as little S.'s. It becomes her, and would make you a cock dandy of the first description, saving stays. As for stiffeners, you have long been up to them, though I hope they will not be so stiff as to prevent your turning your head without turning your whole body, which was nearly the case with your handsome and amiable friend P., when he called here last. He is too good and too rational for a dandy.

Your dear father is to come to Bath the latter end of next week, when I will charge him with some pigs' feet and a cake for you and dear good F. With your aunt's love to you both, to say nothing of mine,

I am, my dearest Dandy,

Your tenderly affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

The dogs bark their, and great Galligantus crows his, remembrances.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

December 9, 1818.

THINK of thee once a day, my own darling young Dandy cock! Once a day!!! How little dost thou yet know of

thy uncle's affection for thee! Why, thou art continually in my thoughts, and always in my heart. Thou hast contrived, cunning Daw as thou art! to nestle thyself so far into the latter, that nothing but thy proving false and ungrateful can ever tear thee from my bosom, and I have too good an opinion of the warmth and gratitude and constancy of thy heart, to think this will ever happen. Always rely on me, my dear boy, as a firm and tender friend, who will always be anxious for thy health, credit, and prosperity. Should I live till you approach the dangerous age of manhood, put a full trust in my affection, and repose in my bosom all your temptations and difficulties and vexations, and you shall be sure to have my best counsel and assistance.

I doubt whether you have received my last letter, as it was only directed to you at W., and my heedless young footman, John, instead of putting it into the basket of prog for you and dear F., put it into the post-office. Your dear father was so hurried by business at Bath last Friday, that he could not call on us; but the prog basket was safely delivered into the hands of your poor skeleton Jack-of-all-trades, alias Coachman John, who promised that it should be sent to you without delay. Your very affectionate letter delighted me the more, as it was well written and spelt. Your dear parents will expect you should eat your Christmas pie and play your Christmas gambols at home; but the 1st or 2nd of January I will go to N., with their leave, to bring you to your other home here. I am having a new tent-bed made on purpose for you, to be put up in my dressing-room, which I shall call Dandy's roost; but he must not crow in the night, nor at daybreak, to disturb me. I am glad your locks are not cropped. They shall be curled and dressed in the highest style of dandy cockism. All the ladies shall exclaim, 'What a pretty dashing beau! Who is he?' 'What!' it will be said, 'do you not know that celebrated young Dandy——?'

Love to dear F. The Reverend Doctor embraces thee tenderly. If you cannot guess who that little stumpy gentleman is, you shall not be told by

Your long lank uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

THE COUNT DU COËTLOSQUET TO DR. WHALLEY.

Paris, le 2 janvier 1819.

TRÈS-VÉNÉRABLE ET CHER AMI, — Depuis que des évènements bien tristes nous séparèrent l'un de l'autre, souvent des souvenirs heureux, caressant mon imagination, me rappelèrent notre séjour commun à Névers. Ils me retraçoient et nos conversations, dont votre esprit faisait les frais, et nos petites courses pendant lesquelles vous oubliez vos douleurs pour écouter mes saillies de gaieté. Je me rappelois avec plaisir l'empressement que je mettois à aller vous chercher, et la bienveillance avec laquelle vous receviez mes visites. Hélas ! trop précipitamment ces tems passèrent, et bientôt la fortune contraire nous éloigna : vous, pour chercher un asile contre l'invasion de l'homme aux grandes entreprises ; moi, pour suivre la bannière de l'honneur, vaincre ou succomber, fidèle à mes sermens, à mon Dieu, à mon roi.

J'eus l'honneur de vous écrire à Gand pour vous faire part des évènements qui m'arrivèrent pendant les Cent Jours. Vous n'avez probablement pas reçu ma lettre ; mais je vous disois qu'après avoir été sur le point d'être assassiné, ou noyé dans une émeute populaire à Névers, j'avois rejoint à Orléans l'armée fidèle aux Bourbons, qui s'y trouvoit réunie sous les ordres du Maréchal Comte de Gouvion St. Cyr ; que là, une nouvelle révolte ayant éclaté, j'avois pensé être massacré par des soldats rebelles et furieux ; que je fus amené à Paris, mis en prison jusqu'après la bataille de Waterloo, et qu'enfin le

roi mon maître, m'honorant de sa confiance, aussitôt sa rentrée dans Paris, m'envoyant remplir une mission très-importante dans l'ouest et le midi de la France, puis mit le comble à ses bontés, en m'appelant à servir près de sa personne, comme chef d'état major-général de la garde royale, poste que j'occupe depuis trois ans et demi.

Je vous avoue que vous m'avez bien inquiété, pendant ces tems d'orage ! Je savais les souffrances que vous éprouviez en voyageant, le besoin que vous aviez de repos, et je craignois que, pris par de trop fortes douleurs, vous ne restassiez au pouvoir des méchants qui régnoient alors sur la France. Il me tardoit d'apprendre que vous fussiez en lieu de sûreté, et ce fut avec grande joie que j'en reçus l'avis par messieurs de Lagondie,* qui tous deux me chargent de les rappeler à votre bon souvenir.

L'usage en France veut qu'au renouvellement de chaque année on fasse agréer à ses amis les vœux sincères qu'on peut former pour leur bonheur : vous êtes en tête de la liste des miens, et je m'acquitte avec joie d'un devoir si fort d'accord avec les intérêts de mon cœur. Je forme aussi pour moi un vœu que j'ai le plus grand désir de satisfaire, et profitant d'un congé je veux aller à Bath, rien que pour vous voir, vous répéter l'assurance de mon parfait attachement et vous faire recevoir l'hommage des sentimens respectueux et dévoués avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Très-vénérable et cher ami,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

C^TE. DU COËTLOSQUET,

Aide major-général de la garde royale au
château des Tuilleries.

* Son fils est maintenant colonel du génie au service de S. M. Louis Napoléon. Pendant la guerre en Crimée il fut attaché à l'état-major de Lord Raglan par le gouvernement français. Il fut ensuite fait prisonnier à la bataille d'Alma, et envoyé en Russie.

CHEVALIER JOZINKA GALATERI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Nizza, le 4 janvier 1819.

TRÈS-CHER, DIGNE ET RESPECTABLE AMI,—L'empressement que j'ai de vous témoigner de plus en plus l'amitié que j'ai pour vous, ne me permet pas de différer d'avantage à vous écrire, pour vous annoncer que mon cher père se trouve mieux depuis deux jours, et que nous espérons une heureuse fin de sa maladie, pour nous, pour les troupes, et pour toute la ville, les individus de laquelle prennent beaucoup d'intérêt à son rétablissement. Vous ne sauriez vous l'imaginer comme tout le monde s'empresse à demander de ses nouvelles. Nous commençons prendre un peu d'haleine, car nous étions dans des angoisses terribles sur la vie de mon cher père, qui étoit dans un état affreux. Jugez dans quelles peines nous nous trouvions, courant le risque de le perdre.

Je suis à la veille d'être fait officier dans un régiment de cavalerie ; j'espère d'avoir ma promotion d'ici vingt jours à peu près. Cela me fait d'autant plus de plaisir, parceque la santé de mon cher père va mieux. Vous pouvez vous le figurer que j'attends avec impatience ma nomination pour entrer dans une carrière aussi honorable, et que je soutiendrai de mon mieux, par ma conduite, l'exécution de mes devoirs, l'obéissance à mes supérieurs, enfin en faisant tout ce qui peut contribuer à mon avancement. J'espère d'y réussir en prenant pour modèle mon père, qui a toujours été militaire, et remplir tous les devoirs d'un vrai soldat et parfait honnête homme. Avec ses principes j'espère de parcourir avec honneur une carrière aussi épineuse et difficile.

Comme la santé est le plus précieux trésor de la vie, je fais des vœux au Seigneur, afin qu'il vous la conserve pour un ami qui vous aime véritablement. C'est dans ces sentimens que je suis, et que je serai jusqu'au dernier soupir,

Votre ami pour la vie,

JOZINKA.

P.S.—Il m'est impossible de voir partir cette lettre sans vous faire connoître l'épanchement de mon cœur en l'amélioration de santé de mon oncle. Je crois qu'à ce moment vous aurez reçu une dernière lettre en date du cinq du mois courant. Je vous accuse en même tems la réception de la vôtre, et je vous remercie infiniment des gracieuses expressions qui y étoient contenues. J'ai été bien aise d'entendre que votre santé se rétablît; je fais les vœux les plus sincères pour que cela soit de mieux en mieux. Je vous prie d'agréer mes respects, et je suis bien de cœur

Votre très-obéissant et affectionné serviteur,

ANNIBAL GALATERI,

Lieutenant au régt. dragons du roi.

P.S.—Mon petit cousin Pepa, qui est à l'académie militaire, est très-bien portant, et fait beaucoup de progrès en sagesse et dans ses études.

'Je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur.'

Mon père a voulu absolument y mettre ces mots, qui sont peu intelligibles, mais que vous agréerez comme un effort qu'il a fait pour vous témoigner l'intarissable amitié qu'il a pour vous.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

February 5th, 1819.

I HAVE waited for the return to school of the prettiest and dearest of young dandy-cocks, to congratulate him on an event which, though unpleasant for the moment, as a parting from the joys and comforts of home, yet leads to his future prosperity and respectability. My darling boy is so sensible of this, and his heart and understanding are so open to good advice, and to a right feeling of the affectionate motives from which such advice springs. In my tender affection you have,

I well know, too much confidence not to impute my anxiety for everything that can promote your interest or honour to its right cause.

Always bear in mind, my beloved —, that during the five ensuing years the solid foundation must be laid for that classical knowledge which is to fit you for a learned profession, and make you fulfil its duties with credit to yourself and delight to all your friends. In the world and in polished society it will make you relish enlightened conversation, and enable you to show a well-informed mind, accompanied with good breeding, and all the charm of your native good temper, ingenuousness, and hilarity. While a boy, enjoy your sports, and, at proper times, the society of your schoolfellows; but let neither seduce you from an attention to your studies and the improvement of your mind. This improvement consider, my prince darling, will last and prove gratifying to yourself and others when only a faint and fruitless remembrance lasts of all your juvenile frolics. I cannot express how much I missed your gay society. My breakfasts still seem sad and dull. I want your gabble and fun to enliven them, and your pooking abilities to stir up and make my fire burn bright. I am delighted with Mr. Rippingille's miniature portrait of you. It is almost a perfect resemblance of you when you are silent and demure, and on your best behaviour—pretending to look as if butter would not melt in your mouth, though the tough sinews of a great pig's foot cannot choke you. There is a learned pig exhibited here. Were you to visit him, I wonder whether his wise hogship would discover how many of his family's feet you have gnawed to the bare bone. Should his knowledge extend so far, it would be dangerous for you to approach the grunting necromancer.

Your ever affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO DANDY COCK.

February 20, 1819.

MY DEAREST AND BEST OF BOYS,—Of all your letters, I consider your last as the greatest proof of your affection. That affection, my darling —, is returned by me with interest; and throughout my life you may be assured that my love for you will be as constant as it is disinterested, warm, and pure. You shall find it an affection that will always be anxious in every way to promote your good, and to guard you, if possible, from every evil. But let me repeat that the best proof you can give me of your affection will be to pursue your studies with diligence and ardour, as that will lead to your prosperity and credit and self-satisfaction when your days of boyhood are over, and your manhood makes you become a member of polished and well-informed society. That time I may probably not live to see; but my last days would be cheered and my infirmities soothed by knowing that you were making a fair progress in your learning, maintaining, at the same time, your character for truth, openness, generosity, and warmth of heart, innocent gaiety and blameless conduct—thus you will secure the favour both of man and God. I feel the want of your gay society, especially in the morning and at my solitary breakfasts, at which I have now only Nelly to amuse me. The forward little jade has laid an egg, and seems very proud of her performance. By the time you come (for come, dear, I hope you will in July), I suppose she will have a brood of fine chickens. She is tamer and pertier than ever, and runs out to court the greatest young Gallin-gantus every morning. When I go through the room adjoining to this I look at dear pretty Daw's nest, with a fond wish to see him nestled in it, with his dear roguish face peeping out over the sheets. To be sure, my young Dandy's head and tail frolics were sometimes very daring before I left my bed

in a morning ; but I was pleased and amused by them, because they were his pranks, and I hope to be dared and diverted by them often. Whatever is a testimony of my dear boy's confidence in my affection must always delight me.

I heard with much concern that poor dear C—— continues very ill. I dread such continual watching and fatigue for your excellent mother. I know not how she could support them without the aid and comfort of your good annt, who is always ready to succour and comfort her in all her trials. May the Almighty raise up C—— from her bed of sickness, and restore her to the prayers of her tender parents. But should it please Him who knows best what is good for us all to deprive them of the amiable girl, His will must be submitted to with patience and pious resignation. Should her still protracted illness not prevent my meeting you at N—— during your Easter holidays, I promise myself that pleasure. To wait for it till July would seem an age. But then, at all events, I trust your dear father would permit my favourite boy to pass a fortnight here. Against that time I hope to get all the troublesome, worrying business respecting the sale of Mendip Lodge concluded, and to recover sufficient health and spirits to enjoy all thy dandy gambols. For several days I have been very ill, and dreadfully nervous ; but I think I am a little better, though I have had a restless night.

I shall be very glad to receive such affectionate letters as your last. It is but just that you should dearly love an uncle who so dearly loves Dandy ——, &c., as

Your faithful friend,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO DANDY COCK.

May 3, 1819.

As my darling Dandy is so entirely occupied with his Latin and Greek as not to have time to write to me, I must

find time, though full of business and engagements, to write to him. Forget me he cannot, nor will his sincere and affectionate heart suffer him to grow cold in love for an uncle who loves him so tenderly. I saw so little of you, my dear boy, during my short visit at N——, that I could not find half an hour's private chat with you; but in June or July I promise myself a full recompense, when your indulgent parents have assured me that you shall be my dear and welcome inmate for ten days. Then you shall tell me all your adventures and school pranks, and cares and pleasures, and we will have merry breakfasts together; and you shall play off your tricks and gambols of all kinds without fear or restraint.

At present, your gaiety and rogueries are directed to your dear young crony, C——, who, I dare say, knows how to repay them with proper spirit and fun. I should like to see you gambol together, and hope that you will always love each other. It will give me pleasure to see him in the summer, while you are here, as I have no doubt of his pleasing me, both for your sake and his own. Embrace your Knight of the tin armour for me; but advise him not to carry his chivalric spirit and daring to such an excess as to get his teeth or an eye knocked out, by his antagonists, on Washerwoman's Hill, as the glory of a victory over his foes would ill recompense him for such a disfigurement. I hope dear pretty E—— is quite reconciled to a school life. Kiss him for me, and tell him that I have had his portrait very handsomely framed. The next time he comes to Bath, he will see it hung up in one of my drawing-rooms.

Duchess's puppies are all beautiful. Four of them are given away. The remaining one, the prettiest, fondest, and liveliest of all, is promised to your cousin Hyde; but having broke (we know not how) one of her legs, we would not part with the engaging little animal till it was quite sound again; and your aunt is now so fond of her, that perhaps we may be

tempted to keep her in the place of poor, dear, lamented Phyllis. The leg has been very well set, and is well bandaged, but she is enough recovered to frolic and scamper about at all rates. She is a general darling, except with Nelly, who has nine fine chickens, with which she makes a fine fuss, driving cats and dogs furiously away if they dare to approach them. Galligantus has got three legitimate children by his Galligantus wife, so that noble race promises to flourish. How do your feastings go on? If your tea is exhausted, I will send you some more of the same kind, instead of your drinking the unwholesome mundungus stuff called tea, bought by the ounce at some cheap shop in Warminster. Dear E—— must partake of whatever I send you, as well as your valorous friend C——. Write to me soon, but not in such a hurry as to forget good spelling. It is a thing, my dear boy, which requires all your care and attention, as right spelling is expected at your age, and it would be thought strange and disgraceful (especially at Winchester) for a boy who is learning Greek not to know how to spell many English words in common use. Both your aunt and I have been ill, but we are better, though still complaining. She joins me in love to E—— and you.

I am, dearest Dandy Daw,

Your very affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO DANDY DAW.

July 10th, 1819.

MY DEAR BRIGHT-EYED APOLLO,—The beams of warm and genuine affection diffused over thy dear letter cheered and comforted my heart. Thank God, my health is so much improved as to admit of my going out in my carriage, though my head is still heavy and dizzy, and my spirits are

dejected. A legitimate descendant of the Slenders in my best days, I am now a true Praise-God-Barebones. But as the flesh rather encumbers than frees the spirit, the feebler and more emaciated I am, the more I love and am drawn towards those friends on whose hearts and attachment I can depend. And who loves me better than my dear —— ? I must postpone my desired visit to the family at N—— till next Monday se'nnight, when I promise myself the pleasure to embrace them all, and to stay with them till the Monday following, when I hope glorious Apollo will condescend to accompany me to Bath.

Next Wednesday I am to pass with my dear old friend Mrs. General Lambart at Clifton. Thursday I join Mrs. H. More's annual gathering together of those who wish to do honour to and to promote the blessed Society for the Propagation of the Bible and its divine doctrines, through all nations and in all languages, for the enlightening and salvation of millions. Friday, Mr. Naish, my faithful old bailiff and zealous friend, is to meet me at Mr. W.'s in Wrington, to make a final statement of accounts respecting Mendip Lodge, &c. That beautiful property is now Dr. Somers', to my great content. He went from hence to take formal possession of it last Wednesday, accompanied by his pretty wife and boy. Your dear father will be glad to know that this burden and worry are off my mind.*

I and my wife had the folly to mount up to Lansdown last Wednesday to see the gay mixed medley and crowd, and peep at the races. My head was bewildered with the noise and quick passing objects, and the keen air so affected your poor Aunt, in spite of all her wrappings, that she had an attack of the gout in her left foot that evening, from which she still suffers. Her foot is inflamed, swollen, and very painful ; but when the foul fiend has been conquered, I

* This purchase was not completed.

hope and believe that her general health will be relieved by this effort of her constitution to throw off peccant humours. I hope the wantonly cruel fellow who cut off the poor cow's tail will meet with his due reward, and that honest Bebb will be rewarded for detecting such a villain. Cruelty to poor harmless animals is among the most atrocious of crimes. I suppose the malignant wretch owed some spite to Mr. Olive, which he vented in this cowardly manner on a poor unoffending animal. But I am called away, so my darling Dandy Daw, adieu! My wife joins in love to all with your stump-of-the-gutter uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

MARQUISE DE LA PIERRE TO DR. WHALLEY, FROME.

Jardins de l'Échéraine près Chambéry, Nov. 18, 1819.

FEBRUARY 16, 1819, was the date of your last letter, dear Dr. Whalley, and it was answered the 15th of May (for I always keep a ledger of my letters debtor and creditor, to be able to prove my own exactness, and shame the laziness of my friends). Think, then, how uneasy I should have been about you had I not learnt, par Vecochet, from some of the Gallites, that they had had news of you much posterior to that date; and I am so shocked and jealous that you should forget me and favour others, that nothing less than my old and established foible for you could have made me lay aside my vanity and *amour-propre* to descend to prayers and entreaties to hear from you soon, how you do, and what you are about.

Now that my first fire is spent, I will retake my usual *tête-à-tête* humdrum style, and tell you, my dear friend, what we have done. Nothing in regard to the indemnity business yet; because the commission acting under government for proving the different claims and fixing their

quota, will not pronounce till all is delivered *en masse*; and though ours has been done and declared just (by the inspectors employed), these six months, we are at a stand, and the cause is, three or four families of this country, in sending in the account of their losses, make them amount to such exorbitant sums, that what the king has destined for the indemnifying of all his said emigrant subjects would hardly suffice to satisfy them.

You remember the D'Yenne family, they ask a million of francs; the Blonays, a million and a half; the Montailleurs, 1,800,000 francs; the De Sales much the same; which seems so enormous—*vu les fortunes ordinaires du pays*—that though every one is convinced they are in perfect unison with what they think the truth, till all that is settled our moderate askings cannot be granted. It is now put off (the final declaration) till March or April; so here we are still, my good friend, exercising and taking lessons de patience. My girls having some of the relatives of their family and some old friends of their dear father's in the first posts at Turin, I supposed that it might be of some use to our cause to go there; and, as you know, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, after whisking, as you drolly enough called it, to Paris and to Chambéry, I determined to whisk to Turin; but found that it was too much against the rule adopted for any favour or protection to obtain a deviation from—all the candidates must draw together. We went the 24th September, and returned last week; and I am perfectly satisfied at the extra steps of fatigue I encountered, by the gratifying attentions and friendly marks of interest shown us by all my old acquaintance, as well as many new ones, during our stay, of all ranks and degrees. You know how my dear husband was beloved, and how he merited to be so; and as I thought I owed it to his memory to have his children presented to their Majesties, their great uncle the Maréchal de la Tour

mentioned it to the Queen, and she answered that she would receive us with pleasure the next day at six o'clock, at Stupinice, where the Court now is. We were received with all the gracious affability and goodness possible by the King, Queen, and two princesses the daughters, girls of sixteen—very pretty, one of whom is betrothed to le Prince de Lucques. Her Majesty told me she should set out the next day on a visit to her daughter la Duchesse de Modène (your divinity), who is now suckling her child; and as she was to meet her mother the Archduchess Ferdinand there, the party was a happy one, and lasted longer than intended, for she was not returned when we set off to come home here.

We spent the month of August at Aix, which being only five or six miles from hence, we undertook with the view of the baths being of use to Clementina's bilious head-ache, of late very frequent, and the flushings of Marianna's face; but they succeeded with neither, beyond amusement—the situation of the place being delightful, and full of good company of all nations; and as we transplanted our *ménage* from hence to there, the expense was very trifling. I met there Madame de Chatillon and her daughter, who were on a visit to your old friend Madame Milo, but now wife to a man twenty years younger than herself, whose name I forget. She is quite a ruin, but has still a fine shape, and cannot forget that she has been young; but always very good-natured and obliging. She has had something of a fit, but was walking about *en nymphe*, as usual. He resides always at his Chateau de Chatillon, and is a martyr to gout and repletion. He has made an excellent musician of his daughter, who plays better on the piano than any English Miss I ever heard, with very little instruction but her father's. Miss Birch, who is a proficient on that instrument, was delighted at her execution; her cousin, also, Mdlle. de Livron, plays delightfully.

We have lately just arrived here, with the new regiment, the son of your Russian friend General Galateri, whom I've only seen once at the governor's, but who has a clever countenance. He enquired much if I had lately heard from you, and it was he told me his father had about two months ago. His cousin, Annibal of Savillian, was in the late regiment here, *des dragons du roi*, and one of our great intimates—a fine young man, and extremely civil and well-bred. He knows you, and of course esteems you well; indeed all your acquaintances here, especially my niece, enquire after you; and I had nearly forgotten to say, particularly Madame Milo, and her request to send a million of amities to you. The Birches would not be left behind here when we went to Turin, and we lodged and lived in the same hotel together, as we do here. They were delighted with the beauty of that real beautiful capital, and experienced many civilities from our friends. They send their best compliments, and my daughters tender something much more expressive of their affection. Many thanks for me to Mrs. Whalley, who was so flattering as to think of me. And believe me, dear friend, ever most truly and affectionately yours,

O. L. P.

What do you think of the Radicals? Write very soon, thick and close, and let the letter be full of self, as more acceptable in France and here; they think England is going to be devoured by the Huntites. I hope no danger.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

November 22, 1819.

MY DARLING —,—Do you know what a quandary is? You are in a quandary when expecting to be called up by the master of the birch before you have learnt your lesson;

and I was in a quandary before your thrice welcome letter arrived, having heard that you were not in good health. Thank God, your affectionate letter assures me of your recovery, though it seems that the air at Southampton does not agree with your constitution. In this we have a fellow feeling, as I almost died of it many years ago, and was told by my physician that I must die if I did not leave that place; its air, from its humidity, and what is called the Back-water, being very inimical to many constitutions. I am heartily glad, therefore, my beloved boy, that you are to leave Southampton so soon, and that you are to be re-established at Warminster, the bracing air of which is favourable. But before fresh battling with Greek at Warminster, I shall have the delight to embrace my pretty Apollo at —, and to enjoy his society and gab for several weeks. Many a chat and a gossip I hope to have with thee in my bedroom, where dear Apollo will always be welcome, and which he will not fail to irradiate with his bright beams. A. is well and quite blooming, and dear C. does not suffer from her severe cold — a proof that her health is improved. S. is as rampant as ever, and as entertaining. She was happy in the company of her pretty, gentle, modest, sweetheart, Master S., Saturday and Sunday. But fondly as she loves, or fancies she loves him, she flew at him for some imaginary offence, and thumped him at all rates, which he bore with the greatest meekness. However, conscience stricken, she afterwards hugged and kissed him with all her might, to recompense him for her unprovoked violence. Should they be united hereafter, he had need wear spectacles to save his eyes from being torn out in one of her wild-cat humours. Pretty tame Nelly and her pert white husband are to arrive here in the evening, and Galigantus and his whole seraglio are to be established next week in their new and pleasant quarters, which have been commodiously

fitted up for them ; so there will be plenty of crowing and cackling here, especially when egg-laying time comes. But the time is now come to bid my darling boy, adieu ! Thursday three weeks I promise myself the pleasure of crying out to him, ‘ Welcome, thrice welcome ! ’ to the arms of his fondly and faithfully affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO MRS. PIOZZI, AT BATH.

Frome, January 26th, 1820.

MY DEAR MRS. PIOZZI,—The day this reaches your hand you will have completed fourscore years. David says, that those who live ten years beyond the general old age of man are full of labour and sorrow. But, in rare contradiction to the adage, your octogenary birthday finds you free from affliction either of mind or body. Your mental and physical powers even belie the sacred Scriptures ; for the royal Psalmist, consistent with his own teaching, had no warmth left in his body when seventy years had passed over him, and Barzillai replies to the king’s cordial invitation that he should go up with him to Jerusalem : ‘ I am this day fourscore years old, can I discern between good and evil ? can thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink ? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women : wherefore, then, should thy servant be a burden unto my lord the King ? ’ But you, on the contrary, have the vital blood warm and active in your veins. You can taste and relish what you eat and what you drink ; you can enjoy the voice of singing men and singing women ; you can collect a numerous assembly to feast and jest, and laugh and dance, and instead of being a burden on their festivities, you will be the presiding spirit, the admiration, life and soul of them all. This letter must be my poor proxy, on an occasion in which few, if any,

can feel a livelier interest than myself. Yet poor as is the proxy, it will make a better appearance than could my poor self, my shadow of a shade, without health or spirit, or vital warmth, round whom more than the usual torpors and infirmities of seventy-two years are accumulated. For nearly half the number of your years I have known you, and esteem, admiration and affection have uniformly increased with my increased knowledge of all the powers of your understanding and all the virtues of your heart. Whether I may live to your next birthday, or be conscious of it, is very uncertain ; but most certain it is, that while you can enjoy them I now most cordially wish they may be repeated, till you become as much a wonder for your extreme old age as you were in your early youth for your talents and your wit.

I write from my sick chamber, to which I have been some time confined ; but the sickness of my body, aggravated by present vexations and sad retrospections, will, through the mercy of God, lead to the health of my soul. Thus affliction, though 'ugly and venomous, bears, like the toad, a precious jewel in its head.' Much remains for me to do, in my precarious and, at best, short futurity. Futurity, as applied to time, which no person can purchase, though we may, by a wise and right use of its fugitive moments, obtain a blessed eternity. Time, sooner or later, is sure to kill us.

Alas ! how many kill time, and offer it up as a holy sacrifice on the illusive altar of folly, vanity, and unchristian propensities. These may appear too unsuitable ideas for a birthday offering, but yours is not a common mind, and you well know how to extract from their dross pure gold, and to hang them on the gloomy sadness which appears to surround them, like sparkling jewels, in the Ethiop's ears. A few of my sincere friends, and many of my acquaintances, will partake of your festivities ; among the former will be Sir Walter and Lady Jane James, Mrs. Pennington, Mr. and Mrs.

Anstey Calvert, &c. They have not fallen off in the day of my trial. My circle of friends has been broken through by the alienation of two or three of their number, who have been misled by one perverse spirit; but the circle is closing up again, and I should be both unreasonable and ungrateful were I not satisfied with those whose firmness no misrepresentations could shake, and whose affection nothing could blemish.*

But I must check the garrulity of old age, which has already too much interfered with the variety of matters requiring your attention preparatory to your gala. My gala days, in every sense, are over; but the still small voice of affection speaks sweetly in and soothingly to the heart of, my dear Mrs. Piozzi, your obliged, faithful and affectionate friend and obedient servant,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

February 9, 1820.

MY DEAREST BOY AND-A-HALF,—For with a coat half-a-yard longer I must call you dear youth; and then your flirting days will begin, and get from a trot into a full gallop, till my darling Dandy gallops away with some pretty young heiress. But this between ourselves. I cannot express how vexed I was to be hurried off to Bath, two days before the expiration of your holidays. This grieved me the more because it grieved my dear —. I miss beyond measure the affectionate attentions and chat of my principal nurse, and feel melancholy when alone in my bed-chamber, which used to be enlivened by your gaiety. I returned to N. H. Saturday, after continual hurry and worry, and routing and scouting,

* Upon the separation of Dr. and Mrs. Whalley in the previous autumn, Mrs. Lutwyche and a few others sided with Mrs. Whalley.

at Bath, in order to prepare and arrange everything in my house for the proper reception and accommodation of General and Mrs. Popham. I could not have more respectable or eligible tenants, as all my handsome furniture, paintings, fine china, &c., will be safe, and taken the greatest care of in their hands. All your friends here are well, excepting poor dear C., and she is the better for this mild weather; as for S., she is more comical and tragical than ever. She dies now in a new and more impressive manner, inventing new attitudes every day. She told me yesterday that she was glad the three boys were gone back to school, because more attention was now paid to her. I look forward to the enjoyment of your and pretty E.'s company before the middle of March; so prepare your appetites for Scotch collops, &c., &c. I shall hope to see you both in high spirits and health, and dear E. with a decent hat, and without his elbows poking out of his ragged jacket, and his knees out of his dirty and beggarly trowsers. My health, thank God, is improved. Your dear Mother and I are going out jaunting this morning in my carriage.

Nelly sends her love, and charges me to inform you that she has laid four fine eggs, and that she intends laying twenty more before she sits abroad. She breakfasted, after laying an egg this morning, on my knees; her impudent daring little white husband has been twice detected in bullying and pecking at Galigantus, through the rails of Galigantus's own territory. The pigmy hero got and deserved a bloody cock's-comb for his pains. But this chastisement has not in the least quelled his courage. Galigantus's fury at being so insulted was terrible; it was well for his dwarf antagonist that he could not get out of his enclosed domain. Champney's furniture, &c., is again advertised for sale; and he is so surrounded and pressed now by accumulated debts and difficulties, that it seems impossible for him to surmount them by any further tricks and

contrivances. A few days will determine whether he can for a while remain at Orchardleigh, or be forced to leave it with disgrace for ever.*

I hope your studies make daily and good progress. Consider, darling boy, that time can neither be bought nor recalled. Crowd as much instruction as you can into the next six or seven years, for these will conduce to the honour or discredit of your whole life. All around me unite in love to you and dear E.; but not one of them loves you more than your tenderly affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

COUNT GENERAL GALATERI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Gènes, le 25 mars 1820.

CHER ET INCOMPARABLE AMI,—Depuis un mois je me trouve à Gènes, n'ayant pas jugé prudent de passer tout d'un coup du doux climat de Nice à celui du Piémont, d'où probablement je m'y établirai, étant, quoique en activité avec mes appointemens, en liberté de rester où bon me semble; voilà le motif que ta lettre ne m'est parvenue que ces jours passés. Je t'envois ci-joint une déclaration pour attester la conduite honorable de mon cher Barbalarga. Je suis fâché, et j'ai le cœur navré de douleur d'apprendre qu'un honnête comme toi soit obligé d'essuyer tant de désagrémens et de contrariété.

J'en reçois de même par des personnes qui devoient m'être plus attachées et plus reconnaissantes; enfin tel est notre sort, et il faut se soumettre aux décrets impénétrables de la Divine Providence.

Il paraît que l'Europe veuille déréchef remuer, et qu'elle ne soit pas dégoûtée de l'horrible et monstrueuse révolution passée. Ma femme s'obstine de rester en Russie, ce qui

* The late Sir Thomas Champney, despite all his pecuniary difficulties, died at Orchardleigh Park.

dérange infiniment tous mes calculs. Mon cher, bon, et judicieux neveu t'embrasse cordialement, et il est très-sensible à ton précieux souvenir. Donne-moi souvent de tes chères nouvelles en m'adressant, jusqu'à nouvel avis, tes lettres ici à Gènes. Ménage une santé qui m'est si chère, et donne-moi des renseignemens positifs des troubles qui agitent dans ce moment ta patrie, car j'y prends le plus vif intérêt.

Tout à toi, de cœur et d'âme,

COMTE GABRIEL GALATERI,
de Genola.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

La Flèche, May 29, 1820.

MY darling by this time will be expecting a letter from France, written by his fond uncle, who has always great pleasure in writing to him, and a still greater in receiving his answers, which never fail to speak the goodness and affection of his heart. It is well, through the mercy of God, that I am here to write, as my passage from Brighton to Dieppe was so long and so tempestuous, that our tight little ship (and fortunate it was that she was tight) had the greatest difficulty in riding out a gale which lasted thirty long hours, and which threatened to swallow her up in the furious and mountainous billows.

Two dreadful nights did I pass, rocked about in one of the little cabin chairs, and vomiting the whole time. Had not the adverse wind fortunately and suddenly changed, so as to become propitious to our voyage, the little labouring ship must have been lost, as her planks were strained, and the roaring waves repeatedly broke over her. The dismal sound of the pump, in the midst of darkness and tempest, seemed to be the signal of destruction and death. From the moment the wind changed, it carried us, with swelling sails and bright sunshine, into the harbour of Dieppe, where I landed,

exhausted indeed with watching, sickness, and fatigue, yet deeply thankful and grateful to God, for having saved me from the imminent perils of the deep.

And as I began, so I ended, with a violent storm,—for when we had arrived, with the finest weather possible, to within three miles of this place, the heavy clouds gathered and burst into a torrent of rain, accompanied with a rushing wind, roaring thunder, and alarming flashes of lightning. Poor John was soaked to the skin. He had before, poor fellow ! been sea-sick during forty-eight hours, so that he can never forget his journey to La Flèche. While on board I often thought of Dr. Johnson's answer to a lady who asked him what he thought of a ship. 'Madam, I think it is a prison, with the chance of being drowned.'

After being refreshed by a good night's sleep at Dieppe, which is a large and, on the whole, well-built old French town, I proceeded on to Rouen, the capital of Normandy. The approach to this celebrated city is fine, and announces your vicinity to a place of great populousness and commerce. The Seine, there a noble river, flows between the city and its suburbs, and was literally crowded with merchant-ships of every description. The undulating hills on one side of Rouen, enlivened and decorated with numerous villas, are picturesque; but when you get into the city all is dark, dirty, and disgusting, for the innumerable streets are narrow, tortuous, and filthy, with houses six stories high, hogmagog and shabby. Rouen swarms with a busy population. I went to see the cathedral, and another church, called Saint Oriens (a saint you won't find in your prayer-book), both of which are noble Gothic buildings, without and within. The work of the front and towers is majestic and beautiful. I was well lodged and treated in a large newly-established inn. Here one of the waiters, to John's great comfort, was an Englishman. As Rouen is the

known region of bugs, whose poison I have cause to dread, I shuddered at the idea of sleeping in one of its ancient dirty inns; but my heart felt lighter when I entered the spacious and clean court of this new one; nor was I disappointed in my hope of finding a bed free from vermin, and enjoying, after a good late dinner, a night of undisturbed rest.

From Rouen to Bernay the road was fine, and led through an open and well-cultivated country. The inn at poor little ragged Bernay was small, and my dinner but spare, as the good old hostess had nothing to set before me (arriving, as I did, very late) but a trout, warmed up again, and half of a half-starved chicken. However, I am too old a traveller to be nice, and the deficiency in good dishes is made up by good bread and a bottle of as fine Burgundy as I ever tasted, for which, though nearly as large again as one in England, my honest landlady charged me but one shilling and tenpence. I gave John the far greater part of it, to comfort and recompense him for his scanty dinner. 'Lord, sir!' he cried, 'I never drank such beautiful wine in my life.' He was charmed the whole journey, with the gaiety and civility of the French girls, declaring that he never met with such dapper, merry, obliging women in his life, and says he—'They give me much more than I can eat and drink, and will keep on talking to me, though I cannot answer them.'

Alençon, our next stage, is a large, ugly, dirty town, where they make the finest lace in France. Here the inn and my treatment were very good, and the charge very reasonable. My last stage was Mans, a very large city, partly built on the banks of the river Sarthe, and partly on a hill rising above it, and commanding a fine prospect. There are some well-built streets, and many large and handsome houses. There are also beautiful public walks, with seats, and bordered with fir-trees. The country, all the

way from Alençon to La Flèche, is exactly like some of the pleasantest enclosed parts of England, with few corn-fields and abundant pastures. La Flèche is rather a pretty town, in a pleasant and fertile country. There is a famous, extensive, and handsome college here, where languages, mathematics, military science, &c., are taught under the best preceptors, and which is governed by a general and a colonel. The latter (besides several other gentlemen) has visited me, and is a noble-looking, well-bred, and agreeable man.

Mrs. Sullivan, my niece, and your cousin, was overjoyed to see me. The house she engaged for me is one of the best in the town. I have a handsome drawing-room, a large saloon opening into it, a dining parlour on the other side of a vestibule, a large kitchen, and other offices, and a large and beautiful bed-chamber, with a dressing-room for myself, a good bedchamber and bed for John, and an inferior one for a French servant. My best apartments look into a pretty flower-garden, full now of various sorts of roses in full bloom, and the house standing within a court, which is shut up at night. I am as quiet here as if I was twenty miles from a town. I shall have a very select and agreeable society, who will come to me four times a week, to chat or play low whist, and a game called Boston, as I have signified my health will not permit me to accept dinner or evening invitations. But, thank God! I have felt stronger and better since I came here. But it is time to end. Write me a long letter, with a full account of all your and dear E.'s school adventures, &c. I am, my dear bright Apollo,

Your tenderly affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

COUNT GENERAL GALATERI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Turin, le 24 juillet 1820.

TRÈS-CHER ET INCOMPARABLE AMI,—J'ai reçu, mon bon ami, tes deux lettres; la première en date de Bath, à laquelle

notre commun ami Rambert du Malard y a répondu, me trouvant pour lors aux bains d'Aix, et à laquelle j'y ai ajouté quelques mots, et la seconde de la Flèche, que j'ai reçue hier. Nous avons adressé la première à Bath, et je désirerai qu'elle te parvint, y étant des détails fort intéressans pour un ami comme toi. Je t'annonçois dans la sudite qu'il a plu à S. M. de me donner l'honorable et importante commission de passer en revue d'inspection l'infanterie de ligne et légère de son armée. Je me suis déjà acquitté de la commission pour la division de Savoie, et il m'en reste encore six autres ; ma besogne ne sera terminée qu'au mois de novembre. Ma pauvre belle-sœur, mère d'Annibal, a cessé de vivre il y a un mois, ce qui nous a causé un très-grand chagrin. Mon étourdi de Josinka vient de recevoir dans un combat particulier, par un officier Sarde de son régiment, deux coups de sabre, un à la main, qui est déjà guéri, et l'autre à la cuisse droite, qui a de la peine à se cicatriser ; ils se sont battus en braves. Le petit Petinka se distingue à l'Académie, et tous deux me chargent de te dire, notre bon ami, mille choses tendres et affectueuses de leur part. Ne manque pas de te procurer la lettre que je t'ai adressée à Bath et écrite d'Aix le mois de juin échu. Tu auras appris la révolution de Naples ; si les Autrichiens ne marchent pas promptement pour les mettre à la raison, dans cette année toute l'Italie sera révolutionnée, — et à quoi bon la Sainte Alliance ? Est-il possible que les souverains ne veuillent pas ouvrir les yeux sur un danger si pressant, et qu'ils ne voyent pas que leur ruine est certaine s'ils ne se réunissent d'érêchef de bonne foi pour mettre un frein au torrent révolutionnaire qui les menace tous, et qui les engloutira tous dans un an ? Enfin, tu me connais, mon bon ami, et sois tranquille sur mon compte, car la mort sous les formes les plus affreuses ne me fera jamais faire la moindre démarche que le plus rigoureux devoir puisse condamner.

Donne-moi des nouvelles de ta précieuse santé, et présente

mes respects à ta chère nièce, qui aura été enchantée de te revoir. Adresse-moi toujours tes lettres ici à Turin, d'où on me les fera parvenir où je pourrai me trouver. J'espère de pouvoir m'acquitter de la commission au gré de mon bon Roi, mais il est difficile que mon âge et ma santé puissent me permettre d'accepter la place d'Inspecteur si le Roi eut la bonté de me l'accorder, m'étant impossible de supporter trois mois par an une fatigue d'esprit et de corps si terrible. Je te quitte, parceque je suis si occupé, et

Je suis

Tout à toi de cœur, et d'âme, pour la vie,
Vive le Roi!

GABRIEL.

GENERAL COUNT GALATERI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Turin, le 11 avril 1821.

EXCELLENT AMI,—Notre maudite révolution est heureusement terminée. Plusieurs individus de la première noblesse et une grande partie de l'armée, les soldats exceptés qui ont été entraînés par les supérieurs, se sont déshonorés pour des siècles; la population a tout été pour le Roi; la plus grande partie de la bourgeoisie est aussi gangrenée,—enfin, c'est une secte qui n'a ni religion ni morale, qui sous des dénominations différentes embrasse tout le globe, veut tout bouleverser pour régner. Il est encore temps de la détruire, si tous les gouvernemens se réunissent pour cet effet. J'entrerais sur une autre occasion dans des plus amples détails, ayant fait des découvertes très-importantes. La famille des Galateri a toujours tenu ferme pour le Roi. Mon neveu, qui t'embrasse, est à l'armée Royale; mon fils, que les fédérés avoient sorti de la forteresse pour qu'il se joignît avec eux en Alexandrie, est venu de suite me trouver, et je l'ai gardé à leur barbe près de moi ici à Turin, où je suis logé près de la citadelle, et nous sortons tous les jours, respectés de tout le monde, et, au cas contraire, déterminés de périr plutôt que de

céder. J'ai malheureusement des parents de la connaissance mêlés dans cette vilaine affaire. Je les livre, et que la justice les punisse. Je n'ai pas voulu me rendre à l'armée Royale, parcequ'il y avoit deux généraux des fédérés qui, voyant les affaires prendre une mauvaise tournure, ont tourné casaque. Ce monstre de prince de Carignan a trahi notre bon Roi par ambition, et a déserté son parti par poltronnerie ; il mérite la tête aux pieds, car c'est à lui que la nation et l'armée doivent leur honte et leurs malheurs.

Je pars demain pour Nice, pour me mettre aux pieds de LL. MM. et leur demander une retraite honorable. Je ne mettrai plus l'uniforme si l'on ne le fait pas quitter aux traîtres. Je suis si content de la conduite politique de mon fils, qui te demande pardon de ses fautes et t'embrasse. Je l'enverrai probablement servir en Russie, ne voulant plus continuer ses services en Piémont. J'ai reçu ta chère lettre du 22 mars. Je suis affligé d'apprendre le mauvais état de ta chère santé. Je suis pénétré jusqu'au cœur des nouvelles preuves de ta précieuse amitié. L'offre que tu me fais vient à propos, car je me trouve vraiment dans le besoin, ayant épuisé mes fonds et crédit pour des objets que je te ferai connaître ensuite ; j'accepte donc les cent livres sterling à titre d'emprunt, et j'espère de t'en rembourser dans un an. Mess^{rs} F. Long et fils m'ont fait passer l'adresse de leur correspondant à Londres, Messieurs A. F. Haldimand et fils ; tu pourras donc me les faire passer à mon adresse, sçavoir, au Comte Gabriel Galateri, général et chevalier de plusieurs ordres, à Turin.

Je trouverai cet argent ici à mon retour, et au cas que mon séjour à Nice pût être de plus longue durée, ce sera mon affaire de me les procurer, car tu me les feras sçavoir par une lettre d'avis adressée à Nice Maritime, que l'on me renverra ici à Turin, si à cette époque je serai déjà de retour.

Tous mes parents t'embrassent. Soigne ta précieuse santé,

incomparable ami. Je t'embrasse bien tendrement, et je meurs content quand mon heure viendra. *Vive le Roi !*

Le plus affectionné et dévoué de tes amis,

GABRIEL GALATERI.

Je t'écirai aussitôt que je serai à Nice, sçavoir dans huit jours.

Il n'y a que la pure vérité dans cette lettre : si tu veux en faire un extrait et le faire publier dans quelque gazette, tu en es le maître.

The allusion made to Prince Carignano in the foregoing letter refers to the first Carbonari movement, which led to the abdication of Victor Emmanuel, who nominally ascended the throne in 1802, when Piedmont was incorporated with France. He was succeeded by his brother, Charles Felix Joseph, who, calling in the Austrians to his aid, soon put down the popular movement. This interference by Austrian bayonets with the desire of the people for more liberal institutions, laid the foundation of the determined aversion to the 'Tedeschi,' which finally led to the formation of the present kingdom of Italy.

GENERAL COUNT GALATERI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Turin, le 18 juillet 1821.

TRÈS-CHER ET DIGNE AMI,—J'attendois une réponse à ma dernière, dans laquelle je t'ai inséré le mémoire présenté à S. M. pour te remercier des effets de ton bon cœur, qui ont été si à propos dans les circonstances critiques où plusieurs évènements inattendus m'avoient plongé, ayant dû faire taire des sentimens bien pénibles à mon cœur, et qui n'auront certainement pas altérés ceux que tu m'as voués. La Royale Délégation s'occupe sans relâche pour prendre le fil de la trame infernale qui a détrôné le meilleur des rois, et

la commission militaire travaille à purger l'armée; mais je suis président du Conseil de Guerre permanent de cette division, et je m'acquitterai de mon devoir en honneur et en conscience. Les suites de notre maudite et honteuse révolution sont incalculables et bien douloureuses: la réputation militaire, acquise et soutenue pendant plusieurs siècles, perdue, la plus grande partie de la noblesse deshonorée, plus de société, une méfiance générale, les finances, qui étoient en très-bon état, dérangés, la dépense de douze mille Autrichiens, dont la présence est indispensable pour la sûreté de notre pays, que les factieux, quoique maintenant impuissants, tiennent toujours en agitation par des menées sourdes; voilà, mon bon ami, le tableau affligeant de notre malheureux beau pays. Le peuple, au reste, est excellent, mais la gangrène a fait des ravages dans toutes les autres classes des citoyens; en conséquence il faut couper le mal à la racine. Le général Giffenga est relégué à sa campagne de Fronsano; jusqu'à présent il n'y a que des indices, et aucune preuve contre lui. Il n'y a pas de doute qu'il fut au nombre des conspirateurs pour la constitution française, mais il a été plus fin et plus circonspect que les autres. J'ignore comment s'en tirera ce perfide et ingrat de Sandillan, que pour le faire Major on l'a fait passer sur le ventre de quatre braves capitaines de son régiment, pas à la vérité si brillants que lui, mais fidèles et solides. Ma pauvre sœur, qui est persuadée de son innocence, en est au désespoir: je l'aime toujours de tout mon cœur, quoique je n'aille plus chez elle, ne désirant d'entrer en matière sur la conduite d'un tel monstre d'ingratitude. Heureusement, qu'au moment de son arrestation on ne lui a pas trouvé aucun papier qui pût le compromettre: s'il avoit pris mes conseils, il ne se trouveroit pas maintenant dans une si terrible et honteuse position. Baudissé s'est retiré à temps de près de Giffenga, et j'espère qu'il ne sera pas compromis, quoique le public soit persuadé qu'il n'ignoroit peu le

complot. Enfin, mon bon ami, notre exécrable et honteuse révolution attaque et désole, soit directement qu'indirectement, presque toutes les familles nobles.

Josinka ayant fait des nouvelles étourderies, je l'ai fait enfermer d'éréchef pour une quinzaine de jours dans le quartier, et dernièrement sa division ayant reçu ordre de partir pour Gènes, je fus à Saluers pour le faire sortir des arrêts, et de le conseiller en bon père de changer de conduite, sans quoi il m'auroit causé la mort, ce qu'il me promit d'effectuer : j'attendrois donc d'en juger par les effets. Pepa a aussi la tête près du bonnet, et il est souvent aux arrêts, mais il s'occupe, et on le trouve très-spirituel ; j'espère qu'il ne me donnera que des consolations. Tous deux me demandent souvent de tes chères nouvelles, et me chargent de te dire bien des choses tendres et affectueuses de leur part, en t'embrassant bien vivement, ainsi que mon cher neveu Annibal, qui est très-occupé pour remettre la discipline et subordination dans son régiment défectionné. Je crois de t'avoir dit que lui s'est rendu immédiatement à l'armée royale de Novare, et qu'il a été de suite fait aide de camp du général marquis Faverga, qui commandoit l'avant-garde contre les fédérés. Josinka s'est fait un superbe homme, et il s'est conduit honorablement ; il est brave comme son épée. Adieu, mon bon ami ; donne-moi de tes précieuses nouvelles, ménage ta santé si chère à tes véritables amis, et prions la Providence de préserver l'Europe du bouleversement dont elle est menacée. Je t'embrasse, et

Je suis, pour la vie, ton vrai et inséparable ami,

GABRIEL.

SIR W. J. JAMES, BART., TO DR. WHALLEY, AT FROME.

Freshford, Saturday Morning, July 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—That Mrs. Whalley has nearly come into contact and *promesses* with me, who you know

am anxious to avoid her, is one of those accidental circumstances which no human penetration can foresee, or human foresight prevent. My housebreakers and her depredators seem not only to belong to the same gang, but to be actually the same men. Her communications with me have been made by her neighbour and most intimate friend, English, the upholsterer, to request I would call upon her, and, above all, to join her in the prosecution of these men in question—to death, would be, she thinks, an act of great justice to offended laws, and be a great means of lessening mutually her expenses and my own costs. Of course, I declined all communication with her upon the matter, and she stands bound over to prosecute; and I am assured her spirit of vengeance is so animated, that she means to go to the utmost excess she can accomplish. Our laws, which make no sort of distinction betwixt the stealing a lamb or the slaying a man, is to me a matter of legal regulation which no casuistry, sophistry, or quibble, however eloquently urged or oratorically flourished, can justify; and though I would punish the offence in question as it may deserve, yet as no blood of ours has been shed, nor any act of brutality been experienced, I cannot, nor will I either seek the death of the parties myself, or lend my aid or assistance to others who may be seeking thus the destruction of their fellow-creatures.

Enough has already come forth to justify the most violent suspicions against these men in question, and, but that the constable sent for, made his appearance too soon and suddenly, my plate had made its appearance, and a total discovery had been made also. A blood-moneyed man has clandestinely made an offer to me, that detection, exposure, and conviction can be had, if I will name the extent of my reward, and that it be deemed as sufficient. I am in secret so shocked at this depravity in human nature, of selling life for money, that though I think it prudent to

hold a language which may menace these robbers, yet I practise all my art, skill, and address to avoid all intelligence whatever which may lead to further detection or discovery. My weakness may be despised, my conduct censured, and my feelings and my judgment may be equally condemned; but I shall sleep more soundly under the sensations of lenity and forbearance, than I should under our modern notions of practical justice, and be quite content to be esteemed a fool in my feelings, rather than seem vindictive and persecuting in my conduct.

The sudden and unaccountable death of Lady Frances Pratt* has much shocked us. She died on Tuesday evening last, and Lord Camden wrote so quick an express that we had it but too abruptly the next day in the evening. Lady Emily has written us word that the deceased was with her and playing with my grandson, perfectly well, only a few hours before. Lord Camden's own words are, 'She was suddenly seized with giddiness of head and sickness of stomach. A physician, Sir Henry Halford, was sent for, who by no means thought it serious, and he left her quite well. She was, however, seized again suddenly with faintings, and expired.' She was an excellent young woman, of sinless life, and of a purity and innocence of mind so natural and constitutional, as made her quite invulnerable to all that pride, and, I will add, insolence of conduct which, in former days, it seemed the mistaken notions of both her parents to instil into her character and composition. She was about thirty-two years of age.

* Lady Frances Pratt, eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Camden, born November 1787, ob. July 1822. The 'Annual Register' thus records the event:—'4th July, 1822, suddenly, Lady Frances Pratt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Camden. At three o'clock, the lady was seized with a shivering fit, supposed to have been caused by her having walked in the garden with thin shoes. A physician attended and prescribed the proper remedies, but the fit returned at six, and she expired.'

Lady Jane has by no means yet recovered this; and that, added to the event itself, has made me very nervous and disquieted. Some thoughts are entertained by the family connections, that the Camdens will come here for a change of locality during so melancholy a moment; others say he has requested Lord Ellenborough's house at Wimbledon, near London, to pass a few days; and others again say he will desire us all to assemble at Wilderness, Bayham Abbey, or at the Priory in Brecon. This only shows the distress and confusion of the moment, and it is by no means improbable that all these plans may yet give way to others not yet suggested. But be that as it may, it precludes for a few days the pleasant excursion you propose to Fonthill. Don't however yet go without us, for in a few days hence all our present confusions will end in some way or other, so that most probably we may join your party and enjoy the excursion.

Mrs. Whalley's ear-rings being found, has led to the discovery. She is bound over to prosecute, and must attend the trial. In the indictment it is called your house, and some of the articles are in law called yours. She is herself called yours; but I suppose you will not claim your rights, or seize your lady.

Adieu! Remember us all to the good friends you live with, and rest assured that I am always your affectionate and sincere friend,

W. J. JAMES.

Mr. Beckford, the well-known author of 'Vathek,' when a minor, inherited the colossal fortune reared by his grandfather, the alderman. His first act on attaining his majority, after keeping open house there for three days to all comers, was to pull down a stately mansion at Witham Friary, which his father had just completed before his death. From 1780 to 1795, Mr. Beckford spent much of his time

on the Continent, as shown by the sketches of his travels, which he published many years later. After selling the Witham property, he purchased a large domain in Wiltshire, known as Fonthill, where he was occupied many years in building his famous Abbey, and in adorning it with choice paintings and objects of *vertu* collected from many countries. Here he lived in the strictest privacy, his only visitor during many years being Lord Nelson, whom he received in solemn state by torchlight, when the great admiral returned from one of his glorious victories.

At the date of this letter, Beckford had determined, either through caprice, or, as was suspected, from a belief that the lofty tower and spire of the Abbey would not stand, to dispose of the whole property. All the treasures of art contained within the building were first to be sold by auction; and so great was the curiosity excited by the fame of their rarity and beauty, as well as by the air of romance which the seclusion of the owner had spread around the place, that for many weeks previous to the sale, visitors came to Fonthill from all parts of the kingdom—it was the international Exhibition of the year. The catalogue, which admitted only one person, was sold at a guinea, but after a fortnight reduced to one half. Such a collection of works of art was sure to attract Dr. Whalley, and he was an early visitor.

MRS. PENNINGTON TO DR. WHALLEY.

Hot Wells, October 8, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I reply instantly to your kind and welcome letter. I can and will ‘contrive’ all you require. The terms you propose are ample: were they less, I should be content with the prospect of such dear society; and I trust we shall have it in our power to render you so comfortable, that you will feel no inclination to change your quarters or

look out for other apartments. I really think it will not be possible for you to find a warmer winter's nest and roost than under this roof; and I hope we shall keep you until the butterfly season, when we are warm enough to hatch eggs, and much too hot for me. Should you be sick (which God forbid), my valuable old servant, who so carefully and tenderly looked after my poor mother for two years, shall help John to nurse you; and, while you continue tolerably well, we will all do our best to comfort and amuse you.

I shall be delighted to see your sweet niece. I have for some time given up public places and Clifton parties, but shall have pleasure in attending her whenever an opportunity occurs of affording her amusement; and, with the auxiliaries you mention, I dare say that point may be managed to our mutual satisfaction. Neither the assemblies, nor most agreeable Clifton parties, commence until about or after Christmas; but I hope you will not postpone your coming to that time, lest bad weather should set in—I mean severely cold weather, which, I think, we may expect—and, by causing indisposition, retard your movements, or put them aside altogether.

I require only a week's notice to make the necessary arrangements, and that I request you to give me as soon as your plans are finally fixed.

Dear Pennington is tolerably well, and delighted with the idea of your domestication. I am much better than I have been for some time, but we are both evidently fallen 'into the sear and yellow leaf,' and must only pray for submission and patience under the infirmities and deprivations that protracted existence is subject to. I do not find my mind get old in proportion to my body. I have as keen a relish for intellectual enjoyments as I ever had, and my spirits rise in anticipation of the improved association I shall soon possess. My mind stagnates, and my spirits flag, under the continued monotonous society of two beings, however dear and worthy,

who see and hear still less of what is passing than myself; and I read to keep off *ennui*, until I am in danger of getting quite blind. You have not informed me what stay you make in Bath; but I conclude it best to direct there, and, if you have left it, that my letter will be forwarded.

Fearful of losing the post, I will only add Pennington's kindest regards, with those of,

My dear friend,

Your ever faithfully devoted and much obliged

P. PENNINGTON.

Poor Mrs. Twiss!—I fear her latter life was full of trouble. It must be a shock to Mrs. Siddons, as I believe she was as much attached to her as she could be to anything out of that circle, within which she has long fixed her highest enjoyments, and out of which, I am persuaded, she feels little real interest.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

North Hill, October 28, 1822.

MY DARLING —,—My time here draws near a termination till the spring. Next Monday, I am to go for a week to my dear friends, Sir Walter and Lady Jane James, at Freshford House, their new and very pleasant summer and autumn residence. It is about nine miles from hence, and five from Bath. At Bath I intend staying three days, on my way to my warm winter quarters at the Hot Wells, where your indulgent mother has promised that you shall pass at least a fortnight with me. Independent of the gratification you will, I know, feel in being with an uncle who loves you so tenderly, Bristol and Clifton will be new objects for your observation and amusement. John shall go with you to see the famous steam-vessel set sail for Ireland. It is the largest and most commodious one that has yet been built. Meanwhile, pray get into no more rows with

old or young low women. Such a squabble can do you no credit; and if they should not cost you an eye or tooth from some stone, or the hard fists of brothers, &c., who may enter, *vi et armis*, into the quarrel, would surely, were a complaint made to Mr. G. of the disorderly and vexatious behaviour of his pupil, incur his serious displeasure. From your own account of the war of tongues, the fray was owing to some of your party having unwarrantably taken possession of and driven about the old scold's cart. This, though sport to you, was no sport to her, who feared an object of value to her might be broken in such unruly and careless hands. Being a grave and dignified monitor, at which I rejoice, take care not to do anything that would merit admonition.

Thine, my dearest monitor,

Truly and tenderly,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

London, May 1823.

YOU will not wonder, my dear Dandy Cock, that amidst the hurry and worry of my five days' stay at Bath, I could not command time to edge in such a letter to you as I wished to write. I was jogging about from shop to shop and house to house, from breakfast till near five o'clock, while in Bath, when I combed out my wig, and arrayed myself in my best donnings, to dine daily with my kind old friends, Sir Walter and Lady Jane James, where I was sure to meet several of our mutual intimates. I must be very busy in my operations in this monstrous city, as my present intention is to set out for France to-morrow se'nnight. Probably, therefore, I shall not embrace my darling boy till next October, but he will daily be present to my imagination; nor will he fail, sincere and affectionate as he is, sometimes to think of his poor old uncle.

If I go to France you shall now and then hear how I am and go on in the land of compliments, shrugs, frogs, and fricassees. I have no dread of war, but shall take care not to express my aversion to the invasion of Spain to the Bourbonites. The French armies seem to have holiday work, and to take snuff at their ease for awhile; but their days of trial are not yet come. The wary, brave, grave, and persevering Spaniards, are not to be so easily conquered as the volatile and dastardly Neapolitans. France will rue this unprovoked and unprincipled war if it last beyond this year. The valiant, wily, and experienced Mina has not yet begun his mountain warfare, with which he so long and so sorely harassed the armies of Buonaparte; but his plans are ripe and will soon be executed, as the French will find to their loss and cost. Ballasteros, also, and others will pounce from the mountain passes upon their convoys when least expected. You like politics, so here are my politics for you.

Have you been weeping and wailing about your kind but rowing friend L——r? Where is he practising Greek instead of boxing? The former will prove the more becoming and profitable occupation, especially at Oxford, where there are many young Hectors, well inclined to answer defiance with defiance, and who understand knock-down arguments. L——r is a fine, sincere, and honest fellow, but one who relies too much on his prowess. Mr. Amans' new house is very pleasantly situated, and beautifully fitted up. Next year I hope your dear parents will permit you, during your July holidays, to accompany me to visit him for ten days—that is, if you should have no objection, which, sedate and shy as you are, may happen, to visit and ramble about this immense labyrinth. If I go to France (for there is still an 'if' in the case), you shall hear from me after I have settled for the summer in some large town fifty or sixty miles beyond

Paris. But I must be off, therefore will only add that I am, as usual,

Your truly affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

COUNT DU COËTLOSQUET TO DR. WHALLEY.

Paris, le 17 août 1823.

MONSIEUR ET TRÈS-CHER RÉVÉREND DOCTEUR,—
J'apprends avec une très-grande joie que vous êtes sur le continent, et mon proche voisin ! Si je le pouvois, j'irois à l'instant pour témoigner la satisfaction que j'en éprouve, et vous renouveler l'assurance de mon entier dévouement et parfait attachement, car les sentiments sont trop profondément gravés dans mon cœur pour que l'absence ait en rien pu les diminuer. Mais comme je ne veux pas que vous puissiez en douter, je m'empresse de vous en donner l'assurance.

Permettez-moi de me plaindre un peu de vous. Comment ! vous êtes en France, vous connoissez le plaisir que j'éprouverai à vous revoir, vous écrivez notre langue avec une grâce toute particulière et une amabilité remarquable, vous savez que je suis à Paris, au Ministère de la Guerre, et vous attendez que je vous devine et sache où vous trouver ? En vérité, vous y avez mis au moins de l'indifférence, et je serais presque tenté d'en prendre de l'honneur, si je pouvois en concevoir contre un aussi excellent homme que vous, mon très-cher révérend, mais au moins convenez que votre paresse me joue là un bien vilain tour.

J'ai beaucoup remercié M. le Marquis de Rochemore de l'avis qu'il m'a donné hier de votre présence à Versailles ; il pouvoit difficilement me causer un plus grand plaisir. Je crains de ne pu lui avoir encore assez témoigné ma reconnaissance pour faire notre paix, chargez-vous d'être mon interprète, et croyez que tous ce que vous lui témoignerez d'affection je vous en tiendrai compte, intérêt et principal.

Aussitôt que mes occupations me laisseront trois heures de liberté, je veux aller vous voir, vous embrasser, et vous dire combien je suis aise de vous retrouver. Puissiez-vous en cette occurrence éprouver une joie égale à celle de votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

CT. DU COËTLOSQUET.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

No. 8, Avenue de Seaux à Versailles, August 21, 1823.

MY DEAREST,—Having hitherto written you but half-letters since my arrival in France, it is now time to write a whole one, that my darling Dandy may not think my affection cooled or diminished, which could never happen if a more distant land and a wider sea divided us. Of the sad though not unforeseen event at Frome, I shall say little, as it presses sorely on my heart. Far younger, and healthier too, last year, as your late most excellent aunt appeared than myself, I little thought that I was destined to survive her. It for some time to come would oppress me with melancholy, accustomed as I was to see her sweet, benign, and intelligent countenance, looking at me with an affection that had never known change nor shadow of turning.

My own health has been in a feeble, and at times in a bad, state since my arrival here. It is better at present, but fluctuating with the weather, which changes continually. The summer is drawing to its close with less of sunshine (except in 1816) than I ever remember. Within doors I have all the comforts that spacious, commodious, pleasant, and warm apartments can bestow, added to the affectionate attentions and animated and entertaining conversation of my dear niece, Mrs. Sullivan, who never leaves me except to go out about housekeeping concerns, or to call on our few acquaintances. One agreeable and very respectable family

from Shropshire, named Owen, I have lately discovered to be temporary inhabitants of this noble town. The mother of Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Cummins, was one of my oldest friends, and Mrs. Owen, who was a celebrated beauty, though now faded, I have known from her early youth. She was delighted to see me, and has promised to take her tea with Mrs. S. frequently. This will be the more agreeable, as her two eldest daughters, pretty girls of seventeen and eighteen, are musical, and play on both the piano and harp. Mr. Owen has a large estate and fine house in Shropshire.

My weak health has prevented me going to Paris, to visit several noble French families, and particularly Count Coëtlosquet, who is, and merits to be, high in the King's favour, and is Director-General of the war with Spain. He is reckoned one of the cleverest, and is certainly one of the best-bred and most agreeable men in France. But as I cannot go to him, overwhelmed as he is with the most important affairs, he has very kindly promised to come and dine with me and Mrs. S. at Versailles next Sunday se'nnight, bringing in his coach the Count and Countess of Lusac, who are acquainted with my niece, and the Countess de Pont, daughter to the Marquis de la Maison Forte, whom I know, and who is now the French ambassador at Florence. The Marquis de Roche-more, who is the General Commandant of all the military here, and who is a friend of Count Coëtlosquet, and visits us, has promised to meet the above party at our table. But I must bid adieu to my beloved lest this letter should be too late for the post. Write my constant love to all our dear friends at N., of whom give me speedily good tidings. Need I add that I am, sick or well, present or absent,

Your tenderly affectionate uncle,

THOMAS S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

Windsor Terrace, Clifton, November 9, 1825.

MY DEAR,—I returned home from N., where I rested ten days after my hateful pilgrimage to London, where contending lawyers kept me, sorely against my will and to the injury of my health, nine dull and harassing weeks. Your affectionate and entertaining letter should have received, as it merited, an earlier answer, but I was heartsick of necessary hum-drum writing in town, and was truly glad to have some respite from it. Monday and yesterday, indeed, I fully intended taking up my pen to express my constant and fond affection for my darling Oxford scholar; but the damp weather (so often in the wrong) relaxed my always flabby and shabby nerves to such a degree, that I was incapable of forming legible words.

Your deep and just feeling of Mr. Dalby's luminous dissertation on the 14th and 15th chapters of Isaiah did you honour, and gave me great satisfaction. The more you study the prophecies of that sublimest of all authors, and especially those relative to the Divine Messiah and the restoration of the Jews to their adored country and city, with increased glory and permanent prosperity, the more impressed you will be with the inspirations from heaven, which far exceed all merely human genius and knowledge. The veil that covered the inscrutable decrees of God, whose ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts, is now, even now, gradually lifting up, and the stupendous revolution and astonishing scenes predicted are so near approaching that you, if you live to my age (eighty the 20th of September), may probably witness a wonderful change in all the politics and relations of this minor globe.* The general and probably the

* This anticipation will be realized if the views propounded by Mr. Elliott in the last edition (5th) of his laborious 'Horæ Apocalypticæ' are correct.

miraculous conversion of all the Jewish tribes, and the discovery of the so long lost ten tribes, being, I verily believe, at hand. But the contending cramps in my hand force me to bid you adieu.

Your attached old uncle,
THOS. S. WHALLEY.

P.S. I like young Lumsden, and am glad his uncle has left him such a fortune as will preclude the necessity of his leaving his mother, to whom he is so great a comfort, to go to India.*

MARQUISE DE LA PIERRE TO DR. WHALLEY, FROME.

Hampton Court Palace, March 29, 1826.

You will easily imagine, dearest Dr. Whalley, how horrified we were at the lecture of your last letter; and are still all gooseskin whenever we think of it. However, thank God, you are now *hors d'affaires*, and we may all say, with Madame de Sévigné, 'Oh! la belle Providence, oh! la belle Providence!' which gave you the presence of mind you exercised at the frightful moment, and placed you in a circle of

* Happily for the public service this wish was not realised, as this gentleman did go to India, and during a residence of thirty years discharged some very important missions with great credit to himself and advantage to the Government, especially the settlement of the *verata questio* respecting the rights of certain native princes in the kingdom of Cutch. After he had resigned his post of Senior Member of the Council of Bombay, the following honourable public mention of his name was forwarded to this country:—

'Minute by His Excellency the Governor-General of India, dated Sept. 17, 1859. Services of Civil Officers and others in Bombay during the mutiny and rebellion. In sending this minute of the Governor of Bombay and the accompanying papers to the Secretary of State, I desire to express my earnest hope that his Lordship's recommendation of the officers therein named may receive the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government. I cannot, however, conclude this minute without adverting to the invaluable assistance which I have at all times received from my honourable colleagues, including Mr. Lumsden (who has since left the service), to whom I was indebted for many excellent suggestions, and whose foresight and appreciation of the nature of the crisis were truly remarkable.'

zealous and careful friends, to tranquillise your poor suffering nerves. I rejoice at your wise determination and comfortable prospect, by fixing yourself among such amiable people (if I may judge from the *échantillon* you brought us at the Wick), and giving up all the cares and plagues of housewifery, in which, my dear friend, notwithstanding your other great attainments, I suspect you do not excel. Pardon me if I do wrong in deducting from your philanthropy the love of pounds, shillings, and pence. I hope the air where you are, being so good, will, with the approaching fine season, entirely set you up. What you say of your late house at Clifton, relative to deceitful appearances, is but too true, and you and I have lived long enough to verify its truth.

The cold of the last three weeks, which we have experienced in this mass of building, is intense, and though I have made it a point not to go out one evening (as none but the royal carriages can enter the gates and to trudge through the cloisters to get to one, is mortal), yet I have not escaped rheumatics, nor Sophia her winter cough. Clementine too has pains in her head and teeth. But I comfort them by telling them that had they acted less prudently—like many of our neighbouring misses—they would have been still worse, for two of them, very fine beautiful girls, have been victims to want of precaution and care of neglected colds. Miss Broughton is dead, and Arabella Wyndham attacked with most threatening symptoms. I am sure that your amiable niece does not despise sheepswool, more genteelly called fleecy hosiery. Some friends of ours, just come from Paris, say, that the French belles now universally adopt it, thinking it *à l'angloise*. The King is now supposed to be recovering from his late illness, which, by all private accounts, was extremely alarming, and feared as only a reprieve, with his shattered constitution; but being naturally so strong, more hopes than

fears may be entertained (with common prudence) that he may be long spared. And I hope he may.

I will not fatigue you any more, my good friend, to decipher my scrawl, but, even at the risk of doing so, could not refrain from telling you the joy we have at your late escape, and many thanks for your effort in writing the kind things you say to us ; and I assure you, dearest Dr. Whalley, the flattering attachment you express is most gratefully and sincerely returned by

Your affectionate friends and servants,

D. DE LA PIERRE

and her daughters.

Many kind souvenirs from us to Miss Wickham.

GENERAL COUNT GALATERI TO DR. WHALLEY.

Regio Governo
della
Divisione di Alessandria
N.
Gabinetto particolare.

Alexandrie, le 16 juin 1826.

AMI INCOMPARABLE ET CHÉRI, — Ayant été absent quelques mois, et n'étant de retour que depuis quelques jours, l'on vient de me remettre ta lettre en date 28 mars, et je suis très-peiné de ne l'avoir reçue plus tôt. Mon fils aîné se trouve libre, et près de moi ; j'en suis très-content, ce qui me prouve qu'il est corrigé. J'ai obtenu de l'extrême bonté de S. M. une place d'élève surnuméraire dans les Consuls, et le gardant auprès de moi jusqu'à ce qu'il soit effectif, pour lors il partira pour l'Egypte, où il désire de commencer sa nouvelle carrière, que lui-même a désirée, dans la forteresse. Il n'a pas perdu son temps, s'étant instruit sur ce qui était nécessaire pour entreprendre et poursuivre avec succès sa nouvelle

carrière. Ce petit Pepa, que j'avais destiné pour une arme sçavante, et qui est pétri d'esprit, a aussi de grands moyens, a changé tout-à-coup d'avis, et m'a prié de le destiner à la cavalerie, où il sera placé l'année prochaine. Je ferai en sorte, afin qu'il puisse être destiné dans le régiment des dragons de Genève; le colonel Comte Matthey, qui le commande, étant un de mes anciens et bons amis, qui est père de famille, et qui, je ne doute pas, s'intéressera vivement à lui: au reste, il est bien grandi et il s'est fait un très-beau garçon. Je veux, mon cher ami, te faire copier *una canzone* que le même m'a remis à Turin: il s'est donné particulièrement à la littérature et à la poésie. Adieu, mon bon ami; soigne ta précieuse santé, et donne-moi parfois de tes chères nouvelles, en m'écrivant que deux lignes pour ne pas fatiguer la poitrine. Je t'embrasse, et je suis et je serai jusqu'au tombeau,

Ton attaché, fidèle, et inséparable ami,

GABRIELE GALATERI.

MARQUISE DE LA PIERRE TO DR. WHALLEY.

Hampton Court Palace, September 28, 1827.

DEAREST DR. WHALLEY,—I received with much thankfulness and pleasure your kind letter only last Friday, though it was dated the 11th August, which must have been occasioned by some extraordinary delay, or by some *petite distraction* in the good head of our good friend. I should rather think the latter, the cake being so excellent and fresh. Our good friend Mrs. Boyle happened to be with us when it arrived, and partook of it, with the more pleasure, as she had heard of the merits of the fair bride, when at her sister's at Marston.

I will now, dear friend, congratulate you most sincerely at having so happily established this dear niece, and beg you

will assure her from us of our best wishes and vows for her happiness, and kind regards. Sophia desires I will mention her particularly, which I do to please her, though there cannot be a doubt of all our sentiments being in unison for everything that concerns the contentment of our much-beloved old friend.

The said Sophia goes on slowly to improve; her pains much diminished, and her appetite good, but still going on with her blue pills, which of course necessitates great care and prudence from cold. As our journey is quite deferred to spring, we shall winter chiefly here, with only a few partial absences now and then; for change of air and scene is sometimes as necessary. Our letters from Chambéry are full of despair at our absence, but all tolerably well, and, as we are not to be there this winter, they talk of passing it in Turin, and return for our reception. You say nothing of your continental trip, my friend, so I suppose that is quite given up.

I have nothing to tell you of from hence. I believe our little *entourage* are not of your old acquaintance. We have a very amiable housekeeper, Lady Emily Montagu, which makes the fourth I have seen here since my abode in this part of the world. Card parties *vont leur train*, to which I never go, as I fear coming through the damp cloisters at night; and there is talk of a ball at Bushy soon, but I should think that the duchess must have been too fatigued by being dragged so unmercifully about by our popular Lord High Admiral, not to enjoy the quiet and repose of their *champêtre*.

Adieu, dear friend! Believe me and daughter your ever truly attached and affectionate,

D. DE LA PIERRE.

Am sorry to make you pay this, but our two or three *signers* are absent.

The marriage spoken of in the preceding letter was that

of Dr. Whalley's favourite grand-niece with Colonel Fawcett, son of General and grandson of General Sir William Fawcett, K.B. The beauty of her person is mentioned in the following letter from Dr. Whalley's old friend Mr. Warrington, but the beauty of her mind could only be duly appreciated by her own domestic circle. She died prematurely at Mendip Lodge, March 1840.

Colonel Fawcett survived her many years, dying at Hastings in the autumn of 1859. He used to tell some amusing anecdotes of his grandfather, who entered upon life as a soldier of fortune, relying upon his sword, a very fine person, and a quick understanding, which had been well cultivated, for his future advancement. When a young man he was quartered in a manufacturing town in one of the midland counties, where a young lady of a mercantile house took a fancy to him, to which he cheerfully responded. The acquaintance, however, was not encouraged by her parents, and despairing of obtaining their consent, the young lovers one fine morning were secretly joined together in matrimony, with the understanding that the fact was to be concealed for a time. The bride slipped quietly back to her home and the gallant officer to his quarters; but the secret of the latter not being strictly kept, he was rallied by some of his brother officers, after their mess, for want of spirit in absenting himself from his wife. Stung by their reproaches, he repaired to the house, and secretly effecting an entrance, went to his bride's room, but the clang of his sword was heard by an old nurse as he mounted the stairs. She immediately reported her surmises to the family, and all eyes were turned upon the young lady, who protested in vain her entire ignorance in the matter. A search was insisted on, when, lo and behold, on opening a large press in her room, appeared the motionless figure, more than six feet high, of a young officer in full regimentals! An explanation ensued, and

finding it was a *fait accompli*, and that the young man bore a good character, pardon was not only granted to the lovers, but a dowry of 6,000*l.* given to the bride, and an ensigncy purchased for her husband in the 3rd Regiment of Guards.

During the seven years' war in Germany, he was sent home by Lord Granby, whose aide-de-camp he was, with the news of the battle of Warburg. George II. was in a gallery at St. James's when Walpole introduced Captain Fawcett with the despatches, and as the latter gave in good German the particulars of the engagement, the King was so excited that he threw the three cornered hat he was wearing to the ground, and kicked it backwards and forwards as he listened to the details. General Fawcett was afterwards employed in offices of great responsibility, both civil and military, and during the absence of the Duke of York in Holland, he held the situation of Commander-in-Chief. He died in 1804 Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and was followed to the grave by the Prince of Wales, the four royal Dukes, &c. &c. See 'Gentleman's Magazine,' April 1804.

MRS. VAN CORTLANDT TO DR. WHALLEY, WINSCOMBE COURT.

Wrexham, October 30, 1827.

MY DEAR DR. WHALLEY,—I was delighted once more to see your ever-welcome handwriting, after an interruption to our correspondence for so long a period; but I grieve to find that you continue to suffer so much from ill-health and pain, but trust in God you will still long enjoy, even in this life, much happiness and comfort.

Your last kind letter was delivered to my dear father and myself by Mrs. Fawcett's servant, on our return from church, when we all immediately did ourselves the pleasure of calling on her and Major Fawcett; but unfortunately they were gone out. I then wrote to request

the pleasure of their company for the following day (as they did not return home that day until my father's dinner was over), but I am sorry to say I did not succeed in prevailing on them to spend the day with us, but they were so good to call at eleven o'clock for a short time, before they pursued their journey.

I was quite charmed with Mrs. Fawcett, for I never beheld a more beautiful, interesting, ladylike, enchanting young creature than she is, and we could talk of nothing else, we were so bewitched with her, and I think my father has absolutely fallen in love with her, for I never saw him struck so much with any beauty before. Major Fawcett appears a very gentlemanly intelligent man, and we only regret that we did not see more of them. Dearest Emma, I and William returned home from Florence, after a residence of nearly six months, the end of last May. My nephew had been there before, and was an excellent escort to us; indeed, we could not have travelled without his assistance. The scenery we thought magnificent, and we had much pleasant weather, even though it was so late in the year, for our journey; but the winter was the most severe they had ever witnessed, without a preventive against the cold. And although we were charmed with all we saw in that land of wonders, still we were delighted to find ourselves once more at home, and under the roof of my dear father, who was not a little rejoiced to see us again, after having experienced some perils in such a long and most unexpectedly expensive journey.

We had set out under the assurance of meeting my brother and his family from Tripoli, whose guests we were to be, and for whose gratification we had consented to undertake so long a journey, as Mrs. W. had long expressed herself heartbroken at not having seen her favourite son for five years. After all we were disappointed in the object of our going, as Hanmer's vice-consul did not arrive from Eng-

land as he expected, and of course he could not leave the station unserved; but I am happy to say my health is much improved, and I never saw my dear father in better health or spirits. We have lately been staying with my aunt W., who is quite well, but her memory much impaired. My father wishes to write, so I must conclude with the united kindest love of dearest Emma and myself. Ever, my dearest Dr. Whalley, your most grateful and ever affectionate,

ANNE VAN CORTLANDT.

All your old friends are well. Pray write to me very soon again.

REV. GEORGE WARRINGTON TO DR. WHALLEY.

Wrexham, October 30, 1827.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Mrs. Cortlandt has left me little room, when I have much to say. The account Mrs. Fawcett gave of your health was, on the whole, I think, rather favourable. If I have the advantage in the use of my limbs, you have it in eyesight—a precious possession. But we ought not to complain, but bear the infirmities of age with patience. Your great-niece, Mrs. F., and her husband, we saw but for one quarter of an hour. You used, I think, to expatiate on female beauty more than I did; but here you sent the lady to speak for herself, and she did it effectually. I and my daughters (and they are something as painters) thought that in all languages she would be styled a beauty, as it was adorned by great elegance and simplicity of manners. But she will only laugh at an old man's praise. Writing in this small hand, for want of room, has almost blinded me, so I must conclude with saying, God bless you! and send you health and prosperity. When I next write, it shall be more in detail. Believe me truly, your old and affectionate friend,

G. WARRINGTON.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

Winscombe Court, December 9, 1827.

MY DEAR, DEAR —,—You will be constantly in my thoughts, as you are in my heart, the important 13th and 14th instant. Though I doubt not your passing your examination with great credit, yet it will remove a burden from your mind, and replace your ‘wooden looks’ (to use the Oxford slang) with looks of triumph and joy. I enclose a draft for 10*l.* to pay ‘*tis but*s’ before you go home to enjoy Christmas festivities and family comforts. My Christmas must be almost wholly passed in the sad solitude of my bed-chamber, which the increased disease and tormenting irritation I suffer from prevents my leaving to associate with my cheerful friends below, more, on an average, than six hours in seven days. Yet what but great and complicated infirmities can reasonably be expected at the very advanced age of eighty-two. I have had numerous blessings from the sublime Source of all Good, and my present privations and sufferings are among them, by entirely detaching my heart from the insufficiency of temporary objects, to fill and satisfy a soul born for immortality, and aspiring through faith and contrition to eternal peace. Write the day after you have passed your examination; it will be a cordial to me, and I need cordials.

Ever, my beloved, justly beloved, your invariable friend and affectionate uncle,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

Clifton, March 27, 1828.

My dearest Bachelor of Arts, but without art, I, after thanking you for your affectionate letter, have a little commission for you, which I know you will execute well and

without delay. The picture of my best-beloved sister, Mrs. Sage, though a very inadequate representation of her superlative beauty, is precious to me, as recalling her in some degree to my mind.* Its frame needs re-gilding, which shall be done by my carver and gilder at Bath. Get it well packed in one of the packing-cases deposited in the store-room, altered for the purpose, directing it to 'Mr. Wakefield, carver and gilder, &c., Bath.' I purpose passing a week at Bath, on account of the dear Fawcetts, as it may be long, if ever, before I enjoy their society again. A. has promised to procure commodious apartments for me, and I hope it will please you to pass three or four days there with me. My little table shall offer you plenty of wholesome though simple fare — a something, however, more palatable than Lacedemonian black broth, or even, with all its comfortable appurtenances, than Oxford commons.

Let me consider, — Oh, I shall, God permitting, arrive at Bath on Friday, the 11th of April, and shall depend on embracing you on Monday, the 14th. I have crept out of my winter nest twice, swaddled like a mummy, and furred like a Russian, tempted abroad before even the butterfly, by bright sunshine; the first time it was to handsel† the new road up to Mendip Lodge, which is completely formed, and only wants stoning. Though the earth was not settled, yet two ribs of post-horses drew my carriage with ease, up the now winding gentle ascent. Huzza! Thus what was a great objection is now converted into a great recommendation, and what was a striking blemish into a striking beauty. Yesterday I went to bid a last sad adieu to my dear, old admirable friend, Mrs. H. More. I sat two

* The likeness given of Mrs. Sage is an engraving from this picture.

† We find this old word *handsel* (to use anything for the first time) not yet obsolete:

In timorous deer he *handsels* his young paws,
And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.

Cowley, quoted in Johnson.

hours with her, and, ye gods! we talked — how we *did* talk!
Love to all.

Ever most truly and affectionately yours,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

The following letter was written by Dr. Whalley within two months of his death.*

DR. WHALLEY TO HIS GREAT NEPHEW.

London, July 14, 1828.

MY DEAR —, — F. has doubtless informed you all of my determination, after maturely weighing the pro and con, to go to dear Mrs. Sullivan instead of returning to Somersetshire. Being, thank God, in rather better health, and finding that travelling in my easy and smooth-running carriage agrees, when taken leisurely, with me, I have no dread of my long journey to la Flèche; and therefore none of my true and kind friends need conjure up terrors on that score. As I shall make five or six pauses of a clear day *en route*, I cannot arrive at la Flèche before the 28th of this month, soon after which my able secretary Mrs. Sullivan will inform some one of you for general communication by tale and by token of the (I trust in God) prosperous termination of my journey, and of our plans and proceedings. Such a ready and intelligent secretary will relieve me from much painful and fatiguing exertion; and added to this, she will be my complete housekeeper; my constant, entertaining, and delightful companion; my assiduous friend, and my watchful and tender nurse.

The consciousness of contributing so essentially to my amusement, ease, and comfort, will lessen the pressure of

* See vol. i. p. 37.

pecuniary obligations on her mind, a great object with me ; while I shall feel the indescribable difference between her accomplished talents and manners, her exclusive attentions and affectionate endeavours to cheer my spirits, and palliate my sufferings ; between these warm and grateful offerings of the heart, and the occasional cold civilities of a few recommended new acquaintances at Exeter, to whose society my solitude, free from constraint, I should probably have felt preferable. My choice therefore lay, especially after knowing dear Mrs. Sullivan's distress, between la Flèche and Exeter, and all circumstances impartially considered, none of my English friends can wonder at my preference of the former to the latter for my residence next autumn, winter, and spring. Beyond the latter I dare not extend my views, though should I be so fortunate as to sell beautiful Mendip Lodge this year, and my life be prolonged by wintering in a warmer climate, I would do my utmost to engage Mrs. Sullivan to accompany me back to England, and live with me in some snug and pleasant house in Devonshire.

Yours most affectionately,

T. S. WHALLEY.



APPENDIX.

See vol. ii. p. 53.

General Gunning was brother of the two famous beauties of that name, one of whom married in 1752, for her first husband, James Duke of Hamilton, and a year after his death, which happened in 1758, the Marquis of Lorn, who succeeded to the dukedom of Argyle. She had a family by both marriages, and by the second was mother to the Marquis of Lorn in question. It appears that Mrs. Gunning, who was a Miss Minifie, and known as a novelist, was ambitious that her daughter, who, according to Dr. Whalley's account, possessed many attractions, should also make a distinguished connection; and, in concert with her daughter, she circulated reports of an engagement between the latter and Lord Lorn, her cousin. The ladies were accused of forging a letter to forward their object, which, by the mistake of a groom, fell into the hands of General Gunning. He was so indignant at the whole transaction, that he turned his wife and daughter out of doors. She afterwards married Colonel Plunkett, of the Guards. The affair created a great sensation in the world of fashion at that day, and among graver strictures called forth a parody on 'The house that Jack built,' which is here given from a manuscript copy, and is supposed not to have appeared before in print. It is stated to have been written by the Hon. Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

A PARODY ON 'THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the note
That never was wrote.

This is the groom
That never was sent
To carry the note
That nobody wrote.

This is Minifie Gunning,
Who used all her cunning
The groom to prevent
That never was sent
To carry the note
That nobody wrote.

This is Ma'am Bowen,
To whom it was owing,
That Minifie Gunning
Has used all her cunning
The groom to prevent
That never was sent
To carry the note
That never was wrote.

This is the maiden all for Lorn,
Who now by her friends is tatter'd and torn,
But chief by Ma'am Bowen,
To whom it was owing
That Minifie Gunning
Has used all her cunning
The groom to prevent
That never was sent
To carry the note
That never was wrote.

These are the marquises, shy of the horn,
Who flew from the maiden all for Lorn,
Who now by her friend is tatter'd and torn,
But chief by Ma'am Bowen,
To whom it was owing
That Minifie Gunning
Has used all her cunning
The groom to prevent
That never was sent
To carry the note
That never was wrote.

And these are two dukes,
Whose serious rebukes

Frightened the marquises shy of the horn,
Who flew from the maiden all for Lorn,
Who now by her friends is tatter'd and torn,
 But chief by Ma'am Bowen,
 To whom it was owing
 That Minifie Gunning
 Has used all her cunning
 The groom to prevent
 That never was sent
 To carry the note
 That nobody wrote.

This is the General, somewhat too bold,
Whose head was too hot, though his heart was too cold,
Who made himself single before it was meet,
And his wife and his daughter turn'd into the street
 To please the two dukes,
 Whose serious rebukes
Frighten'd the marquises shy of the horn,
Who flew from the maiden all for Lorn,
Who now by her friends is tatter'd and torn,
 But chief by Ma'am Bowen,
 To whom it was owing
 That Minifie Gunning
 Has used all her cunning
 The groom to prevent
 That never was sent
 To carry the note
 That nobody wrote.







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